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CHRISTIAN VICTOR

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Christian Victor
Prince of Schleswig Holstein.
Brevet Major & Captain Kings Royal Rifles.
Sep. 1899.

CHRISTIAN VICTOR

THE STORY OF A YOUNG SOLDIER

BY T. HERBERT WARREN, M.A.

PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

26331

WITH PORTRAITS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1903

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TO THE

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

OF

THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS

IS INSCRIBED

THIS STORY

OF

THEIR COMRADE

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF

H. H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR

OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

Not in the battle he fell, making story,
Dying as asketh the soldier to die,
Pain lightly felt in the hour of glory,
Joy of the onset undimmed in the eye.

He gave for nothing—another, no bolder,
Sells life for victory, splendidly dies,
Climbs to the Temple of Fame on Death's shoulder,
Soars on the black wing to snatch at the prize.

So think we, weeping, the cloud hanging nearer;
Ours so large the loss—his what the gain?
He, in some Heaven unclouded, sees clearer,
Sees his soul's travail and knows it not vain.

Ever his best he gave, lightly, unthinking;
Royal he deemed to do royally well;
Took the high task or the humble, unshrinking;
Fearless the sickness faced, fearless the shell.

Aye, he rests well, soldier-prince, simple-hearted,
Watched by the shining Cross, far oversea,
High 'mid the dead, who, from England departed,
Build from their graves greater England to be.

F. W. Bourdillon.

November 1900.

STYLE, TITLES, &c.

His Highness PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR ALBERT LUDWIG ERNST ANTON, Heir of Norway, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Stormarn, and the Dithmarsches, and of Oldenburg.

Knight Grand Cross, of the Order of the Bath;

Knight Grand Cross, of the Royal Victorian Order; and a Member of various Foreign Orders.

Born, at Windsor Castle, . .	April 14, 1867
Educated at Wellington College, . .	1881–1885
„ Magdalen College, Oxford, .	1886–1887
„ Royal Military College, Sandhurst, ...	1887–1888
Entered 60th King's Royal Rifles as Lieutenant, ...	1888
Hazara and Miranzai Campaign, .	1891
Isanzai, ...	1892
Ashanti, ...	1895
Captain and Brevet-Major of the King's Royal Rifle Corps	1896
Sudan Campaign	1898
Master of Arts, by Diploma, of the University of Oxford	1898
Natal Campaign	1899
Transvaal Campaign	1900
Died, at Pretoria, . .	October 29, 1900

PREFACE

THE wish to have a short record of Prince Christian Victor's Life was so constantly expressed to H.R.H. Princess Christian by his numerous friends, that Her Royal Highness asked me to undertake the duty of putting together this Memoir, entrusting to my care the following materials. *Firstly*, a number of the Prince's own letters, written by him at intervals throughout the whole of his life, from boyhood to within a few weeks of the end. These were mainly letters to herself or to his father, but included also two batches which call for special notice, namely, those addressed at different times to Queen Victoria and given by her to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and also a certain number sent from South Africa to the Duke of York (now Prince of Wales), and kindly placed by His Royal Highness at the service of this book. *Secondly*, the Prince's Diaries, Cricket Book, and Shooting Book. *Thirdly*, other letters, documents, maps, newspaper extracts, &c., relating to various incidents in his career.

Her Royal Highness has also allowed me to

consult her at every stage, and has read through the whole of the proofs, supplying corrections, additions, and suggestions, and in a less degree similar aid has been given me directly or indirectly by the other members of Prince Christian Victor's family.

I have further been able, as will be seen, to obtain a number of letters and much information, either most kindly offered or with equal kindness supplied when asked for, by both official and private acquaintances and friends of the Prince.

I possessed, too, my own personal recollections and letters, and such records as I had myself kept of points in the Prince's life which came under my notice.

Lastly, I have consulted such published narratives as seemed likely to aid me, of transactions or events in which he was concerned.

In acknowledging my many obligations, I have respectfully to tender my sincere thanks first and before all to Her Royal Highness Princess Christian herself for the confidence with which I have been thus graciously honoured, and still more for sympathetic and unfailing personal help of which I can only give this bare statement or faint indication; and then to His Royal Highness Prince

Christian, and their Highnesses Prince Albert, and the Princesses Victoria and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein.

Next in order I have to thank the many contributors whose names appear in the body of the work as having aided its compilation with letters or communications, in particular the Prince's military friends, from the Commander-in-Chief to the Bandmaster of his Regiment, and also the many more who, by their own desire, or for other reasons, remain anonymous, but to whom my gratitude is not less. My special debts, have, I think, been for the most part acknowledged as they occur, but an additional word is due from me to Colonel H. R. Mends, to whom I have again and again referred when in doubt, and never in vain. If I have been able to avoid many errors in military matters, it is largely due to his kindness. For any that may remain, and I am only too conscious that more than one probably will, I must ask the indulgence of my readers, more especially if they should happen to be themselves soldiers.

I have also to thank Mr. A. J. Herbertson of the Oxford Geographical School for valuable assist-

ance, more particularly with the spelling of place-names.

Many of the portraits, and the illustration showing the Prince's grave, are from photographs lent by Her Royal Highness. The "snapshot" of the Prince, Lord Roberts, and Lord Kitchener, is from a negative taken by Lady Edwina Roberts and kindly supplied by her for reproduction here. Mr. Bourdillon's poem, at the beginning, appeared first in the *Spectator;* the poem between Chapters X. and XI. in an Oxford periodical, the *Sheaf.* They are reprinted with kind permission.

Finally, I cannot refrain from adding an acknowledgment to my friends the publishers of this book, to Mr. John Murray for much aid with the letter-press, to Mr. Hallam Murray for his skill and taste in dealing with the illustrations—in connection with which there were many difficulties to be overcome—and in designing the cover, and to both, for what I think must have been, even in their historic house, an unusual amount of minute attention and supervision.

T. H. W.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,
January 1903.

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The Queen and Prince Christian Victor.

October 1867.

CHRISTIAN VICTOR

CHAPTER I

1867–1880

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY DAYS

THE young soldier Prince, whose career, all too brief, but rich in action and experience, these pages will attempt to trace, came of a lineage singularly appropriate to the destiny to which he was called, and the niche that he will permanently fill in the long and many-statued galleries of English history.

For England's Princes to serve in her Army and Navy and fight in her behalf by land and sea is no novel thing. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein marks a new departure in that he was the first Prince of English birth to do battle for the Empire side by side with men drawn from every portion of its widely scattered territories, the first to give his life for its cause and to find his last resting-place, not only beyond the four seas which

surround the little mother-island, but six thousand miles away in a continent far beneath the Southern Cross, and in the most recently added of its colonial cities. If such was to be his lot, and if from his service and his death there was to spring in any way a seed of union between all branches of the Teutonic family in South Africa—English, Dutch, and German—his life-blood could not have been better blended. In his mother's parentage a German stock had been joined to that of our own Royal House, itself the inheritor of the mingled nationalities and the successive dynasties which have made the United Kingdom. Through his father he was more English than the English, for in his mother's marriage the English Royal Family had once more gone back to the nation's very fountain-head. Of this fact, one quotation from a well-known authority may suffice to remind us.

"For the fatherland of the English race, we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the Northern Seas."

It is thus that the author of the "Short History of the English People" opens his account of their momentous and memorable story.

Historians, to be more precise, are, it is true, divided, as to the exact spot from which the Angli originally came, doubting whether it is not to be found on the mainland, round the mouths, or even some way up the course, of the Elbe, rather than in the peninsula itself. But it was pretty certainly from the district of Schleswig-Holstein, a country not unlike England, whose towns and villages, especially in the region still called Angeln, have many of them very English-sounding names, that they descended upon our own shores.

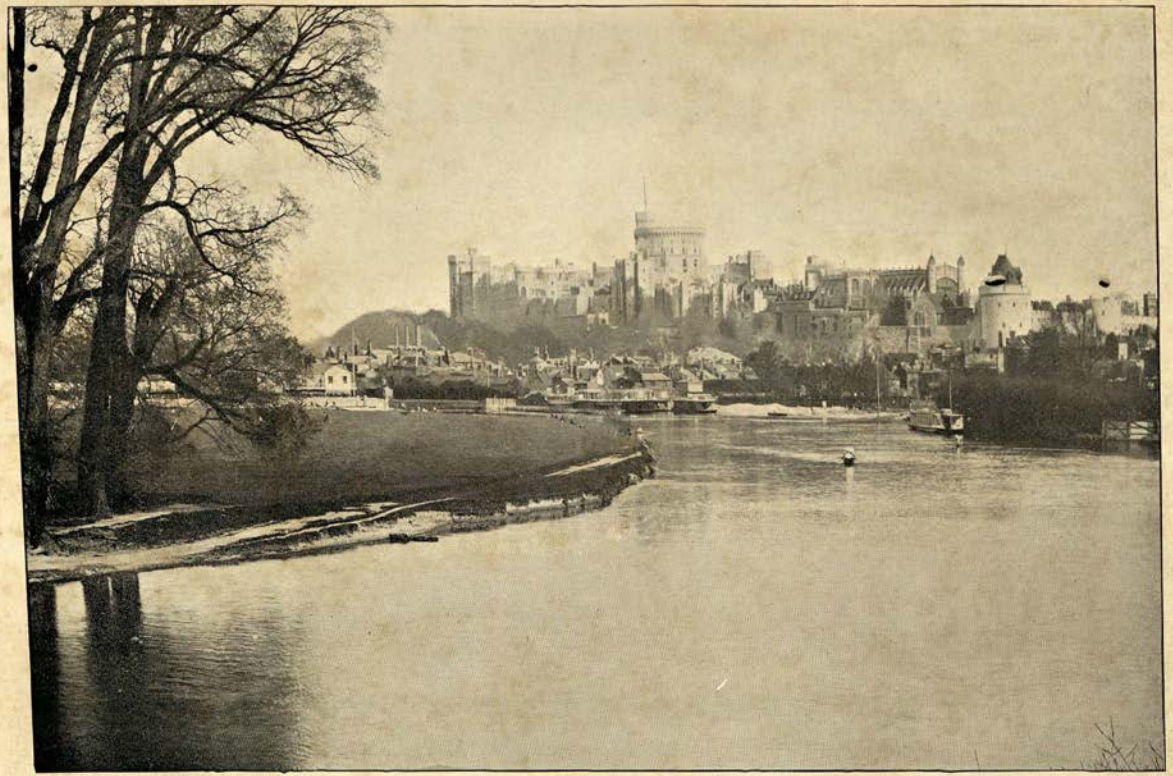
Of the Prince's parents it may suffice to say that his mother, Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, of the United Kingdom, was the third daughter and fifth child of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and that his father, Prince Frederick Christian Carl August, of Schleswig-Holstein, was descended through Duke John ("the younger") of Schleswig-Holstein from the kings of Denmark. The first Christian, Count of Oldenburg, was elected King of Denmark 1448 and Duke of Schleswig-Holstein 1460. His daughter Margaret married James III. of Scotland. Further, the sister of King George III. of England, Caroline Matilda, married Prince Christian's great-grandfather, Christian VII., King of Denmark. It is therefore interesting to note that Prince Christian's great-grandmother was sister to his wife Princess Christian's great-grandfather.

Prince Christian Victor was born on April 14,

1867—Palm Sunday, as it happened to be that year—at Windsor Castle, and was christened in the Castle Chapel. Three other children were subsequently born to their Royal Highnesses—Prince Albert, and the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. The Prince was thus the eldest of four—two boys and two girls. They were a merry group, full of interests, especially in outdoor pursuits and active employment.

The little "Christle," as he was called, made an excellent eldest child. From the first he was distinguished by his perfect straightforwardness, and what goes with straightforwardness, his courage. "He never," says his father, "told the smallest untruth." Once, when they were quite small, he only five and she two years old, his sister Princess Victoria fell into the nursery fire; without a word to any one, he at once darted to the rescue and pulled her out.

Prince and Princess Christian lived at first at Frogmore, but moved in 1872 to what became their children's real home, Cumberland Lodge, a country house standing on slightly elevated ground some four miles from Windsor, and about three-quarters of a mile to the south-east from the knoll at the end of the Long Walk on which stands Westmacott's bronze statue of George III. Originally built by Wren in the time of James II., it had been inhabited by Sarah, Duchess of Marl-



WINDSOR CASTLE

To face p. 4

borough, and was known as Ranger's Lodge, but takes its present name from a later occupant, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden. It is a simple, solid, red-brick house with a staid dignity of its own, and a pleasant English country home, which, beside the delights for children of gardens, stables, and farm, is surrounded by nature and wild life on a wider scale. Windsor Great Park, a remnant of the ancient woodlands of Britain, and a portion of the Royal Forest of that mighty hunter, William the Conqueror, is still a beautiful preserve, half natural, half cultivated, for game of many kinds. The deer roam its glades almost in a free state. Virginia Water, the largest lake in the south of England, and the lesser ponds with which it abounds, are a harbourage for various waterfowl. It contains, too, splendid specimens of beech, birch, Scotch fir, cedar, and oak — some of the last of which are said to date from the Conqueror himself—and is a *habitat* of many rare plants. Few pleasanter or healthier places could be found for an English boy to grow up in.

A child, if he is fortunate, learns his first and best lessons from his father and mother, and this was the case with Prince Christian Victor. From his father he learned the three lessons of the Persian boy of old, to ride, to shoot straight, and to tell the truth; he learned, also, from him,

German and a soldier's tradition. For his father too had been a soldier, and when the troubled times of 1848 affected his native land, as a young staff-officer had seen actual service in the field. From his mother he learned sympathy and consideration for all ranks, especially for the humble and poor; before all, kindness and attention to the old and the sick of whatever station; and from both, courtesy to each and every one, diligence in work, order in play, and punctuality in keeping appointments and writing letters. It may be mentioned here that the Prince was from childhood a great letter-writer. It has been a revelation to find what a multitude and mass of letters he must have written all his life through to a great variety of people. He utilised spare moments to write them. "Again and again," says an Army friend, "when others were talking, I have seen him sit down and scribble off two or three letters."

His father, too, was a thorough and all-round sportsman, and beside shooting, hunting, and other sports in which he himself excelled, entered into all his boys' interests. Thus, though he never played cricket, he soon mastered the theory of it, and thoroughly understood and enjoyed every point and problem of the game.

About 1879 or 1880 the Prince shot his first rabbit. The brothers were taught shooting, to some extent, by the Jäger, a German manservant,

Vogel by name, a fine, big, silent, intelligent man, but more regularly by H.R.H. Prince Christian himself and the head-keeper, Overton.

"Other early amusements of ours," says Prince Albert, "were hockey and cutting down trees in the park, in which we were much interested and constantly took part. About 1880 my brother began hunting. Football he did not attempt till he went to Wellington in 1881."

"It was at Frogmore," says the same authority, "when my brother was about six years old, that we first began cricket." They were chiefly taught by one of their footmen, Raworth by name. Their chief companions in this and in other sports were Lorrie and Eric, sons of Colonel Gordon, Controller to H.R.H. Prince Christian. Other early playfellows were Arthur Wellesley, son of the Dean of Windsor; and Edward Murdoch, son of Mr. Charles Townshend Murdoch of Buckhurst, Wokingham.[1] Gradually as they grew older they organised their games, especially their cricket, more and more, bringing in a number of boys who were employed, or were children of those employed, about the Great Park.

It is anticipating somewhat, and that sadly, to quote here a letter received by Princess Victoria

[1] Mr. Murdoch, who will be frequently mentioned in these pages, had served with the Rifle Brigade in the Crimea, and afterwards for two periods, broken by an interval, sat in Parliament as Member for Reading.

from the sister of one of these companions at cricket, after the Prince's death, but I do so, for it throws a beautiful if sunset light back upon this dawning time. The writer is a young woman whose family had once lived in the Park, but had afterwards gone out to settle in Australia, where she herself had married. Her brother went from Australia as a volunteer to South Africa, and there met the Prince.

"24 UPPER WYCOMBE ROAD, NEUTRAL BAY,
SYDNEY, *January* 16, 1901.

"To H.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

"YOUR HIGHNESS,—With extreme regret I beg to express sorrow to you and your Royal Parents for the loss of a loved son and brother. Having known him in his early life when, as a boy, like the rest of children, he thought little of birth or position in the world, we used to see much of him and we all loved him. The most singular thing of all is, to think that my brother Mark, who was his favourite cricket-boy, should meet him so many years afterwards in Pretoria and be recognised by him and have many an interesting chat over their fun and tricks about 'the old home' at Cumberland Lodge. It appears, too, that Mark was the only one the Prince met from there.

"Mark says, 'Prince Christian Victor will ever be a great loss to the army and was loved by all,' and he deeply regrets the end of such a young and valuable life.

Prince Christian Victor, aged 5.

"I am so glad I called my only little daughter 'Christian,' though at the time it was to recall pleasant memories, but now sad ones, for their Royal Highness's loss in a noble son who gave his life for his country.

"I would treasure a photograph of the late Prince, if your Highness can spare one, between the age of twelve and sixteen years, and I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in presuming to address Your Highness in sympathy.

"Praying that you may have strength to bear your sad separation bravely,—I humbly beg to remain, Your Highness's obedient servant,

"CECILIA M. KERRY (*née* CISSY KIRBY)."

Miss Emily Loch, Lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. Princess Christian and a great personal friend of Prince Christian Victor, first made the Prince's acquaintance in 1877 when he was ten years old. She remembers him as then very fond of all games and also of skating, but not so fond of dancing, though devoted to music.

The two boys' definite education began with a governess, Miss Agar; afterwards for some three years, 1876–1879, they had a tutor, Mr. F. W. Bourdillon of Worcester College, Oxford, well known even then, and since still better known, as an author both of poetry and prose.

The following letter from Mr. Bourdillon gives, in his own language, his recollections of

the Prince at this time, and his impressions of his character:—

"BUDDINGTON, NR. MIDHURST, SUSSEX, *May* 3, 1902.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—You have asked me to write a few notes as to my remembrance of Prince Christian Victor; and I think I can do this better in the informal shape of a letter to yourself than in a more stiff or literary fashion, because the little I have to say must be of but slender importance in comparison with the story of the Prince's after life, which I found of so great interest when you kindly allowed me to read your manuscript. Though I never lost sight of him, I only knew the Prince intimately in his childhood and early boyhood; and my only reminiscences therefore are of childish doings and boyish traits. Even these, however, gain some importance when it is observed, as you yourself have remarked, how consistent throughout was the Prince's character from the beginning of his life to its too early end.

"It was in January 1876 that I went to Cumberland Lodge, where I lived for just three years as resident tutor to the two Princes, Christian Victor, and Albert, of Schleswig-Holstein. They were then both little boys, and had been educated up to that time by a governess, Miss Agar. Prince Christian Victor was getting on for nine years of age, and Prince Albert close on seven. My first impression of them was, I think, of brightness, quickness, and insatiable curiosity.

Prince Christian Victor in particular was never tired of asking questions, and 'why' was almost incessantly on his lips. He was very bright, open-faced, and intelligent, already showing the common sense, straightforwardness, and good feeling which were his marked characteristics through life. He was, moreover, a most attaching, lovable boy, whom it was impossible not to get fond of immediately. He seemed to me, I remember, to show great promise, being full of interest and intelligence, quick to learn, and with the power of at once picking up the knack of a new subject or acquirement in a way which was encouraging both to his teacher and to himself. Thus he quite early obtained sufficient mastery of the violin to play tunefully and pleasingly even in his exercises, and in the same way he never had much difficulty in learning by heart.

"In spite of the difference of age, the two Princes were excellent companions both in work and play. There was a very high tone in the household of Prince and Princess Christian, and a very true and evident family affection. The young Princes saw a great deal of their parents, and always counted much on the privileged times when they might be with them. They were very fond of their little sisters, and would play with them quite happily. I remember the air of protection which Prince Christian Victor had towards the two little Princesses, which was very pretty and touching in its unconscious chivalry. Nothing could have been nicer or more judicious than the system of education and management

which was aimed at in the case of the two young Princes. Discipline was expected to be well maintained, and behaviour to be always of a high standard.

"Prince Christian Victor always appeared to me to have few or none of the less pleasing weaknesses of boyhood, such as greediness, selfishness, or the desire to torment. He was high-spirited and had occasional, but rare, fits of boyish passion; but there was never a trace of meanness, or malice, or unforgivingness in his character. He was readily moved to sympathy by any story of want or suffering, and never cruel to animals, even thoughtlessly. There was a pair of *dachshunds* at Cumberland Lodge, Waldmann and Waldine. Waldmann belonged to Prince Christian Victor, and slept on his bed, and to both of them he was devoted. I remember his intense distress when one of them having got down into a rabbit-hole, became somehow caught in its windings, and could not get out again; only from under our feet came the muffled and subterranean barks and whines of a creature in difficulty. At last a spade had to be procured, and a hole dug down to the place where the whines proceeded from, and the little brown dog, browner still from the sandy soil, emerged safely to the light of day again. I am not sure that this did not happen more than once. But I well remember the Prince's perpetual fear of its happening: and how loudly the dogs were called back from any dangerous rabbit-hole. One or both of them always accompanied us in our walks in the Park, which were very regular all through the winter,

the surroundings of Cumberland Lodge being delightful for walking. I used to try and relieve the monotony of a mere walk by story-telling; and the 'story without an end' which I evolved from day to day was listened to with rapt attention, and regarded as an inalienable right, and the necessary accompaniment of a walk.

"On two or three days in the week the Princes had riding-lessons with a riding-master from the barracks at Windsor. These they enjoyed greatly, and another winter amusement was in cutting down trees and shrubs in a little coppice near. This was close to one of the gates kept by an old Irish soldier named Hobbs, of whom the Princes were very fond. He used to lend them an axe and chopper, and superintend their youthful wood-cutting. But the most absorbing interest was to go out, in the shooting season, with Prince Christian, either in my charge or that of Vogel, the fine, good-looking Silesian Jäger, and stand near the Prince while he shot. This, however, was a rare treat. After a 'big shoot' in the coverts, we used to go out and collect the empty cartridge-cases, often by hundreds, and bring them in to be set up as toy soldiers, and fired at with spring pea-shooter cannons. The young Princes, I could not but notice, preferred these comparatively makeshift playthings to all the elaborate toys of which naturally they had plenty.

"Prince Christian Victor's devotion to cricket began very early, and all the summer we played daily. In this the Princes were often joined by Colonel Gordon's two sons, Lorry and Eric, who

were their chief playmates in early days. Prince Christian Victor showed a great aptitude for the game; and learned both by teaching and watching. The Park Chaplain of that time, the Rev. E. L. Tuson, was a very good cricketer, with a fine command of forward play, which I seemed, years after, to recognise in Prince Christian Victor's own style the last time I saw him bat.

"This is, I think, all I have to write, and when it is written it seems very little, truly 'an epistle of straws.' But the writing of it has brought back to me vivid remembrances of pleasant days and scenes; and so I hope it may give some impressions of the simple, healthful, happy childhood which was the natural introduction to the simple, healthful, and useful life, whose record, in the pages you showed me, is so absorbingly interesting, and in its sorrowful closing so deeply touching and yet so rich in example and inspiration.—Believe me, dear Mr. President, yours very truly,

"F. W. Bourdillon."

The earliest letter by the Prince which I have seen is one written by him to Mr. Bourdillon.

"Kent House, Cowes, *August* 14, 1877.

"Dear Mr. Bourdillon,—We got here at a quarter past three, it was very smouth (*sic*), we had some dinner on the ship which we all liked very much. After that we went upon the deck, and Captain Welsh showed us a ship which a stermer (*sic*) ran into. She had a great hole in her, and another one her bowsprit off. Directly

CUMBERLAND LODGE

To face p. 14

we got here Waldmann rushed at a lot of chickens. We can't go out because Grandmama might send for us. We have been playing a little cricket this morning and very near lost our ball. Please excuse this untidy letter because I can't write with a quill. Louise's doll soldier is not broken, but lost a button and some hair. There was a cricket match here the other day between the Household and the men of the *Victoria and Albert*, but now I must finish.—With love I remain, your affectionate pupil,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

Mr. Bourdillon's duties came to an end in 1879, but he remained a friend of his pupils, and Prince Christian Victor continued to write to him from time to time in the same pleasant and affectionate strain.

Thus in April 1879 he writes from the school at Bracknell to which he had now gone as a boarder. "I have made," he says, "20 not out and 25 not out, and they say I am the best player here; but I could not be captain this season as I was not in the Commite (*sic*) last year, but I was elected member of it as soon as we began to play." He also sends a diagram of a single-wicket match with the names and positions of all the players, while in December 1879 he encloses an elaborate table of marks showing how he stood in various school subjects.

One more letter may be given in full, as a specimen, again keeping the boyish spelling.

"CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR PARK,
March 25, 1880.

"DEAR MR. BOURDILLON,—I have not writen to you for a long time. We came home from school yesterday and don't go back again till the 12th of next month. Abby[1] was rather disappointed that Cambridge did not win the boat-race, as we were told that it had done so by two lengths, and all the Cambridge boys were hurraying and saying how easy Cambridge had won, but at four o'clock in the afternoon it was our turn to laugh at them, because we got a telegram to say Oxford had won by three lengths! It is a lovely day to-day. Eric came back yesterday also, and I am going to him at three this afternoon. I have been playing a good deal at lawn-tenis, but I have not got a raquet, so I cannot play as often as I wish. I am going out hunting on Wednesday with the fox-hounds. I have got such a beautiful little fox-terier instead of Diamond, who got killed by a horse last winter. Colonel Gordon says it is the prettiest he has seen for a long time.—With much love, I remain, your affec. friend,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

He was always very fond of music. H.R.H. Princess Christian is, it will be remembered, a very accomplished musician and fine pianist. The

[1] His brother Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein.

piano he learnt first with Miss Agar, the governess mentioned above. Later he had lessons on both the piano and the violin from Mr. J. S. Liddle of Windsor, now Organist of Newbury Parish Church, a gifted musician and excellent teacher.

In 1877, when Prince Christian Victor was ten years old, he had begun going over by day to a school at Bracknell, and in 1879 both brothers had gone as boarders to Bracknell, and remained there till the summer of 1880.

The summer holidays of this year saw their first trip abroad. They spent some weeks at Pontresina, and while there they saw a good deal of Mrs. (now Lady) Bancroft. Prince Christian Victor indeed owed not a little to her kindness, for while at Pontresina he became very ill, and Lady Bancroft nursed him most successfully. She herself tells the story as follows :—

"In 1880 their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian came to Pontresina with their two young sons, Prince 'Christle' and Prince 'Abby.' Shortly after their arrival Prince 'Christle' fell ill with serious throat mischief, attended by feverish symptoms which greatly alarmed the Princess. Her Royal Highness asked me if I would help her to nurse him, and I readily offered to take charge of him and nursed him until he recovered. It was an anxious time, but there never was a more gentle, obedient, or more patient invalid. When after some days he

was able to sit, wrapped up, in an easy-chair, I read the newspaper to him, but after a while he would say, 'Would you mind reading about the cricket?' The moment I began his large blue eyes glistened with excitement, and he would follow every word with most anxious attention. He was then a little over thirteen.

"The younger Prince was a very clever, sharp boy, full of spirits and of mischief. He was a wonderful mimic. One day when I was busily engaged in measuring and mixing a dose for my patient, I could see reflected in the looking-glass Prince 'Abby' at the other end of the room imitating my every movement. I was so amused that I purposely took longer over mixing, measuring, and shaking than I need have done, and invented movements in order to draw him on. My suppressed laughter, however, made it very difficult for me to disguise from him the fact that I was watching him. At last I could hold out no longer, and I laughed heartily. The moment that he discovered that I was aware of his imitation he hurriedly disappeared from the room. My patient was much amused, and the incident cheered him. Prince 'Abby,' as he was called, was quite annoyed because he was not ill too, and wanted to know why medicine was not given to him, and when I replied that happily he did not require any, he answered, 'I've had a headache for a week, but no one takes any notice of *me*.'

"'But a headache,' I said, 'soon passes away.'

"'Oh, but I know mine won't; I say I *am* ill, and I couldn't be any *iller!*'

Prince Christian Victor.

ætat 10 yrs 6 mo.

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"At last my poor patient sufficiently recovered to be taken for a tiny walk of a few yards, and when we were returning to the hotel he suddenly stopped, and, looking up to me with a pathetic smile, said, 'You are so good to me, Dr. Bancroft,' for so he called me, 'I shall always pray for you.'

"My throat felt full of tears. He was a sweet boy, full of tender feeling. I was happy in nursing him, and I grew to love him."

In the autumn of the same year, 1880, Mr. H. W. Edwards, of Worcester College, Oxford, whose brother, the Rev. W. Gilbert Edwards, was a Minor Canon of Windsor and well known to their Royal Highnesses, and who had been himself tutor to a son of Sir Henry Ponsonby, was asked to come to Cumberland Lodge and undertake their tuition for the next three months, until January of the new year, when Prince Christian Victor was to proceed to Wellington College. The present German Empress, then Princess Augusta Victoria, eldest daughter of Frederic, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and therefore niece of Prince Christian, and her sister, Princess Caroline Matilda of Schleswig-Holstein, were staying with their uncle, aunt, and cousins for about the same period, and the Emperor, at that time Prince William of Prussia, also came and remained for about a month. The house was full, and there was plenty of life and fun. The boys used to go

out with the shooting parties, accompanying the beaters. Prince Christian Victor, however, says Mr. Edwards, though devoted to sport, was very loyal to his lessons. Steady and willing, he never gave any trouble, but showed himself a most amiable and even affectionate pupil. When the time came for the final test, it was arranged that the entrance papers should be sent to Cumberland Lodge and done by him at home. He acquitted himself very creditably, and was informed that he would be received the next term at Wellington, to begin there his career as an English public school boy.

CHAPTER II

1881–1885

WELLINGTON COLLEGE

It was at Wellington College that the Prince's characteristic individual life really began. The English Public Schools, whatever be their merits or faults, have undoubtedly had an enormous effect in the formation and determination of English character. Their studies, but far more than their studies, their institutions and habits, both their set battles and competitions, and their hourly give and take, their codes and standards of honour and repute, all the "politics," for politics they may truly be called, of their "little world the image of the great," have gone far to make or keep Englishmen, for better and for worse, what they are.

Under these influences, when he went to Wellington, Prince Christian Victor came, in their full force and to the widest extent. He was, it must ever be remembered, the first member of the Royal Family to enter and go through a Public School, and that in the ordinary regular way, "just like any one else." To its life he lent

himself, aptly, willingly, loyally, and grew into a typical Public School man.

He gradually rose through all its steps, first in his "House" then in the school, becoming Dormitory Prefect, Head of the House, a member of the Sixth Form, winning his "colours" in cricket and football, and finally achieving the position of Captain of his School Eleven. He went to Wellington a child, he left it in no small degree a man, with his character and his tastes formed, and a moral and social reputation made. Even had he not been a Prince, he would have been a conspicuous Public School boy, and indeed in some ways justice might more readily have been done to his own desert, for at that period, as later, public opinion was slow to realise how completely he had won his spurs for himself, and was inclined to discount rather than to exaggerate his merit. Many of his school friends were his friends through life. His love of cricket he never forgot. To the last he was, as will appear again and again in these pages, a loyal and attached Wellingtonian.

How was this happy result attained? The main contributing causes were three: his parents, himself, and his school; and in his school the most potent and persistent influence undoubtedly was that of his House Tutor, the Rev. C. W. Penny.

It is the privilege of the biographer to look to the end, and the best introduction to the story of

the Prince's Wellington life will be found in the words of Mr. Penny's last letter, written to accompany the last formal report which he sent home from the school to H.R.H. Prince Christian.

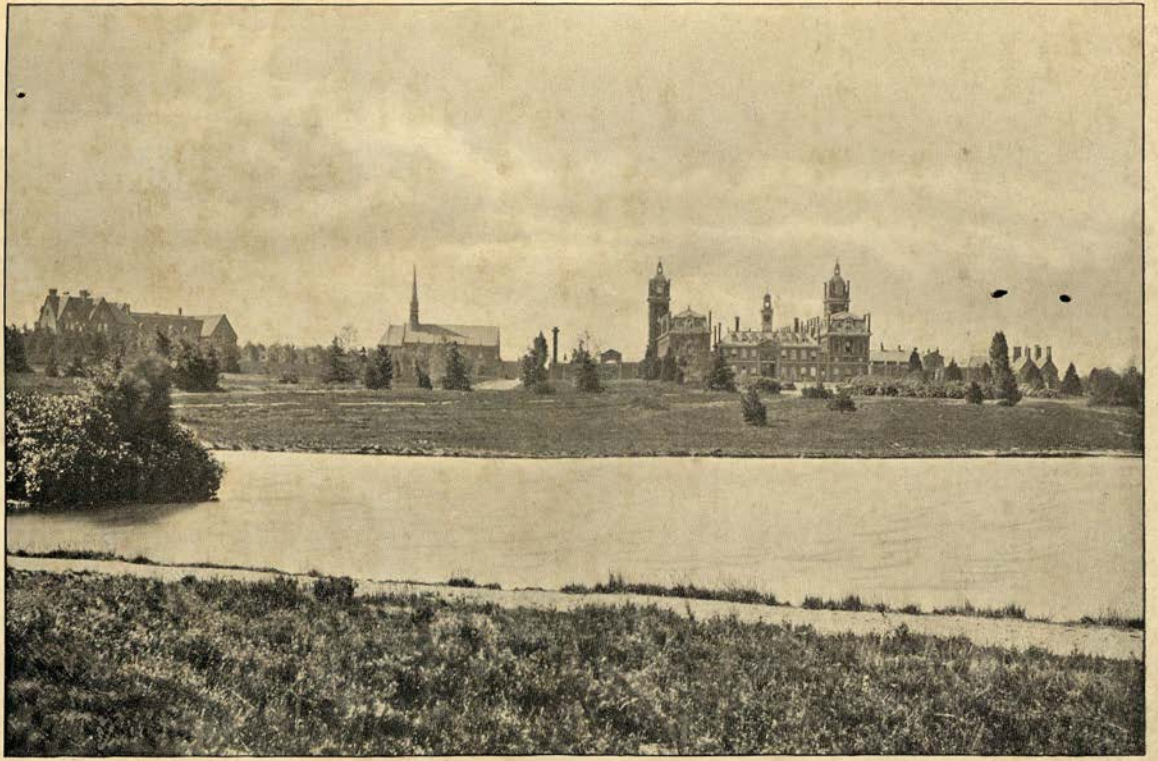
"I cannot close," he writes, "my official correspondence with Your Royal Highness without saying how deeply grateful I feel for the entire confidence which both Your Royal Highness and the Princess have been so good as to place in me as your son's Tutor during the whole period of his school career. Permit me especially to mention as having helped me more than anything else, the kind way in which from the very first Your Royal Highness allowed me to write to you direct in all matters connected with the Prince's welfare. And I have never forgotten the wise injunction you gave me the very first day Your Royal Highness brought the Prince to school, that you did not wish the least difference to be made in my mode of dealing with the Prince as compared with the rest of my boys. I felt it the more kind because I was a new and untried stranger to Your Royal Highness, and the sending of a Prince of the Royal Family to an English Public School was entirely unknown, so that there could be no precedent by which I could regulate my conduct. All difficulties and almost all anxieties immediately vanished.

That the Prince, if he went to a Public School at all, should be sent to Wellington was natural. Founded in memory of the great Duke, the

attached friend as well as servant of the Royal Family, it owed in its inception an ample debt to the Prince Consort; its Visitor is the Sovereign, and it has at all times numbered among its Governors several representatives of the Royal House. The genuine interest of Prince Albert in education, his desire to give England what she needed and still needs, ideas, science, culture, was little understood by Englishmen, least of all, perhaps, by those who should have understood it best. More justice has been done to his memory as time has gone on, and the results of his labours have been better appreciated. It may be admitted that several of his suggestions wore somewhat of a foreign air, and this was at first the case with some of the arrangements, notably the dress, at Wellington College.

If, however, in its earliest days Wellington College had about it a dash of the "Lycée" or "Gymnasium," the dominant and drastic energy of Dr. Benson, the first Head-master, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was devoted to making it a genuine English Public School. He would have wished to make it even more a strictly classical school than it has actually become, but a Public School of the usual type he certainly made it.[1]

[1] No regular history of Wellington College has yet appeared. A very graphic and sympathetic sketch of the school, its surroundings, and the people who started it, by one who was born and spent his childhood there, will be found in Mr. Arthur C. Benson's Life of his father, Archbishop Benson, vol. i. chap. v.



WELLINGTON COLLEGE

To face p. 24

When Prince Christian Victor entered it this result had been fully attained. It was now an established institution with traditions and a tone of its own, thriving under the rule of its second Head, Mr. Edward Wickham, now Dean of Lincoln, son-in-law of Mr. Gladstone, and, like Dr. Benson, a distinguished classical scholar, who had been himself in his day a leading Public School boy at Winchester, and later a Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. It had been at first intended that the Prince should live in the house of the Rev. Charles William Penny, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, then a Tutor in College with charge of two Dormitories, but should dine in the College Hall as if he belonged to a Dormitory. It so happened, however, that the term before the Prince was to enter, Mr. Penny became a House-master, with a House of his own, holding thirty boys, and of this House it was now arranged that the Prince should be a member.

"In recommending Mr. Penny to their Royal Highnesses," writes the Head-master, "I had in view his personal qualities, not the particular House or Dormitory that he occupied. In some ways I think the arrangement will work more smoothly under the new conditions than as I had contemplated it."

Certainly no recommendation or opinion could

have been more amply justified. The choice of Mr. Penny was all-important. None who were at Wellington in his day, or knew him at all well there or in any other relation, can forget what he was, a "character," a "force," one of those quiet, "old-fashioned" men, standing in their own strength, a mixture of public conservatism with private openness of mind and eye for reform, at once kindly and shrewd, cautious but not afraid to speak, or write, or act, blending practical common sense with a spice of humorous prejudice, who have so often been the pillars of many a great English institution.

It is unfortunate for this biography, though it saved him much pain, that he did not live to experience the shock which the Prince's early death would have brought to his warm heart, proud, prouder than ever, though he would have been, of his pupil. Mr. Penny died in 1898 at Wokingham, whither he had gone to live, having retired from Wellington some seven years earlier. The Prince, fortunately, was in England, and attended, though it was not easy for him to do so, the funeral. "After the service was concluded, the Prince and I," says Mr. Bevir,[1] who had also been one of Mr. Penny's pupils as well as his colleague, "walked up and down talking

[1] J. L. Bevir, M.A., of New College, originally a pupil, now an Assistant-master and one of the House-masters at Wellington College, with whom the Prince frequently stayed as a guest.

earnestly about him; and I remember that the Prince spoke long and much of his great regard for him, and of his debt to him as his Tutor."[1]

Fortunately his sister, Miss Penny, who managed his house and who shared his penetration and discriminating benevolence, still survives to give her recollections, vivid and graphic, of the Prince's days, especially his very early days, at the school. Further, Mr. Penny kept a diary, and also treasured every document relating to the Prince's Wellington life, anticipating that some day it might be of historic interest. His letters, too, and they were very frequent, to their Royal Highnesses, have all been preserved. Both of these sources have been drawn upon for the narrative which follows.

When Prince Christian Victor came first to Mr. Penny's house he was still somewhat of a child, busy and of an inquiring mind, good-natured and playful, both requiring and expecting a good deal to be done for him. Luckily there was at that time an old nurse, "Jane," living with the Pennys, who was just the right person to

[1] Mr. Penny was, further, a very accomplished man. Besides being a good scholar and an excellent mathematician, he was devoted to Natural Science. As President of the Wellington College Natural History Society, he established the *Wellington College Natural History Journal*, and drew up and published a *Flora Wellingtonensis*. His botanical contributions were recognised by botanists as a valuable and original addition to the knowledge of the botany of the county, *vide* "The Flora of Berkshire," by G. Claridge Druce, Oxford, 1897, p. 180.

"mother" the young Prince. They at once struck up a great friendship, which continued all through his time at Wellington. It is true he occasionally played on her some boyish pranks, such as pretending on one occasion to have had an accident and to be somewhat seriously damaged, but he did nothing really troublesome, or which caused any interruption of their happy understanding.[1]

From the first he had a room to himself in the private part of the house, which, however, opened into the boys' as well as Mr. Penny's side. It had been proposed originally that he should have a special servant, but the sensible, and as it proved, successful view, that he should be treated like any one else, prevailed. Here at the outset Mr. Penny's influence made itself felt. He suggested that at any rate the experiment should be tried for a term, of depending, without special assistance, on his own staff. The arrangements as to the Prince's accommodation were settled through Dean Wellesley. It was further settled that he was to be entered on the school lists as His Highness Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, and addressed by the masters as Prince Christian or Prince Christian Victor.

It was the year of the memorable snowstorm, and, owing to the inclement weather, the date at which the boys were to return to Wellington had

[1] Jane Bullock died in 1896 at the age of seventy-four, having been sixty-one years in the service of Mr. Penny's family.

been postponed and there was some doubt as to when "the little Prince," as he was called, would appear. Mr. Penny's diary preserves an amusing record of his actual entrance to the house and school.

"*Tuesday, January* 25, 1881.—H.R.H. Prince Christian [1] arrived suddenly at 2.30: front hall full of the ——'s luggage; drawing-room full of ——s and ——'s tutor. Hustled them out. All my nice little plans disarranged for a formal reception with Mellon (the manservant) full dressed. As soon as I could I hustled the ——s into my study, and was as polite as I could be to the Prince; we went upstairs and saw the valet unpack his clothes and put them into his drawers. Fortunately Spear (the carpenter) was in the house, and I got him at once to hang up the pictures and put up the Prince's own bookcase in place of the one I had put up for him. Then we went and saw Wickham, and then we returned and I gave them tea in the drawing-room. Then the Prince went upstairs and was alone with his son for a little while. At a quarter to four Prince Christian departed and I promised to write on Sunday to say how the boy was getting on. I particularly asked if I should write to him or to Colonel Gordon, and he said to himself."

In accordance with his promise Mr. Penny wrote on January 29 his first report.

[1] The Prince's father.

"SIR,—In obedience to Your Royal Highness' wish I beg to inform you that H.H. Prince Christian Victor has in my opinion begun his Public School life very well indeed. It is not possible as yet for the masters who teach the Prince to express any decided or definite opinion about his work, or his powers of acquiring knowledge in form. But both his form-master, Mr. Bull, and his mathematical master, Mr. Allcock, find him punctual and attentive. And the Prince has made a most favourable impression upon us all by his simple, unaffected demeanour and his desire to identify himself with the life of his school-fellows.

"I can only hope that as the strangeness of his new school passes away the Prince will feel at home and be quite happy.—I have the honour to be, Sir," &c.

Special arrangements, it may be noted, were made from the first for his having violin lessons from Mr. Richard Blagrove, a member of the Queen's Band, and for his practising by himself three days a week under the supervision of the College Organist, Dr. Alan Gray, now Organist of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The next entry in Mr. Penny's diary is as follows:—

"*January* 31.—The Prince was immensely pleased at being excused preparation this even-

ing, and presented me his leave with undisguised satisfaction. I approved it.

"(*Copy.*) 'Prince Christian Victor,
Excused preparation.
31st January. A. E. A. (A. E. Allcock).'"[1]

On February 4, Mr. Penny writes to H.R.H. Prince Christian: "It was a great comfort to learn that the Prince was happy here."

On February 17 his mother paid her first visit to the little Prince, driving over from Cumberland Lodge with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

"*Saturday, February* 26.—The boy himself had his first 'exeat.' T.[2] and I took the Prince to Wokingham to see him off in the train to Cumberland Lodge. Lady Adeliza Manners (who had a son at Wellington) and her daughter were at the station going to London. She at once spoke to Prince Christian Victor, so I saw him into the same carriage with her. The eldest Manners is in the Hussars at Newcastle fighting the Boers, and Lady Adeliza Manners is very anxious."

"*Monday, February* 28.—Sent T. in a carriage

[1] It should be noted that this was not so much an indulgence as a reward; the custom at Wellington being that a few boys who had done well in their lessons during the day should be "excused preparation," that is, allowed to do their evening work in private instead of going into evening school.

[2] Miss Penny.

to Wokingham to meet the Prince. They returned about twelve both perished with the cold. The Prince full of excitement at the dreadful news from the Transvaal; six hundred British troops defeated. Sir George Colley slain, and I fear with him Major Fraser, R.E., the father of Fraser in the Anglesey."[1]

At the same date Mr. Penny sends his first report on the Prince's work. Good in Divinity, fair in Latin, much better in German, poor in French, may be said to be the result shown by his marks: the poor French being attributed to the very common "small boy" fault, defective knowledge of grammar due to want of concentrated attention during lessons. He was, as Mr. Penny points out, much below the average age of the form.

About six weeks later the Prince went for a few days to the Sanatorium. It may be noted that this was his first and last visit to that institution.

His first year at Wellington passed away uneventfully. Of its details little record exists, and little probably is needed. He wrote home regularly to his mother in English, to his father in German, and occasionally to others. In a letter of March 16, 1881, to his old tutor, Mr. Edwards, with whom he evidently kept up very friendly

[1] One of the Dormitories.

relations, he describes the fun of looking in at the windows and seeing the would-be new boys working at the entrance examination. He adds, "I like the place very much, there are some very nice boys here that I go out walks with. The work is not very hard. We have a Chemistry lesson twice a week. . . ."

The summer holidays were marked by a pleasant episode. Under the charge of Mr. Edwards, their old tutor, the Prince and his brother Prince Albert, accompanied by the footman Raworth, made a visit to Oxford and Wantage, followed by a boating trip on the Thames. The expedition began by their going to Oxford, where they visited several of the colleges, including Magdalen, though with no idea at the time that Prince Christian Victor would ever be a member of the College, the Bodleian, Ashmolean, and other sights, and Blenheim Palace. From Oxford they proceeded to Wantage. They were to have stayed at Lockinge with Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, afterwards Lord Wantage, but this was not possible owing to an outbreak of measles, and they became instead the guests of Colonel Charles Lindsay at Ardington House. The visit would seem to have been a very merry one. A lady, Miss Maud Holt, who was staying at Lockinge, commemorated some of their adventures in mock heroic stanzas which described how—

"Five persons on the lake afloat,
All crowded in a tiny boat
Built but for *three*, remember!
Three of the party formed the Crew,
Coxswain, Stroke-oar; the other two
Were passengers select and few,
Prince Albert and a maiden;[1]
Prince Christian Victor at the helm
Added his weight to overwhelm
The boat so sorely laden."

The poem goes on to narrate how they were upset at the weir and the maiden was drowned, crying "Peace to my watery ashes." Disaster and exclamation, it is needless to say, were alike fictitious. Returning from Wantage to Oxford on September 6, they started the next day to row down the river, spending six days on the way, and stopping successively at Shillingford, Wallingford, Pangbourne, Henley—where they stayed for Sunday—Maidenhead, and finally Staines, at which place they quitted the boat and drove home to Cumberland Lodge, the whole outing having proved most enjoyable and a thorough success.

In the autumn Mr. Penny notes the Prince's strikingly rapid growth of late, but adds: "His health, however, continues excellent, and his conduct in my house is all that I could desire."

At the end of the year, on December 29, he sends a very full summary of his work and position.

[1] Miss Holt herself.

"My impression," he says, "is that Woolwich or Sandhurst is equally possible for the Prince if he will try his utmost, and if he will begin to aspire to success *now*. I do not think that Prince Christian Victor is naturally studious; but he is very intelligent, and eagerly desirous of obtaining information upon all subjects. He has not yet learned to concentrate his attention sufficiently upon the subject in hand, and consequently he could not reproduce his knowledge accurately when brought to the test of an examination. But he has certainly improved very greatly, and I feel sure will continue to improve."

Certainly in 1882 his own letters, both in handwriting and power of expression, show distinct advance, if the spelling here and there still remains rather boyish.

The first letter of the year, preserved, is one to his father in German, on the second day of the new term, describing a good shot he had made. He went out walking with Mr. Chesshire,[1] who gave him his gun to hold; he saw a crow perched on a bush, and asked if he might have a shot at it. "'Yes,' said Chesshire, 'but it's quite out of shot.' 'No, it is not,' I said. 'All right,' said he, 'but 1000 to 1 on the bird.' I shot, and the bird fell down dead. 'By Jove, what a shot!' cried Chesshire."

[1] Mr. Chesshire was at this time steward at Cumberland Lodge.

A little later he writes to his mother:—

"My dear Mother,—I thank you very much for your letter which I received this morning. Will you tell Papa I should have written to him yesterday only it was the last day of our athletics. My hamper has not arrived yet, but I expect it will come to-morrow morning. The holidays begin on Tuesday, April 4, and I hope I shall not get the measels (*sic*) between that and now; the measels are stopping now I hope for good. It has been simply lovely the last week, and all the trees are sprouting so fast that I expect everything will be out soon. I hope every one is quite well. Are the dogs all right?—I remain, your affectionate son, Christian Victor."

He wrote at the same time to his old tutor an amusing and boyish letter.

"*March* 21, 1882.

"Dear Mr. Edwards,—You have been mistaken; we have not broken up yet, though there are ever so many cases of measels; the week before last on the average about eight boys got it a day. It was very kind of you to offer to take me to the Boat Race, but it is impossible, as I don't go home till April 4. There is every prospect of getting more than our usual three weeks' holidays as the whole College has to be disinfected and whitewashed, and the Sanatorium must have a fortnight quite free from any boys there. I hope Mrs. Edwards and your little son are quite

well. You will be pleased to hear that I have got to Prop. 12, Bk. III. in Euclid now. I was third in my form at half-term, and for two successive fortnights have been first.—I remain, yours very affectionately, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

The "measels," however, which appeared on the 19th to be "stopping now," acted after their usual provoking manner. The Prince himself fell a victim. The malady ran the normal course of a mild attack, and by Saturday, April 8, the boy was well enough to go with Mr. Penny to a doctor's house at Westgate-on-Sea for a change. Mr. Penny's faithful diary contains a daily record, chiefly of walks and boyish discussions. The following are some extracts:—

"*April* 11.—Walked along the sand at Birchington. . . . The Prince amused himself by making square pencils out of a piece of chalk he brought home."

"*April* 14 (Prince Christian Victor's fifteenth birthday).—Visit from H.R.H. Prince Christian. Telegram from Prince William of Prussia and his wife."

"*April* 15.—A lovely day. We walked to Margate, and with some difficulty made our way to the Grotto. . . . The man who showed it assured us he had had the honour to show it to the best and noblest, highest and greatest personages in the land. 'He could not say he had had

the Crown there, but short of that he had had everybody.' I did not tell him he was speaking to the Queen's grandson; but H.H.'s eyes were slily twinkling at me as I replied, 'I did not at all doubt it.'"

"*April* 16.—The Prince had a letter from the Queen written for his birthday. She calls him her 'dear Christle'[1] and wishes him many happy returns of the 14th, and hopes he will grow up to be a good and wise man. At eleven I took the Prince to church and noticed A. and his sister and brother in church. I said to the Prince coming out, 'I saw an old Wellingtonian in church.' 'Yes,' he said, 'A.' As I knew A. had left before he came, I wondered at his knowing him. But he had seen him at the Athletic Sports and *never forgets a face!*"

On April 21 the quarantine ended and the Prince returned *viâ* Wellington College to Cumberland Lodge.

In the spring of 1882 it was decided that the Prince should begin to study more specially, with the view of getting into Woolwich or Sandhurst. Mr. Matthews, the head of the modern department at Wellington,[2] advised his studying, in the first place, for Woolwich, and with this view giving up Latin and studying Science, "for which he appears to have some liking"; also as main subjects, French, German, and Mathematics, and as

[1] The name by which he always went in his family.
[2] Afterwards Headmaster of Leeds Grammar School.

subsidiary, History, Geography, and Geometrical Drawing.

Mr. Penny points out that even Sandhurst is not easy with the small number of vacancies then occurring, and that it requires all a boy's efforts to secure admission. He hopes, he says, the Prince will work steadily. He is, he thinks, a little inclined this term to pay too much attention to cricket, of which he is very fond, and adds, "I shall be very glad if Your Royal Highness (his father) will now and then urge him by letter not to give too much time to his favourite game."

The next year, 1883, in which the Prince attained his sixteenth birthday, was a remarkable one in his school career. He had wound up 1882 well, getting a prize. On December 18 he writes to Mr. Penny for some books with which to do extra French in the holidays. "Could you kindly send me the books (a grammar and exercise-book) as soon as possible, so that I may begin at once."

About the same date H.R.H. Prince Christian wrote to Mr. Penny: "The Queen quite approves of his being confirmed at Wellington College, as he wishes it himself so very much."

He writes himself to his mother on February 11:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am afraid I have been very inattentive in writing to you of late, but on Sundays, when I usually write my letters, I have

to go to Mr. Penny about confirmation. About seventy boys are going to be confirmed, so that you see the service will take some time. Uncle Arthur is coming here on Wednesday and our Rifle Corps is going to turn out to receive him, and the Governors are also coming. Could you send me some of my photographs if you have any to spare? The weather of late has been frightful and we are nearly swamped here; yesterday we had a terrific storm which lasted all the afternoon.—I remain, your affectionate son,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

A letter written two days later to Mr. Edwards is useful as showing the variety of interests which filled his life and thoughts at this period.

"WELLINGTON COLLEGE, WOKINGHAM,
February 13, 1883.

"DEAR MR. EDWARDS,—I am afraid I have not written to you for a long time, and as I had an opportunity to-day I thought I would take it. My Uncle, the Duke of Connaught, comes to-morrow to inspect our Rifle Corps which was formed last September and of which I am a member, and we get off work to-morrow in consequence. I am going to be confirmed here on the 14th of March, when Papa and Mother are coming, and I hope to be able to go home that night to take Communion at home on the following Sunday. Who are going to win the boatrace this year, Oxford or Cambridge? I saw in the papers that the Cambridge boat got swamped the other day

and that the cox was nearly drowned. I got my promotion into a higher form this term, at which Papa was very pleased, for if you remember I started in Upper Second and after that I got into Lower First and last term into Upper First; the next Form is the Mathematical VI., which is the highest. I am going to have a try for my XI. next term, and I think I have a good chance, as they want a bowler and I am the only one who can bowl of those who are coming up. I hope Mrs. Edwards and yourself are quite well. I will send you a photo of myself which I had taken last holidays when they come. But now I am afraid I have exhausted my stock of news, so there is nothing left but to sign myself,—Your affectionate pupil, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

The Confirmation, by the Bishop of Oxford, took place on March 14. Mr. Penny thus notes it in his diary:—

"*March* 14, 1883.—At 3.30 the Prince and Princess Christian drove up with Colonel and Mrs. Gordon. Of course the boy was dressing, I had with difficulty caught him at Call-over. Both most kind. At a few minutes to 4, Princess Beatrice came attended by Lady Biddulph and Captain Edwards. Prince Christian Victor looked very nice when dressed in tail-coat, &c., and all were struck with his growth and breadth of shoulder. At 4.5 we walked to Chapel, I leading the way to the ladies' seats, which the Royal party and Mrs.

Wickham completely filled. The confirmation lasted till 5.10. Then tea, and they left about a quarter to six."

The same diary records :—

"*March* 18, *Palm Sunday.*—H.H. Prince Christian Victor's first Communion. After 9 o'clock chapel I had the Prince for half-an-hour Confirmation Lecture, went through the service with him and begged him to persevere and to come regularly to Communion."

The next term, the summer term, witnessed another epoch, though of a very different kind, in his school career and life. He was now only a little over sixteen, but began to be considered, and to consider himself, a candidate for the Eleven. It was natural that this ambition should be a little engrossing, and toward the end of this term, June 18, 1883, we find H.R.H. Prince Christian writing, like many another careful father, to Mr. Penny :—

"I am very sorry that Prince Christian Victor has lost his place, and that he has not worked as well as he ought to have. I am quite ready to make every possible allowance for his anxiety to get into the school Eleven, but at the same time it ought not to absorb his whole mind. His spelling is very much caused by carelessness. I quite agree with you that he ought to read more books for his

amusement; and it is my constant complaint during the holidays that I never see him read a book. I trust, however, that he will try to do better when the great question is settled and regain the lost ground. The Princess and I are much pleased that you are satisfied with his conduct."

Mr. Wickham, to whom Mr. Penny had apparently sent the letter, wrote back the following very sensible comment:—

"I look on his present purpose of getting into the Eleven as in itself a considerable piece of his education here, opening the way to knowing more people and generally giving him what a Public School is meant to give him. I wish he would read more for his own pleasure, but all the king's horses and all the king's men can't make a boy do so if he won't. Meantime I think his parents should have patience and not vex themselves that he does not work *very* hard while he is cricketing."

H.R.H. Prince Christian, however, if he felt it necessary to make this criticism, did not withdraw himself from his son's interests. A few days later he came over to see his son play, and was rewarded as Mr. Penny records:—

"*Saturday, June* 23, 1883.—H.R.H. Prince Christian drove up accompanied by Colonel Keith Fraser. The cricket match was with Mr. Bovill's

Eleven from Betchworth and his team proved too strong for our Eleven. They won the toss and went in, made 360 runs and were not out till 5 P.M. Prince Christian Victor made 20 runs after tea. The Prince got his colours; E. P. Simpson also got his."

The Eleven of that year, it may here be noted, was made up as follows: M. H. Milner (Captain), C. E. F. Bunbury, P. N. Salmond, D. N. Pollock, E. P. Simpson, W. G. Raphael, A. C. M. Croome, F. A. Browning, G. N. Spiller, H.H. Prince Christian Victor, Hon. W. Cairns.

In the autumn of the same year the Prince seems to have graduated in another form of English sport. On August 27, he sent the following telegram to his father, then in Germany:—

"*Balmoral*, 1883. 27. 8. 9 P.M.—To-day shot fine stag with ten points, at one hundred and forty-three yards. The ball hit the right spot. CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

And writing a little later he gives a fuller account of his first stag:—

"We started from here," he says, "one afternoon to 'Glen Gelder,' and after a stalk of four hours Donald said, 'There are the beasts! We crept towards them and I shot at one; he went ten yards and fell quite dead. He was a large stag of ten points and weighed 14·1. The distance was 143 yards. On Wednesday I

shot a small one in Craig-na-Gall; he weighed 10·8; and yesterday, August 31, I shot one of the best that has been shot this year; he had five points on one side and four on the other and weighed 15 stone."

By the end of the month he had shot thirty-one stags in thirteen days and two half-days' shooting.[1] Finally on October 3 he writes from Wellington to say that his gun shoots quite wonderfully and that he is very sorry to leave Scotland. No wonder!

He wrote about the same time to his old tutor, Mr. Bourdillon:—

"I never told you that I got into the XI. second choice, or 8th in the entire order. I was deer-stalking at Balmoral for five weeks last holidays, and did very well. By-the-bye my cricket average was 18⅛ for 11 innings, twice not out, 168 runs highest score; 46 *v.* Marlborough. I hope very soon to be Head of the House, which means being made a prefect or monitor, and being in the VI.—With much love, believe me ever, your affectionate friend and pupil,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

In sending his report, as usual an excellent one as regards conduct, at the end of the summer term, Mr. Penny had advised his doing some work in the vacation. He says: "There are three weak

[1] A sort of schedule in his own handwriting, drawn up at the time in a most neat and methodical manner, records the date and place where each stag was killed, with its weight and points.

points in which his work is not up to the standard of his form, French, Mathematics, and Spelling. On the whole I think this term's report a favourable one, considering the way in which cricket has absorbed the greater part of the Prince's time and thoughts."

The next report shows the desired improvement. "Your Royal Highness," writes Mr. Penny on November 13, "will be pleased to read Mr. Toye's report and to mark the improvement in all form subjects, especially Divinity."

The year was one of a good deal of illness at Wellington, especially during the spring and autumn; indeed the prevalence of "throats" and pneumonia led, as may be remembered, to quite undue alarm. A very interesting report, however, by Dr. (now Sir John) Burdon-Sanderson to Mr. Wickham a little later entirely cleared the College of the imputation of any unhealthiness, natural or artificial.

Meanwhile, the Prince himself, as was said earlier, enjoyed excellent health all through, but a rumour, quite unfounded, got about that he was going to be transferred to Charterhouse, his brother Prince Albert's school. A letter of his own in the Christmas holidays refers to this.

"CUMBERLAND LODGE, *December* 30, 1883.

"DEAR MR. PENNY,—I think you must have been very surprised that I took no notice of

your letter, but I have never had a spare moment: what with hunting and shooting, I never get time to write a letter or read a book. Did you see that according to the papers I am going to leave next term and am going to Charterhouse? We had to get it contradicted, as several people were not going to send their sons to Wellington, as they thought I should not leave unless something was very wrong with the place. Wishing both Miss Penny and yourself a 'Happy New Year,'—Believe me, ever yours sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

In the Christmas vacation of 1883–4 the Prince, in view of the Preliminary Examination for Sandhurst, did some extra work with a private tutor in Eton, Mr. E. H. Lewis. More extra work, to be done in the next term, especially in English and Geography, was talked of, but Mr. Penny did not think this necessary. Writing on this topic on January 28, 1884, Mr. Penny concludes, "I can but repeat what I have said throughout his school career, that in my house he has always given me the utmost satisfaction by his uniformly good conduct. I have just made him a Dormitory Prefect in the House."

The Preliminary Examination actually took place in March, and at the end of the month, March 27, the news arrived that the Prince had passed, and he was able to write a short letter to Her Majesty

to inform her that he had achieved the first step towards entering her service.

He wrote, too, the next day to his father in German to tell him of the news, and also to give an account of another kind of preparation for soldiering, a sham fight of the Volunteer Corps of Wellington College, Cooper's Hill, and Winchester, against Eton, on Chobham Common.

"Am Dienstag ging unser Rifle Corps mit Cooper's Hill und Winchester nach the Fox Hill, Aldershot, gegen Eton zu fechten. Wir wurden fürchterlich geschlagen. Our Commander 'made a regular mess of it.' Cooper's Hill wurden gefangen genommen, und eine halbe Companie von uns hat gar nicht gefeuert weil sie zwei Meilen weg waren." (On Tuesday our Rifle Corps went with Cooper's Hill and Winchester to the Fox Hill, Aldershot, to fight against Eton. We were frightfully beaten. Our Commander made a regular mess of it. The Cooper's Hill lot was captured, and half a company of our fellows never fired a shot, because they were two miles away.)

The School Rifle Corps had been founded in the autumn of 1882, and the Prince had been a member of it from the first; and in October 1882 had written to his father: "The Rifle Corps is very amusing, and I like it very much. The other day we had a Full Dress Parade, and we appeared for the first time in uniform."

This term his report was specially favourable, but prudent Mr. Penny in sending it adds that he hopes that the Prince, having succeeded in his Preliminary, will not let his fondness for cricket cause him to relax his efforts on his return to school next term.

A letter from the Prince to his father shows where his own thoughts and activities had been during the summer term.

"I have not yet answered your letter, but this term I have so little time to write. I send you the *Wellingtonian*, and you will see that I am 'in great form.' In the first match here (only a pick up amongst ourselves), I made 50; for my house I have made 82 and got a new bat for it; for the School against C.C.C. I made 50 again, and got another new bat for that. Yesterday against Kensington Park I made 13 and 22 not out, and my average for foreign matches is 30⅔. Charterhouse came here on July 5, and another good match on June 28. I have no more time, and so remain, &c."

The Wellington Eleven of 1884, in which Prince Christian Victor played all through, consisted of E. P. Simpson (Captain), H.H. Prince Christian Victor, H. R. Stockley, E. W. Markham, J. J. W. Smith, C. H. Davidson, N. B. Baker, A. C. Eyton, C. H. G. Wood, A. Parker, and A. C. M. Croome.

Towards the end of the year the Entrance Examination at Sandhurst, though still nearly a year off, began to loom up on the horizon, and Mr. Penny felt and expressed the need for increased effort and concentration. As before, the Prince responded when seriously called upon. The report for the first term of next year, 1885, was excellent.

At the beginning of the next term, H.R.H. Prince Christian presented a Challenge Cup to Mr. Penny's House for the best fielding in the house Eleven.[1] In writing to thank His Royal Highness, Mr. Penny found and used the opportunity of speaking with unusual warmth and feeling, and a part of his letter sums up more naturally perhaps than any other document preserved, the character of the relation which had always subsisted between their Royal Highnesses, Prince Christian Victor, and Mr. Penny's House.

"It is a most beautiful cup," he writes, "and I feel sure that Your Royal Highness's gift will be fully appreciated by the boys themselves. It will be an encouragement to them to do what young boys often find most difficult, viz. to play up manfully even when they are upon the losing side.

"I appreciate to the full the honour which Your Royal Highness has thus done my House, and

[1] Prince Christian Victor himself founded a Prize for Bowling at Wellington which has been productive of very good results.

beg to thank you warmly for the kind way in which you have spoken of Prince Christian Victor's sojourn under my roof. I hope I may venture to say that the 'happiness' of which Your Royal Highness speaks has been mutual; and if Prince Christian Victor has been happy here, it has also been a happiness to my sister and myself to have charge of him. And this has been due partly to the great confidence which Your Royal Highnesses have from the first reposed in us, and partly to the very amiable qualities and good conduct of the Prince himself."

At the half-term, June 14, 1885, Mr. Penny wrote of the Prince as Head of the House:—

"I cannot give him higher praise than by saying that he is a great comfort and a real help to me."

1885

Following the Prince's studies, and the series of Mr. Penny's letters, our narrative has jumped to the end of the first term of 1885. It will be convenient, however, to hark back again to the beginning of that year, for we now have another and in some ways even more interesting, if brief and interrupted, record, of the boy's life, a record by the best authority, himself.

With the year 1885 the Prince's own Diaries begin. The entries, in his neat, legible hand,

commence with January 1, and there is an entry, if only a line or even only two words, for every day, so that we have something like a continuous account of his doings and interests during this, the last and most important year of his schoolboy life.

The entries open in the Christmas holidays with notices of shooting, hunting, or not hunting on account of frost, attending service at St. George's, Windsor, on week days, and the little church in the Park on Sundays, where he seems to have been very regular. Wednesday, June 14, is a characteristic day.

"Went fishing in Cumberland Lake in the afternoon, but finding nothing took a gun and killed a brace of widgeon and a brace of waterfowl. In the evening Uncle Bertie, Uncle Alfred, Sir R. Macdonald, Harry Chaplin, Charlie Hall, and Edward Teesdale arrived. Eighteen to dinner in the evening; the eleven people staying in the house as well as Sir R. and Lady Harvey, Captain and Mrs. Campbell, Colonel and Mrs. Cochrane, and Colonel Milne-Home."

Tuesday, 20.—He notes: "Shot a white stag with thirteen points, in the morning."

"*Friday*, 23.—Back at school."

"*Saturday*, 24.—Three hours' work in the morning. Half-holiday in the afternoon. Chose two new patent Cobbett's bats. Gave one to Relf[1] to fill the handle up. Frosty weather."

[1] One of the cricket professionals at Wellington.

He now notes regularly the amount of work done in the day, generally three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. His chief companions who shared his interest in cricket at this time appear to have been A. C. M. Croome and E. W. Markham. Thus Wednesday, January 28, he notes: "Had a good talk with Mr. Brougham[1] and Croome about cricket matters, wrote three letters accepting matches, &c., walked with Croome in the afternoon." He notes several times: "German debates in the evening," and remarks incidentally, "Games should be made part of the exam. for Sandhurst."

Wednesday, February 4.—He notes: "Played cricket for the first time in the afternoon."

Football appears, of course, pretty frequently.

"*February* 22.—Had a lively discussion with Markham about politics."

"*February* 28.—Went to London with the Mission; great fun. Dined at Waterloo Restaurant. Met Simpson[2] at Lambeth, also Parker ma."

Violin lessons and paper-chases also appear from time to time, and on Thursday, March 19, the School Athletics, in which, as he prophesied,

[1] H. W. Brougham, Esq., of Keble College, Oxford, an Assistant master.

[2] Both these school companions of 1884 were now Old Wellingtonians, having gone into residence at Oxford.

his friend Croome was extraordinarily successful, and won the Challenge Cup, as the Prince records, with fifty-two marks.

The day after the Athletics, a Sunday, the Prince woke to find snow on the ground, and on Monday felt "very seedy," though apparently he said nothing about it, and the vigilant Mr. Penny evidently did not notice it, all the last days of the term. He went home to discover that he had jaundice; fortunately, however, a mild attack which soon passed off.

A letter to his father, saying that he is coming home shows that he had other things beside school matters in his head. "Werden wir wohl einen Krieg mit Russland haben oder nicht? Wir müssen denn wohl aus dem Soudan kommen, so schnell wie möglich und 'let that take its chance' wie man sagt" (Shall we have war with Russia or not? We must, if we do, get out of the Soudan as quickly as possible—and let that take its chance, as the saying is.) He congratulates his father in the same letter on being made a Governor of Wellington.

On April 27 he notes: "Cricket began in earnest. Began to take the wickets;" and Ascension Day shows the following record:—

"*Whole holiday;* went home. Papa said he would allow me to go to Oxford."

Several of his school comrades had already proceeded to Oxford, and in particular his special friend E. P. Simpson, Captain of the Eleven of the year before, and also C. J. E. Parker, who is mentioned just above in the diary, had gone up and were now in residence at Magdalen College; and others were going or likely to go there later.[1]

H.M. King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, had, it will be remembered, resided as a member of Christ Church at Oxford and of Trinity College at Cambridge, and H.R.H. Prince Leopold had somewhat later also resided at Christ Church, and kept up a connection with Oxford much appreciated both by University and City.

The choice of Magdalen for Prince Christian Victor was largely determined by the Prince's own wish to follow his school friends, but it was not inappropriate. The Founder had made special provision for the entertainment of Royalty, and for the reception as members of the College of the sons of noble and important persons. Two Princes of Wales, Prince Arthur in the sixteenth, and Prince Henry in the seventeenth century, had been received and lodged within the walls. The latter had remained some time, and had called himself one of the "fraternity." Prince Rupert had also had his quarters there, and the portraits

[1] A. C. M. Croome went up in October 1886, having won a Demyship in Classics earlier in the year.

of both these last-named Princes hang in the College Hall.

The Prince himself had had the University in his mind for some time. On March 28, he had noted in his diary the victory of Oxford over Cambridge in the boat race by two lengths. The question of his going there was now seriously discussed. Mr. Penny, himself a C.C.C. man, was decidedly in favour of it.

"The Prince has told me," he writes on May 24, "that Your Royal Highnesses are contemplating the possibility of his going to Oxford for a time after he leaves Wellington College. There can be no doubt that the Prince would derive great benefit if such a plan is carried out."

Their Royal Highnesses had an old and valued friend in Oxford in Professor Max Müller. They consulted him, and a day or two later, May 27, went to Oxford and visited Magdalen College for themselves, saw the President, Dr. Bulley, had their son's name entered on the books, and made the preliminary arrangements about his admission. Their wish was that the same general policy which had proved so happy at Wellington should be followed up at Oxford, and it was agreed that the young Prince should be received as a "Commoner," on the understanding that he should satisfy the College as to his intellectual attainments and proficiency,

that he should produce testimonials in the ordinary way from Wellington, and, further, that he would expect to be treated exactly like any Commoner of the College, and be amenable to all the College discipline and rules.

To return from Oxford to Wellington: the Prince played this season some excellent innings for his House, making 78 not out, and 137 not out, and finally on one occasion carrying out his bat for 230, the side making a record for these matches, and winning by an innings and 303.

On July 1 and 2 he thus records one of the great school matches of the year, namely, that against Haileybury College:—

"Haileybury match at Wellington College; first day. We scored 173 first innings, myself 65; they 115 for 7 wickets. Papa and Mr. Fisher came over.

"Haileybury match; second day. They made 131 and we 139; myself 21; they then made 116; we won by 60."

And on June 13 he notes the Zingari match as follows:—

"Scored 40 not out and got 5 at the wickets; was elected into the I.Z. I.Z got 206; we got 86 for 2 wickets."

Mr. Penny's diary adds that "H.R.H. Princess Christian, Miss Loch, and Sir Spencer Ponsonby

Fane came to see the match and had luncheon with us. H.H. Prince Christian Victor was elected a member of the Zingari Club and they gave him a ribbon-tie of their colours, and Sir Spencer gave the Princess a rosette of Zingari colours."

The Eleven of this year, it may be noted, consisted of: H.H. Prince Christian Victor (Captain), A. Parker, E. W. Markham, B. M. N. Perkins, H. D. Hanbury, W. R. Collins, R. H. Pitcairn, A. L. Wood, R. W. Fox, C. Philcox, J. W. Watson.

After these efforts, it is not to be wondered at that he was a little overdone. He notes in his own diary, July 14: "Felt ill from effects of sunstroke," and in the Charterhouse match, played at Charterhouse on the 13th, he was "off colour" and only made 6 and 10, and the match was lost by 7 wickets. Writing the next day to the Princess, Mr. Penny says:—

"Prince Christian Victor assured me this morning that he was quite well again and did not need to see Dr. Armstrong. He insisted on getting up to first lesson as usual, and will not allow that he is even tired with his exertions yesterday. . . . It was most unfortunate that the Prince should have felt unwell just at this time, but nothing can exceed the good temper and cheerfulness with which he has borne the dis-

appointment of our reasonable expectations yesterday. He reminds me of a couplet in Addison's Cato—

> "'Tis not in mortals to Command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll Deserve it!'"

In a letter two days later, Mr. Penny adds, "No doubt, had he been well, the fortune of the day would have been ours."

In earlier years the Prince's work had generally fallen off in the summer term, cricket especially proving too much of a distraction. This year, when he was Captain, it was not so. To his report at the end of this summer term the Headmaster adds the note: "Has pleased me by his thoughtfulness and sense of duty as a Prefect"; while Mr. Allcock, his form-master, speaks well of his intellectual work; and Mr. Davenport[1] took the opportunity to speak to Mr. Penny of his great sense of the Prince's courtesy and consideration in all the arrangements he has had to make as Captain of the School XI.

He had arranged this year for a cricket week at home, to last for five days, beginning on August 3, the players being himself, Raphael, Salmond, Parker, Markham, Fane, Stockley, Blackett, Perkins, Collins, Philcox, Spiller. The Wellington

[1] The Rev. E. Davenport, M.A., of Trinity College, Oxford, and a member of a well-known Oxford family, was, and still is, one of the chief Assistant-masters at Wellington. He took in particular a great interest in the games, and was Chairman of the Ground Committee.

Blues, as they called themselves, acquitted themselves very well, and at the end the Prince notes: "Cricket week ended yesterday and was an immense success." [1]

He spent the rest of August mainly in playing cricket for neighbouring teams, notably for Mr. Charles T. Murdoch of Buckhurst. One of his best performances was at Oxford, where, playing for Mr. Murdoch's Eleven against Oxford City and County, he made 72 and caught two at the wickets. On the last day of the month he went to Balmoral and began at once shooting stag and grouse, with both of which he was very successful.

September 16 saw him back at school, and on the 19th, he notes, evidently with pleasure: "Stumped Diver." Cricket on asphalt, football, and the laying down a cricket ground at Cumberland Lodge, are the chief topics of the term. On the Prince of Wales' birthday, November 9, he notes, "I was very much on the spot and got a try in capital form," and a little later he won his football colours after a match against Moore's Fifteen (November 14), H.R.H. Prince Christian and Herr von Kessel being among the spectators. He writes to tell his father on the 16th.

"MEIN LIEBER PAPA,—Ich habe gerade meine Colours bekommen. Ich habe keine Zeit mehr

[1] *They had won all their matches.* The details will be found in files of *Cricket*, No. 101, vol. iv., August 20, 1885.

zu schreiben.—Ich verbleib Dein dich liebender Sohn CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

(MY DEAR PAPA,—I have just got my colours. I have no time to write more. I remain your loving son, &c.)

Already in November Mr. Penny begins to feel the shadow of his approaching departure, and writes with the half-term report; "It is, I assure you, quite sad for me to think that my connection with the Prince is so soon going to end. I have never had a Prefect who more earnestly tried to help me or who more regularly and considerately discharged his various duties."

On November 21 he goes to Oxford to see a football match.

"Went up with Bull, Milward, Drew, and Parker to Oxford to see the Varsity play Blackheath; Varsity won by 2 tries to 1 try. Simpson and C. Parker gave us a capital supper. We arrived back here at eleven in the evening."

"*November* 25.—Went out a little with Markham. My XV. cap came; fitted pretty well."

On November 26 he notes the elections then proceeding.

"Saw the result of the first day's election, 31 Conservative, 29 Liberal, 2 Nationalist. Rained

all day. Papa came, had luncheon with Mr. Penny. 85 C. and 87 L. have been returned so far. Charlie [1] Murdoch got in for Reading."

The Examination for Sandhurst for which he had been preparing, now commenced.

The following Memorandum, dated November 18, 1885, describes the conditions under which he was to pass in :—

"With reference to the intention that Her Majesty's grandson, the son of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, should enter the Army, it has been arranged as the best way of dealing with the case, that instead of competing on the general list of the candidates for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, the young Prince should only be required to obtain the necessary qualifying number of marks, and when qualified should be admitted to the College as a supernumerary, so as to avoid any injury to the ordinary competitors. The proposed qualifying examination will be carried out under the supervision of a special Board, with sealed papers furnished by the Civil Service Commissioners in the same subjects as those in which the other candidates are examined. This will be in accordance with the manner in which Queen's cadets are allowed to pass their qualifying examination abroad.

"The competitive examination for Sandhurst will commence on the 2nd prox., and it is desirable

[1] Mr. C. T. Murdoch, mentioned above.

that the proposed special examination should take place about the same time."

It was arranged by the Special Board that the Prince should be at Aldershot at 10 A.M. on December 1, for his written examination. The oral examination was to be held in London on December 9, from 10 A.M. to 12 noon, and 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. The hours were not convenient, as they involved breakfasting at 7·30, but the War Office did not see their way to allow any relaxation, as will be seen by the following letter :—

"MY DEAR PENNY,—I am sorry to say that the Military Secretary writes that the rules for competitive examinations are like those of the Medes and Persians and cannot be broken, so there is nothing for it but for the Prince to be examined at the same hours as examination takes place elsewhere. The Prince, however, says he can manage very well as regards the trains, and we are all here only too pleased to provide luncheon for such a thoroughly nice, well-informed, unaffected young man.—In haste, very faithfully yours,

"F. H. DUNNE,
Lt.-Gen., Commg. Aldershot Div."

His own Diary entry for December 1 is characteristic :—

"Exam. at Aldershot. Lunched with General Cooper. Came back and played the 'Orange' :[1] we won by 3 goals and 4 tries,"

[1] One of the Dormitories.

and his entry for the last two days hardly less so :—

"*December* 8.—Played Classical and Mathematical; we won by 2 goals and 1 try to 1 try. I got a try. Went up to London with 'Booth.'[1] Had dinner at Clarence House and afterwards went to the Olympic Theatre."

"*December* 9.—Had my *vivâ voce* exam. and then went home. Saw Mother. Froze very hard."

The result of the examination was announced about three weeks later, when Mr. Penny received the following telegram from H.R.H. the Princess Christian :—

"*December* 21, 1885.—Heard yesterday from the War Office; Christian successfully passed; we congratulate you. HELENA."

Mr. Penny's letter in reply is at once a fitting ending to the Prince's Wellington career and a good introduction to the next chapter of his life. He writes as follows :—

"WELLINGTON COLLEGE, BERKS, *December* 21, 1885.

"MADAM,—I need not, I feel sure, say to Your Royal Highness with how much joy and pleasure I received this morning the good tidings. Although we have never had any doubt of the result, yet it is

[1] The Hon. W. D. Sclater-Booth, then at the School.

MR. PENNY'S HOUSE AT WELLINGTON

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a great satisfaction to us to be assured that His Highness has passed this ordeal so successfully, and we are all of us delighted to have this most pleasant ending to record in our memories of the Prince's eminently successful school career.

"The President of Magdalen was good enough to come here last Friday, and I then explained to him all the arrangements which I thought would conduce to the Prince's comfort and happiness during his stay at the University. Mr. Warren was much struck with the universal testimony which was borne by all the masters who spoke with him to the excellent character and disposition which the Prince has ever exhibited to all who have had to teach him here.

"For myself and for my sister I can only add that the Prince has endeared himself to us both by his *uniform* sweetness of temper, his unfailing courtesy and unaffected modesty and simplicity of character. During the whole five years that he has been as it were a member of my family, we have never had the least trouble or anxiety. And to every member of our household the Prince has been a courteous gentleman.

"I might perhaps express myself to Your Royal Highness in more studied language and in less homely terms. But I cannot give the Prince higher praise than this, and it comes from the bottom of my heart. It is with real sorrow that we part from the Prince. I hope that whenever he desires to revisit his old school, he will always use my house as if he were still a member of it. We shall always be delighted to welcome him here

as an honoured guest and visitor to his old room. —I have the honour to be, Madam, Your Royal Highness' most obedient Servant,

"C. W. PENNY."

In a letter a few days later, in acknowledgment of the Princess' reply to the above, Mr. Penny says further :—

"Your Royal Highness estimates far too highly my own share in the training and education of Prince Christian Victor since he has been at Wellington College. But I could not help writing to Your Royal Highness and saying how proud and happy we all are who have had a share in what might have proved a very arduous task, but what really has been a labour of love."

And finally, in concluding the remarkable letter sent with the last school report, which has been already quoted at the outset of this chapter, he writes: "My own affection for your son will last as long as I live and am able to follow his career."

Mr. Wickham, the Head-master, wrote to ask whether H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as Chairman of the Governors, would be pleased to command that an extra week's holiday should be given to the school on the occasion. Prince Christian Victor himself, writing to his father in German about his success, puts forward with characteristic unconsciousness of self the follow-

ing amusing and plausibly practical reasons: "Ich glaube es wird allen sehr gut passen, wenn Sie eine Extra Week nach Weihnachten haben, denn die neuen Dormitories könnten dann fertig gemacht werden" (I fancy it would suit everybody very well if they have an extra week after Christmas, for then the new Dormitories could be finished). His Royal Highness, however, returned answer through Sir Francis Knollys that while it had afforded him "very great satisfaction to find that his nephew has done so admirably at Wellington College, and that he has passed so well through the Sandhurst examination," he was averse to holidays being granted except under very special circumstances, and was afraid that the present case hardly came under that category.

In communicating this decision to H.R.H. Prince Christian, Mr. Wickham says, "We shall not remember less gratefully the honour done to the school by the Queen and Your Royal Highnesses, nor Prince Christian Victor's happy and successful career."

What Mr. Wickham's opinion was of his school career as a whole is expressed in the following letter:—

"MASTERS' LODGE, WELLINGTON COLLEGE
WOKINGHAM, *December* 21, 1885.

"MADAM,—I venture to write to Your Royal Highness on the last day of Prince Christian Victor's school life to thank Your Royal Highnesses

for all the confidence and consideration which have made a necessarily anxious responsibility as light and pleasant as it could be, and also to tell Your Royal Highness how completely Prince Christian Victor has won our respect and regard, and how earnestly we wish for him every happiness life has to give. So far as I can judge of his character, he is remarkably simple and unspoiled; full of home affections, and wholesome interests. He has shown, as time has gone on, good judgment as to character, and will not be at all likely, I think, to choose undesirable friends at Oxford or elsewhere. His life here has been on the whole very blameless. He has received very little punishment, and when it has been necessary, he has received it very well. As a Prefect and Head of cricket he has been a real help in the government of the school, setting a good tone and making the relations between boys and masters easy and pleasant. Mr. Penny will, I know, miss him very much, and so shall we all. It is a great pleasure to hear to-day that he has passed the Sandhurst examination.

"If Prince Christian Victor's own disposition and conduct have made his five years here a pleasant time for us all to look back upon, we have also very much to be grateful for in the way that Your Royal Highnesses have trusted us and helped us. It has already been of assistance to me in dealing with other parents to be able to say that Prince Christian Victor has never had any indulgence, and that Your Royal Highnesses have never asked for any indulgence for

him in the way of holidays or in other things, which would not have been readily accorded to any other boy.

"I hope Prince Christian Victor will be glad to come here from time to time, as we shall be glad to see him and proud to count him among what we call 'O.W.'s,' and I hope the happy relations which his school days have caused between Your Royal Highnesses and the College will not entirely cease.

"With renewed thanks and every possible good wish for Prince Christian Victor,—I am, Madam, Your Royal Highness' grateful and obedient servant, E. C. WICKHAM."

His concluding Diary entries for the year are:—

"*December* 21.—Concert in the evening; played a solo; it went off very well."

"*December* 22.—Left Wellington for good this term to-day. Shot Bagshot, got 44 pheasants, 1 rabbit, 1 woodcock."

On the 29th he rode over to Mr. Penny's and packed up all his things.

Of his Wellington days, from the point of view of a contemporary, and of his character as a cricketer, the following reminiscences have been kindly supplied by Mr. A. C. M. Croome, now Assistant-master at Radley College, who was mentioned earlier as having been a special comrade and friend at school, was in the Wellington

Eleven with him two years, 1883 and 1884, and afterwards joined him again at Magdalen, and who was himself a fine athlete and in particular a leading cricketer, playing for Oxford and for Gloucestershire, and further, is a thoroughly good judge of the game.

Mr Croome writes: "When Prince Christian Victor came to Wellington in 1881, the trait I noticed as most conspicuous was his intense interest in his new surroundings. He was always asking questions; in fact he got a good deal chaffed about his desire for information. Very soon it became clear that he was more interested in the school games than in anything else. He was treated from the first and always exactly like an ordinary boy and expected no other treatment, so much so that many, including the cricket professionals, did not take in who he was. In his first cricket season he was placed on fourth side, and in consequence—it was before the days of Tom Hearne as ground-man—he had to play on bad wickets. On these the hard hitter fared best, and the Prince, who was one of the smallest and youngest boys playing, had no chance at that game. Still he scored a good many runs, because he could 'cut' pretty well even then, and the field was not placed in anticipation of any one making a cut. The other great merit of his batting style was that he never ran away from a ball coming on his legs. In lower-boy games this merit is not without its disadvantages. The

bowler appeals whenever he gets one by the bat and the 'next man in' stands umpire. The batsman only survives an appeal when the umpire's liking for him is greater than his fear of the bowler or his desire to have an innings himself. The Prince survived many appeals.

"In the seasons of 1881 and 1882 his chief opportunities of distinction came in House-matches, and he made the most of them by getting more runs than the other juniors, and taking a few wickets, but principally by the keenness which he showed in fielding. He also displayed his interest by his habit of hanging about the professionals' nets listening to the coaching, and hoping to be honoured by an invitation to bowl to a member of the school team.

"In 1883 he was promoted to the First Eleven game, and, although he was one of the youngest boys playing there, he was picked for the first school match over the heads of several who had got Second Eleven colours the year before. The match was played on the ground of the late Mr. C. T. Murdoch, M.P., at Buckhurst, and the Prince made his place in the team pretty safe by getting some 25 runs when things were going wrong, and bowling three wickets. All through the season he continued to do useful service of the same sort. Naturally he did not get any very long scores, for he was at least two years younger and half a head shorter than those who were generally his partners at the wicket; moreover every hit had to be run out, and sixes and sevens were fairly common. In consequence a

prosperous innings was often cut short by sheer physical exhaustion. Nevertheless the Prince had an average of over eighteen for the season, and it was the general impression that he was the most promising player who had appeared at Wellington since T. R. Hine-Haycock.

"Even in 1883 he had a particularly finished style of batting. Naturally he got most of his runs behind the wicket, not having strength or weight enough for driving. He had one particularly fine stroke, a square cut. In making it he used to put the left leg across the wicket and advance slightly to meet the ball, which flew behind point with astonishing pace; I have often run six for him off such a stroke, a picture of which is to be seen in the representation of W. L. Murdoch in Ranjitsinjhi's book. He learned a lot from Tom Hearne, now ground-man at Lord's, who was something of a character. Hearne would not take any notice of the majority of the Eleven, saying they were not keen enough on the game as a game, but would often make time to bowl us a few balls. I fancy he regarded the Prince as the most likely player on a strong batting side, mainly because in addition to the ordinary strokes he had this cut proper to himself.

"At the beginning of the season of 1884, the prospects of Wellington cricket were not very bright. We had only four old colours, and of them one, the Hon. W. D. Cairns, went up for Sandhurst at half-term, and only played in the first few matches. But we had an excellent captain in E. P. Simpson. Of the old colours, the Prince

stood second, and ably supported Simpson in his efforts to produce as good a side as possible. By organising constant fielding practices, and by their own example, they raised the out-cricket of the side fifty per cent. Not only did the fielding improve out of all knowledge, but the bowlers gained confidence from the support given them, and we got some good sides out quite cheaply. When it was our turn to bat the Prince used to go in first, and almost always gave us a good start, seldom failing to get runs, and further, what was quite as useful, making the bowling look easy, and thus giving confidence to the inexperienced batsman who had to follow him. Our victory over Charterhouse was typical of our successes in 1884. Our opponents were probably the stronger side, but we gained the toss and the Prince went in and took charge of the bowling. His confidence and the way in which he met every ball with the middle of the bat made our team less nervous than is usual in a school match, and the result was that we made a good though not necessarily a winning score. When Charterhouse went in two good catches were taken, and the Prince threw out one of their best players from cover-point. The match was then in our hands and stayed there. The review of the cricket season which appears in the *Wellingtonian* shows that though the Prince made no very long scores, he scored more runs than any one else, and was clearly the mainstay of the batting.

"In September 1884 the Prince became Captain of cricket. Without a moment's delay he began

preparing for the next season. An asphalt wicket had been laid down in a corner of the ground, and whenever the weather was at all favourable the Prince was always to be found there coaching anybody who was keen enough to turn out during the interval between dinner and football. During the winter months the Ground Committee, of which, as was noted above, the Rev. E. Davenport was chairman, determined to make considerable improvements in the ground. The work was carried out by Tom Hearne. The Prince visited the scene of operations whenever he could make time to do so, and Hearne admits that many suggestions of considerable practical value came from him. This is praise indeed; for Hearne knows as much about his business as any ground-man, and has a large share of the professional's just contempt for amateur opinion.

"When the summer of 1885 came round the Prince was confronted with great difficulties in making up his Eleven. There was only one really good bat available besides himself; the school contained no bowlers of any experience, and no wicket-keeper was to be found anywhere. The Prince realised that unless the fielding could be made specially good the team could not hope to win matches, and he at once organised regular fielding practices with excellent results. The wicket-keeping difficulty he solved by taking the gloves himself, though he had little or no experience of the work. He had a theory that any one who had a quick eye, and was not afraid of getting hit, could make himself into a

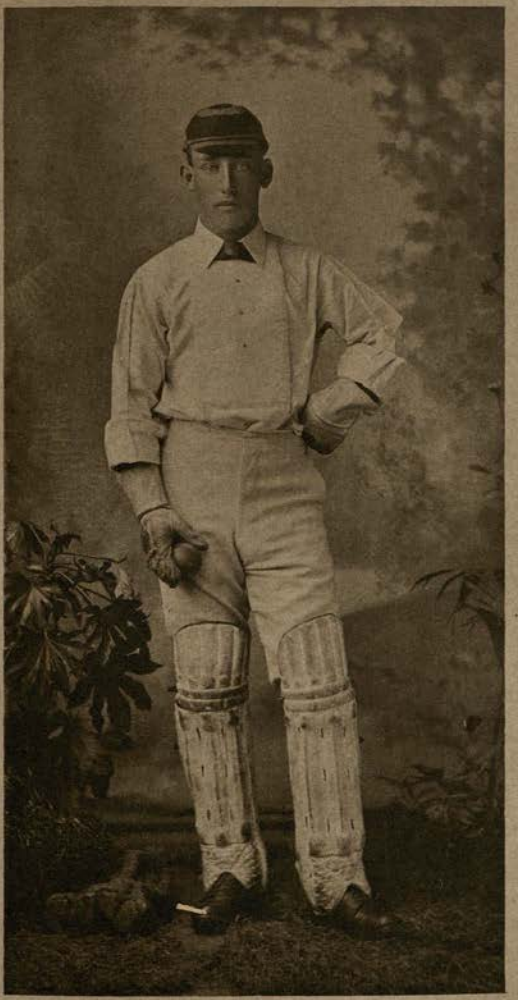
tolerable wicket-keeper. His faith was certainly justified by results, for by the end of the season he was considered worthy of comparison with so famous a stumper as H. Philipson. Probably the fact that there was no other wicket-keeper available was the making of the team. In the first place the position gave the Prince countless opportunities of displaying the pertinacity and alertness which always characterised his out-cricket, and certainly the effect of his example was most beneficial. Secondly, he was the prime cause of the success of a young left-hander, who developed into the best bowler on the side. The Prince not only caught and stumped a large number of batsmen off him, but he inspired him with confidence, and managed to convey to him information about the tactics most likely to prove successful against the opposing batsmen. It is not too much to say that he did everything for him except deliver the ball. The other members of the team also owed much of their success to his guiding and encouragement. He had the whole side absolutely under control, because they believed in his judgment, and because his great personal popularity made them work for him. By the end of the season the Eleven was a team, and not a collection of boys playing cricket.

"As head of cricket, he was no less efficient than as Captain of the Eleven. He found time to go round to the lower games, and see that things were going right. He took much trouble to unearth promising cricketers, and by judiciously promoting the deserving to better company, he

did much to rouse a spirit of keenness throughout the school. It was largely owing to his efforts that it was found possible to reorganise the lower games, and introduce the present system, which has done so much for Wellington cricket.

"I have left myself little space in which to speak of his batting in 1885. He kept up his habit of continually getting between thirty and sixty in preference to alternating centuries with failures. During the season he topped fifty more often than he was dismissed for single figures, and eventually he had to his credit one of the largest collections of runs which had ever been made at Wellington. He was, further, the first batsman to score over 200 in an innings on a Wellington ground. (His own account of this achievement, in which characteristically he merges his own 'record' in that of his side, is to be found in his diary as follows: '*June*, 1, 1885.—Dormitory matches: carried out my bat for 230. We won by an innings and 303. We got the biggest score on record in Dormitory matches, namely 417.')

"It is my conviction, then, that though there may have been at other schools batsmen as good, there was not one who would have been so valuable to that year's Eleven at Wellington. For he was, so to speak, already not only a soldier but a general, and if he was one of the most successful Captains the school ever had, it was not merely because he made runs himself, but because, firstly, he was on the best of terms with all his side; and secondly, he always took them into the field to win.



Captain of the Wellington Eleven.

1885.

"One secret of his successful captaincy was that he was the last man in the world to spoil another fellow's efficiency by letting him see that he was unpopular. Often in school teams there is a boy to whom the rest of his side grudges runs, and they let him know their feelings. Thus at Wellington in the Prince's time there was a boy in the Eleven, a fine natural cricketer, but with an unfortunate manner. Other boys disliked him and practically told him so, but the Prince, who had better opportunities of judging, stuck up for him, and by example and precept rubbed off his angles and made quite a good chap out of him.

"I may add, by the way, the Prince was also quite a good footballer, working hard in the scrimmage, and clever with his feet. At school he was very successful, but when it came to Oxford standards he was too slow, and therefore never got a chance in high-class football; still he persevered in the game for its own sake, and I doubt if he ever scratched for a Magdalen match when fit to play, which is more than many could say.

"From 1881 to 1885 Penny's House rose higher every year in the competition for the cricket and football cups, but though the Prince created a new record by scoring over two hundred in one innings for them, he never quite succeeded in making them 'Cock House.' That honour was reserved for his friend, and indeed one may say his pupil, Spencer Hankey."

The Prince's school record, then, shows him to have been a thoroughly good boy. But he was not

too good for this world, and he himself would have been the last to wish to be represented as immaculate. Thus he was usually perfectly regular at chapel, at school, or church in the holidays, but an entry in his diary for one Sunday in the spring term of 1885 will probably be read now with a smile. "Went out with C. during midday chapel, for which received two hundred lines from the Arch.[1] Went to luncheon with the Arch."

Mr. Allcock, now Head-master of Highgate School, also wrote on the last day of the year to Prince Christian, to express the views of an Assistant-master, speaking more particularly of his "thorough good-heartedness, his ready willingness to submit to school restraints, and as a senior to share in school duties and responsibilities, as well as his singular geniality and courtesy of manner, which have endeared him to very many at Wellington."

The details of the Prince's marks in the Sandhurst Examination did not come to hand till the end of January, when H.R.H. Prince Christian wrote to Mr. Penny to say that he had just received his son's examination papers.

"The number of marks he received was 6225. I think this very satisfactory and very creditable, as he would have passed easily the competitive

[1] Archididascalus, *i.e.* The Headmaster.

examination accordingly.[1] It must also be very satisfactory to Wellington College. I have sent the papers to Prince Christian Victor, as he would like to see them, and have also asked him to show them to Mr. Warren."

It seems that as a matter of fact he did very well in French, obtaining 1974 marks out of 3000, and specially well in German, with 2500 out of the same maximum. He also did very well in Geometrical Drawing.

A good deal of Mr. Penny's writing has already been given, but his letter in acknowledgment is too interesting to be omitted. He wrote as follows :—

"WELLINGTON COLLEGE, BERKS, *February* 1, 1886.

"SIR,—I am exceedingly obliged for the trouble Your Royal Highness has taken in sending me in detail the marks which H.H. Prince Christian obtained in the Sandhurst Examination.

"The result must be exceedingly gratifying to Your Royal Highnesses, and it is very creditable indeed to the Prince himself. I cannot help wishing *now* that the Prince had attended the Examination in the ordinary way, so that the result

[1] It is interesting to note that two of the Prince's contemporaries at Wellington passed into Sandhurst this same term in the ordinary way, Mr. F. F. Badcock and the Hon. A. R. Montagu Stuart-Wortley. Both have received the D.S.O., Captain Badcock having served with high distinction in India; Captain Stuart-Wortley in India, and also in South Africa.

might have been made known to the world in the ordinary list.

"We had never any fear of the Prince's not being *able* to pass his examination. If we had a fear, it was that the Prince might be a little too confident in himself and, perhaps, not do himself full justice.

"But the marks you have shown me make it clear that there was never any chance of failure at all, and that the Prince has secured by open competition an excellent place in the admission list to Sandhurst. When it is added that in the summer term he was Captain of our Eleven, and last term played hard at football and secured his cap, all who know anything of a Public School will do full justice to the way in which the Prince economised his time and developed his mental and physical energies, and has achieved this great success without any resort to a Crammer.

"I am very much pleased with his mark for French, and I consider his Mathematical mark a good one, as he had not read very advanced work in that subject; his Geometrical Drawing is also good, and of course his German, as was to be expected, is excellent.

"I am glad to know that Your Royal Highness was pleased with all you saw at Oxford. I am sure the Prince will thoroughly enjoy his University life. It was the happiest time of my own earlier life, and the Prince has a fund of sober good sense which will carry him safely through the trials and difficulties which all must encounter there or elsewhere in setting out by themselves in the world.

"It seems so strange to me not to hear the Prince's footstep in his room over my study, but I hope it will not be long before he revisits his old school.—I have the honour to be, Sir, Your Royal Highness's most obedient servant,

"C. W. PENNY."

It was said above that the Prince was always a staunch Wellingtonian, loyally attached to his old school. He was never in England for long, says Mr. Bevir, without running over to see the old place and his friends. Such visits may be too frequent, and old boys are not always welcomed, but the present Head-master, Mr. Bertram Pollock, who succeeded some years after the Prince left the school and only knew him as an old Wellingtonian, adds that he was also "a very good Old Wellingtonian, one who always said the right thing, never exaggerating as many old boys do, or describing all kinds of feats lawful and unlawful which were achieved in their day, and telling great stories of the past, often not true, which lead the present generation to think they live in very dull times." Here as everywhere he was conspicuous for truthfulness, good taste, and good sense.

CHAPTER III

JANUARY 1886 TO JUNE 1887

UNDERGRADUATE DAYS AT OXFORD

THE Prince began his residence as an undergraduate at Magdalen College in the Lent term of 1886. His parents had expressed their desire that all the arrangements should be made exactly in the usual way. He did not bring with him a private servant, but depended like every one else on the College staff, and was assigned a set of ordinary undergraduate's rooms, which were technically known as No. 4, St. Swithun's, one pair, right, centre. His "bed-maker," as the official term is, or "scout," as these attendants are popularly called, was Walter Jennings, who had been from the first, and still is, the servant attached to this staircase.

St. Swithun's Buildings, a block forming two sides of an incomplete quadrangle, owes it name to St. Swithun, popularly known from the traditional relation of his Festival day to the weather, historically a Saxon saint and Bishop of Winchester, one of the patron saints to whom the Founder, William

MAGDALEN COLLEGE FROM THE HIGH STREET

Showing the Prince's rooms with the oriel, and side window, at the corner of St. Swithun's Buildings

To face p. 82

of Wayneflete, a former headmaster of Winchester School, and one of St. Swithun's many successors in the see of Winchester, had dedicated his College. Its southern side runs along the north of the High Street and nearly parallel with it, but lies a little back, having between the street and itself a grass-covered space, which was formerly a gravel walk, and some trees. Its western end, furthest from the College Lodge, abuts on the entrance to the College stable, an archway separating it from the College School. It was just at this corner, as may be clearly seen in the photograph of the College from the High Street, that the Prince's rooms were situated. They were, when he took up his residence in them, almost new, only one previous occupant—his friend, as he afterwards became, Mr. R. B. Stewart—having enjoyed them.

Dr. Bulley, the President who had entered the Prince's name on the College books, had passed away in the early autumn of 1885, and been succeeded by the writer of this Memoir, at that time Fellow and Tutor in the College. The President's "Lodgings" were in process of being rebuilt, and he was living in rooms he had taken as a Fellow in the same quadrangle. Other officers of the College with whom he came into contact were the Rev. H. A. Wilson, Vice-President; the Rev. H. R. Bramley, since Precentor of Lincoln Minster, Dean of Divinity, Mr. A. D.

Godley, Senior Dean of Arts; and Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, the Tutor in History to whose care he was more particularly assigned.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University was Mr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, and Dr. Liddell was Dean of Christ Church.

Magdalen College at that time numbered some 120 undergraduates in residence. Among them were the present Duke of Newcastle; Mr. P. S. Foster, now M.P. for the Stratford-on-Avon Division of Warwickshire; the Prince's old Wellington friends, A. C. M. Croome, C. J. E. Parker, and E. P. Simpson; and two of his playmates of still earlier days, Edward Murdoch and Wilfrid Ashley. There were some others who were going into the Army, one being Frank Burges, the captor in 1900 of Osman Digna; and there were, moreover, as it happened, no less than five of his contemporaries who were destined to rejoin him in South Africa—C. K. Elworthy, killed in action at the Zand River; A. J. Campbell, who played in the Freshmen's match along with him, now of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; J. B. Lloyd, Captain of the Boats in 1887, who went out as a C.I.V. and is now Crown Prosecutor at Bloemfontein; and two non-combatants, A. G. Pentreath, since a Doctor of Divinity and Army Chaplain at Capetown, and A. P. Parker, who went out as surgeon to the Yeomanry Hospital.

It may be added that the Captain of the University Eleven was Mr. H. V. Page of Wadham, and the President of the University Boat Club, that fine oarsman and "coach," Mr. D. H. M'Lean of New College, another victim, alas! to sickness in South Africa.

With regard to his style at Oxford, Professor Max Müller had written to the College to say, "The short name of the Prince is, 'His Highness Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein.' His full name, which it is wished should be entered on the Registers of the College and University, is 'His Highness Christian Victor Albert Ludwig Ernest Anton, Heir to Norway, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Stormarn, and the Dithmarsches, and of Oldenburg."

As the Prince did not intend to reside sufficiently long to take a degree, but was contemplating a military career, his studies had been arranged with this end in view. He had, it may be mentioned, been examined for entrance, and I had further made some notes when at Cumberland Lodge in 1885 of what he had read. He was well advanced in Euclid, having gone through six books, and he had some knowledge, but no great amount, of Latin. It was decided that he should read modern subjects, chiefly History; and should write from time to time English essays.

The Prince came up to College on Saturday,

January 23. His father accompanied him to settle him in. His Royal Highness remained two nights in Oxford, being the guest during his stay of Mr. Edward Chapman, Fellow and Tutor of the College, now M.P. for the Hyde Division of Cheshire, at his residence, Frewen Hall, a picturesque and historic old house which had been, as it happened, occupied by His Majesty King Edward VII. when an undergraduate. He was received by the President and met the Tutors, dined in Hall on the Sunday night, and on the Monday morning left Oxford after seeing his son fairly started. Some three weeks later, H.R.H. Princess Christian came herself to stay with Professor and Mrs. Max Müller, to see the Prince in his rooms, and judge how he was getting on. It need hardly be said, that he had already found his feet in his new surroundings. A leading boy and well-known athlete from one of the great Public Schools, more especially if he has, as the Prince had, a knot of school friends who have just preceded him, does not take long to be acclimatised and become at home in Oxford. With the Prince the process had been perhaps even more rapid than is usual in such cases.

A letter of his own, written to Mr. Penny a few days after term began, will give perhaps the best account of the beginning of his Oxford life;

at any rate it gives his own impressions in his own language.

"MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, *February* 2, 1886.

"DEAR MR. PENNY,—I must really write and tell you how I am getting on here. I like it very much, as we have an exceedingly nice set of men here, and we are more like a house at school, for every one knows every one else, which makes things go so much pleasanter. My rooms here are very nice; they look out on the High Street, but I find them rather noisy, as the tram is always going up and down the street outside. I attend six History lectures a week, and I have one hour private work with the President and one with the History Tutor, also two hours' Mathematics, which brings the total up to ten hours a week; not very imposing, but I find it quite enough, as the lectures need such a lot of reading up in books to keep up with the Lecturer. I believe my Father sent you the marks I got at the Sandhurst exam. I have sent them to Mr. Allcock. I must thank you for sending me the photo of the House Caps.; my people think I have come out the best of the three. Markham I think is the worst. I hope to come down about February 20[1] for three days, and I shall have to ask you to put me up if I can get leave to stop down. I have such quantities of people always calling and leaving cards, and I have to go and return all these calls. I must end now as I have to

[1] He made this visit, as Mr. Penny notes later on.

attend a lecture. So hoping to see you and Miss Penny soon at Wellington,—Believe me, yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

The chief amusements of the Lent term are football and rowing. The Torpid Races, for the next best boats in each College after the "eights," take place about the middle of term. Cricket hardly begins, excepting that if the weather is very fine there may be a little practice just at the end of term. Prince Christian Victor did not attempt rowing, but devoted himself very regularly to College football.

At the end of each term it is usual in most Colleges, as Oxford men are aware, for the Head and Tutors to hold a sort of review of the undergraduate members of the College, who present themselves in Hall and are called up in turn to be told what is thought of their conduct and progress during term, to be complimented or criticised as the case may be, and, finally, permission having been accorded to them to go away for the vacation, to take formal leave of the authorities. This review and leave-taking, which goes by the time-honoured and mysterious name of "Collections," is generally regarded, or supposed to be regarded, as a somewhat formidable ordeal, and many good tales are current in Oxford of the settings down which have been administered by famous Heads, such as Dr.

Jenkyns or Mr. Jowett or Dean Liddell, to the conceit or carelessness of persons afterwards of much eminence in Church and State. The Prince, who appeared in his turn with the rest, had no grounds for anxiety at the end either of his first or any other term, for he was neither careless nor conceited, and the account given by his Tutors and the other authorities was uniformly satisfactory.

It is not the custom at Oxford to send home any periodical reports on the work or progress of the undergraduates, who are supposed to speak for themselves. But parents of course occasionally inquire for, or receive without inquiry from the authorities, some account of what is thought of their sons. At the end of his first term the President wrote to H.R.H. Princess Christian as follows:—

"I have been intending to write before this to tell Your Royal Highness about the progress and conduct of Prince Christian Victor during this, his first term. It is with unfeigned pleasure that I am able, now that the term has ended, to give a most thoroughly satisfactory account. The Dean of the College reports to me that Prince Christian Victor has been most punctual and regular; his Tutor in History gives a capital account of him, and I can fully endorse this from my own knowledge and from the work he has done for me. He has written me an Essay weekly. I did not

expect very much because he had not had much practice, and, as Your Royal Highness will understand, a young fellow especially needs practice in putting his thoughts together. As it is, I have been agreeably surprised. I think he has done well and promises to do still better; so that all things taken together we are very well satisfied with him, and as I said to him, I am very glad indeed to have him here setting so good an example and being so thoroughly on the right side in the College. I hope and am fain to believe that he, on his part, has both profited by and enjoyed his residence here so far. I think Your Royal Highness may be interested in seeing one of his Essays of which I think well. As a rule he has written on subjects in Political Economy, but once in a way I set him a more general subject and ask him to write on it 'out of his own head.' I hope Your Royal Highness will let me have the Essay back, as I wish to keep it. It is 'young,' of course, but shows sense and promise. . . .

"There was one point on which I had some talk with Prince Christian Victor, namely, about his joining the Volunteers. He did not seem to care about doing so himself, and my own feeling was that, if he was to be here so short a time, it really was hardly worth while his joining now. I think, however, that perhaps it would be a good thing for the Corps, and for the Volunteers generally, and that it is a concession, shall I say, of time, which he might very well make if he would join next autumn, but until then I don't think he

ought to be pressed if he doesn't want to. I hope His Royal Highness Prince Christian will approve of this decision."

The third term in the academic year, the second in the calendar year at Oxford, is popularly called the Summer term. Cambridge has a better name, the "May term," for May it always is, summer it more often is not. The season, too, commonly sets in, as has been frequently said, with its "usual severity"; the weather continues cold, with biting wind, rain, hail, and even snow, often until the beginning of June. The "Eights" are not seldom rowed in chill spring showers or amid sleety gusts, and cricket suffers even more than rowing. This, taken with the shortness of the term, tends to make "'Varsity cricket" at Oxford, the early home and foreign matches, that is, of the O.U.C.C. and what depends on them, the process of selecting the team to play against Cambridge, always very largely a matter of chance. Every Public School cricketer of reputation gets his trial in the Freshmen's match. But if he does not "come off" thoroughly there, he may be thrown back a good deal, and has little chance of recovery. Much, again, depends on the other Freshmen who come up with him, more on the number of vacancies in the Eleven, and on the number of good seniors who perhaps have just missed their colours and may have played below

their form the year before. Not a little, too, turns on the best combinations which are possible of the material offering at the time. In one year, or rather in many years, there may be a dearth of bowling; an exceptionally good "field" is always worth something, but less when the general average is high. One year there may be no one specially qualified to keep wicket, another year two or even three good wicket-keepers may be "cutting each other's throats."

The number of "'Varsity" matches, again, and consequently the number of chances of playing for the "'Varsity" open to a Freshman, is limited. In Prince Christian Victor's time they were fewer than they have been of late years. There is College cricket, of course, and College cricket is delightful; but with all its attractions it does not afford much real opportunity or test of the highest skill.

So far from being aided by his rank, the Prince had to establish his claims on his merits more indubitably than another, for it must be clear that not the smallest favour had been shown him. Prince Christian Victor was certainly not lucky.

He played, of course, in the Freshmen's match, and with every prospect of good fortune. But the whole thing was most disappointing. Only the day before he had written in great spirits to his old friend and instructor Tom Hearne, the professional at Wellington, telling him to send

his pads and gloves and his new bat, and saying, "I have been in rare form with the bat for the College; I have made 84, 18, 40, and 5 in the four innings I have had, and each time I have been out in an unlucky way, three times being caught at leg. To-morrow I play in the Freshmen's match; I have improved very much on last year's form, and have played against most of the 'Varsity bowling, and have scored pretty freely off it."

To-morrow came. The weather was most unpropitious. On the first day no play could be attempted at all owing to rain, and on the second day, for the same reason, a start was not made till three o'clock. The Prince was sent in first with Mr. H. W. Forster.[1] The wicket was very sticky, and there was a strong, cold wind blowing across the ground. No one did very well, and few even well, his partner Forster being among the best. The Prince scored 7 and 4. In the next match, the Eleven *v.* Sixteen Freshmen, he did no better. He did not get a chance again till quite the end of term, June 17. He then made in the Etceteras Match a long stand with Mr. K. J. Key, and scored 39 runs. But this innings came too late to secure him another trial, and too late consequently to give him any chance for the Eleven.

[1] Of Eton and New College, M.P. for the Sevenoaks Division of Kent since 1892, and appointed in August 1902, on Mr. Balfour's recommendation, a Junior Lord of the Treasury.

Besides University cricket, the Prince played regularly for his College both in home and foreign matches. These are of a very varied description. Some are against other Colleges or Schools in Oxford, others against local clubs at a short distance, involving a drive in a drag to and fro, and very merry affairs these drives are; others, again, against some of the Public Schools at a distance: each and all, given a fair amount of luck and fine weather, are very delightful, and the Prince, good cricketer and good companion that he was, enjoyed them to the full, and made again and again excellent scores. He now naturally extended his acquaintance among cricketers. It was during this, his first summer term, that he first met the greatest of them all, Dr. W. G. Grace. This was at a breakfast party given in the Senior Common Room at Oriel on June 21, 1886, by the Rev. A. G. Butler, then Dean of the College, a former Head-master of Haileybury, in his own school and undergraduate days at Rugby and Oxford renowned alike as a scholar and athlete, and since then well known to ever so many generations of young Englishmen for the freshness of his sympathy with both their intellectual and their athletic interests. Host and guests, place and entertainment were eminently characteristic of Oxford. Everybody was in good spirits; Mr. Butler drew out the "Champion,"

who was "in great form" and told some capital cricketing yarns. The Prince listened with the courtesy, undisguised enjoyment, and sense of fun which were so attractive in him, and altogether I have a vivid recollection of a most pleasant occasion.

The Summer term is the regular time for relatives, and especially sisters and cousins, to visit Oxford and see something of the pleasures of College and University. In the course of this term Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian came again, accompanied by the Prince's sisters, the Princesses Victoria and Louise. The Princesses were, of course, fêted, and shown the lions, in the usual manner.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian honoured Magdalen once more this summer, being present at a Commemoration Ball given in the College Hall just after the end of the term.

To go back a little in point of time; a letter from Mr. Penny, who had now become an irresponsible observer from the outside, if as devoted a friend as ever, throws a side-light on the Prince in his first Summer term at Oxford. He writes on May 16 to H.R.H. Prince Christian:—

"Sir,—I am much obliged by Your Royal Highness's letter this morning telling me of Prince Christian Victor's scores at cricket. Mr. Warren

was good enough to ask me to go and see a cricket match some day this term at Oxford, and if I can possibly manage to get away I shall try and do so for one night. Mr. Warren added that he thought the Prince had made an excellent start last term, and hoped that from what I had seen of him I thought so too.

"I at once replied that here we thought the Prince when he stayed with us just as he had ever been, perfectly unaffected and unspoiled by the change of circumstances in his Oxford life. And I cannot give him higher praise than that.

"It so happened that the Sunday he was here was the first Sunday after the Confirmation, and he remained to the Holy Communion. His example in this was of infinite service in the cause of right amongst his former schoolfellows, and a source of great satisfaction to us all. I was anxious to have an opportunity of saying this to Your Royal Highnesses.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

It was not found possible to arrange Mr. Penny's visit to Oxford, but meanwhile the Prince was naturally a good deal at his old school. Beside the occasion already alluded to in the letter just given, he went there to play against the School Eleven, on June 12 for the Zingari, and again on the 14th for Magdalen College, while on the 19th he made the first of many appearances as an old Wellingtonian in the annual O.W. match.

The day before, the anniversary of Waterloo,

was the School Speech Day. Mr. Wickham in the course of his speech said that they had always regarded Their Royal Highnesses as model parents, and dwelt once again on the fact that the Prince had not had the slightest privilege that would not have been accorded to any other boy, and on the high place he had taken both in the school and in games. In reply, H.R.H. Prince Christian, who most appropriately represented the Governors, thanked the school for the five happy and beneficial years his son had spent there.

It was significant that his old House, Mr. Penny's, was singularly successful this year. Four of its members got into the School Eleven, and by defeating all the other Houses, it achieved the coveted position of "Cock House." This result Mr. Penny attributed almost entirely to the pains which the Prince had taken the year before with the then younger and rising players. "It was he, and he alone," he writes, "who infused into the House the spirit of cricket which has borne such excellent fruit this year. Then his coming to us so often and looking up the young cricketers is, of course, a great encouragement to the younger boys to persevere and do their best. Mr. Davenport made the same remark to me," he adds, "as we stood together on the ground and watched the first innings which decided our victory."

To return to the Prince's own cricket. Though he might naturally be disappointed, and no doubt was so, that he had not found a place, after coming so near to it, in the Oxford Eleven, he did not allow his disappointment to spoil in the smallest degree his own, still less his friends' enjoyment of the Oxford match. I went up to Lord's as I remember, that year, early on the first day, and found him already on the ground with his father. He sat all through the game in the front row of the Pavilion, watching every turn of the play, enjoying every good stroke and heartily applauding the successes of his friends. It was a famous year, and one of brilliant triumph for Oxford, and there was much to applaud. Mr. K. J. Key, the Prince's partner of a few weeks before, in his second innings made 143 runs in characteristic style, and after attempting, with much prospect of success, to smash the clock over the entrance, was at last caught in the deep field. His score was a record, and his innings still remains unsurpassed for magnificent and effective batting. Mr. W. Rashleigh's 107, though not such a huge treat for the gallery, was a fine scientific display, and it may be noted that Mr. A. R. Cobb fully justified the choice which had put him into the team, taking four of the Cambridge men at the wickets and reaching the top score, 50, in the first Oxford innings.

Nor did he allow it to diminish in the smallest degree his own devotion to the game, which he liked for its own sake quite apart from any personal ambition. Long before this he had begun to think about his Cricket-week at Cumberland Lodge, which this year was to include some novel features. Among the chief of these was a match against an Eleven of Parsees who, it will be remembered, came over for that season. The match took a good deal of arranging, more especially as there was some difficulty in fixing a date so late as August, since the Parsees wanted to get back to India; but finally they decided to remain a week longer on purpose to play this match, which took place on August 7.

The Parsee Eleven was composed as follows: Dr. D. H. Patel (Captain), B. B. Barıa, S. Bezungee, D. Khambatta, P. Dustoor, B. Bala, S. Bhedwar, A. Liboovalla, J. P. Khanawalta, M. Banajee, S. Harver. The Home side consisted of Prince Christian Victor (Captain), C. I. Thornton, H. Paravicini, E. Gordon, P. Crutchley, E. Murdoch, E. P. Simpson, A. C. M. Croome, H. O. Whitby, Lieut.-Colonel Rowley, and L. d'A. Hildyard. The Prince's old friend Tom Hearne came over from Wellington to umpire; the weather was splendid, and the match, which ended in a victory for the home team, proved a thorough success, the Prince contributing the top

score on his side. Dr. Patel made a capital speech at the luncheon, and after the game was over Mr. C. I. Thornton gave an exhibition of hitting which was "positively terrific" in more than the usual meaning of the phrase as employed by the sporting papers, for an incredibly big hit seriously threatened to demolish a lady at what might have seemed a safe distance, but fortunately did no damage.

In the early autumn of this year, the Prince with his parents made a tour in Schleswig-Holstein, visiting amongst other spots his father's birthplace, the castle of Augustenburg on the Isle of Alsen. Prince Christian had only once been back to his own country since he and his family had been forced to leave it by the political troubles of 1848–50. It will easily be understood that it gave him no common pleasure to show to his son the haunts of his own childhood, and to revisit with him places so dear to his own heart, and fraught with so many memories of the past.

The Long Vacation over, October found the Prince back again at Oxford. The "flying terms" blossomed and faded, and he moved on with them, enjoying them as they came and went all too rapidly. Of his life, there is little to record. He made many, but not too many friends, chiefly in the athletic world, and of his own generation. He did not care for society; he

did not want to be treated *en Prince*, and he avoided such treatment when he could. On one occasion, when invited to dine at a grand party to be followed by a "reception," he managed to slip away when the gentlemen went upstairs. "These things," he told a friend who expressed surprise to see him back so early in College, "are not in my line." He declined election to the fashionable Bullingdon Club, finding himself much more at home at "Vincent's," the well-known rendezvous of athletes, which he used always to make use of and enjoy whenever he returned to the "'Varsity," and where indeed he had his last dinner, and spent his last evening in Oxford. He had been made a member at the end of the previous term of the Harlequins' Cricket Club, but though pleased by the compliment, was rather shy, as will be explained hereafter, of appearing in the well-known club colours.

One thing should be remembered by any who might be tempted to ask why the Prince did not take a more leading place at Oxford. All who know Oxford know the difference between a Freshman and a Senior man, and the Prince, who only resided a year and a half, never became a Senior man in College. Had he remained longer he would pretty certainly have got into the Eleven, and perhaps become prominent in other ways. But he had to be getting into the Army and the great world.

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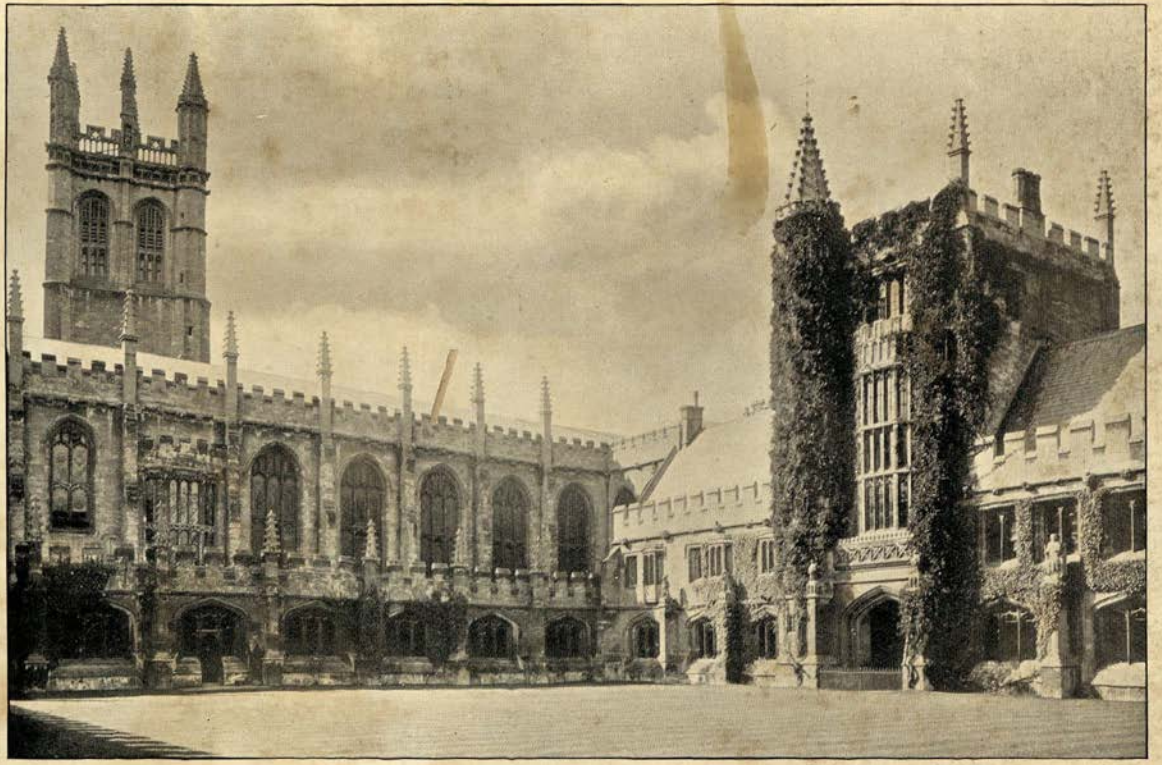
As regards his work, his tutor, Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, says, "I don't remember much except that he was a *very jolly fellow indeed*, and that we all liked him immensely. I recollect once that at a sort of debating society I started for my pupils, which met once a week, in an attic over Greene's room I think, and at which every one had in turn to propose a question for discussion, he startled and amused us very much by propounding the question, 'Was the execution of Charles I. justifiable?' He was not at all a bad speaker in these debates, though he didn't know much History. Another time, to 'draw' him, I said, 'You know I'm a Scotchman, and so of course a Jacobite.' 'What's that?' he said. 'You had better ask Her Majesty,' I replied. 'She's one.'"

When he went to Oxford he did not forget his old friends, but was always glad to see them. "I remember," says Mr. Davenport, "his entertaining Carter and myself at Magdalen, and that very successfully, showing himself a most delightful and hospitable host." "I too remember that dinner, for I was there. Very well he did it," adds his old friend E. P. Simpson. He was specially good in keeping up, too, with the old members of the School, though forming many new friendships. An amusing story, however, is told of the Prince and a certain Old Wellingtonian who became



THE CLOISTERS, MAGDALEN COLLEGE

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rather markedly fashionable, joining one of the smartest clubs and apparently spending a good deal of money. "Do you ever see So-and-so nowadays?" said one of the Wellington masters to the Prince. "Oh dear no," he answered; "he's much too great a swell for the likes of me."

The College Eight became "Head of the River" in the Prince's first Summer term. Among the crew was one of his chief cronies, Archibald Campbell-Maclachlan, now Rector of Newton Valence. But his friends were naturally more among the cricketing and football set.

Among these, in addition to those already mentioned, were, in College, L. d'A. Hildyard, N. F. Henderson, F. M. Ingram, M. J. Dauglish, F. B. Debenham, A. L. Stewart, C. E. Brownrigg, and R. T. D. Budworth; and out of College, H. M. Burge of University, and G. W. Ricketts of Oriel. He had other friends, too, who were not cricketers, such as R. E. Ll. Richards, D. L. Howell, and J. O. H. Carter. With some of these, Simpson, Henderson, Parker, Howell, and Brownrigg, the Prince formed for a time a characteristic partnership.

Oxford has, beside the regular permanent institutions, countless informal "Clubs" as they call themselves, really little coteries or associations which spring up spontaneously and die down again with each academic generation, formed for break-

fasting, lunching, playing tennis, boating, reading, debating, doing a thousand and one things in company, and called often by some name as fortuitous and fleeting as the reason and period of their existence. Such was a little club to which the Prince belonged, which breakfasted together on Sundays and called itself the "Prinjean"; because on the Saturday night before its first meeting the members had all been together to see a performance by a very provincial company of the play "Impulse," and had been chiefly impressed by the various efforts of the members to pronounce the name of the villain of the piece, the Comte de Prinjean.

From several of these friends I have been able to gather recollections of these happy days. A few specimens may give some additional indication of his pursuits and manner of life. He was always willing to place his musical talents at the disposal of any good cause. We find him, in March 1886, taking part in a concert in aid of the Oxford Institute for Working Men, along with Mr. L. d'A. Hildyard, the Hon. J. G. Adderley,[1] Mr. Arthur Bourchier,[2] Mr. Rashleigh, afterwards Captain of the Eleven, Mr. A. D. Tupper-Carey, and others; and in May of the same year in another,

[1] Now the Rev. Father Adderley, Vicar of St. Mark's, Marylebone.

[2] Now Actor-Manager of the Criterion Theatre.

in aid of the restoration of Little Bromley Church, accompanied by Messrs. J. O. H. Carter, L. d'A. Hildyard, H. W. Webster, A. A. Jackson, Mr. Brian P. Lascelles, now a Master at Harrow School, then and always as eminent in fun and good nature as in stature, giving a Recitation, and Dr. J. V. Roberts conducting. The Prince played a violin duet with Mr. A. Constantinidi. His friend Hildyard relates an amusing incident which occurred at this concert: "As performers, the Prince and I were sitting in the front row talking together while we waited our turn. A large lady sitting by, suddenly accosted him and said, 'Is the Prince really coming?' 'I believe so,' he answered. 'Is he here yet?' 'Oh yes,' he replied, nearly convulsed with laughter. 'Can you point him out?' she went on. I felt a powerful dig in the side. 'Good heavens!' he said, 'do explain to her; I cannot stand up to play after this.' However I steadily refused, for I saw some fun coming. So he had to say, 'You'll soon see him. He's going to play the next piece.' When he did begin, the old lady almost collapsed."

As was natural both at Oxford and afterwards he enjoyed an occasional *incognito*. Thus he several times played cricket under an assumed name. One of these *aliases* was 'Mr. Anthony,' taken from his last name, 'Anton.' Another,

which he used to explain with a certain amount of merriment, was N. O. Pagan. "You see," he said, having picked up the formula perhaps from some Oxford friend's Logic notes, "No Pagan is a Christian."

"What I always admired very much in Prince Christian," says another old College Companion, Mr. N. F. Henderson, "was the great love which he always had for his old school, Wellington, and also for everything connected with Oxford. More than anything I admired his immense keenness in all games. I think I never met any one who took a keener interest and more simple delight in cricket, football, athletic sports, and in fact every kind of out-door game. I have often known him to go all the way from Oxford or Cumberland Lodge to see a game of football at Queen's Club, Blackheath, or Richmond, for the pure love of the game. This keenness also applied to shooting, and on returning to Oxford after a vacation, or after having been down at Cumberland Lodge in term time for a day or two to shoot, he would show his friends his game-book, in which his 'bag' was always most carefully entered in detail."

"Many amusing little incidents," says the same authority, "occurred during the Prince's first term, before he was known in Oxford. On one occasion, at a large breakfast-party given by a Magdalen man at which the Prince was present, I was asked by a well-known 'Rowing Blue,' in a loud voice from the other end of the table, whether the

Prince was a decent sort of fellow, and whether he *really was any good at football or cricket.* This and other 'happenings' of the same kind were always taken by the Prince in very good part, and were the source of great amusement to him.

"The Prince had, too, quite a wonderful head for cricket statistics. I remember being at a lunch-party when two or three cricket 'Blues' were talking 'shop,' the conversation being about the batting and bowling averages of cricketers in bygone seasons, the number of runs made by batsmen in certain matches, and such like matters; the Prince seemed to have all these things at his finger-tips, and amused us not a little by his astonishing knowledge of the subject, which was far greater than that of any of the others present. I have often heard other instances of his remarkable memory for such statistics."

The following letter from Mr. M. J. Dauglish, one of the leading Oxford cricketers of the Prince's period though a little junior to him, adds a few characteristic touches to what has already been given:—

"COTHILL HOUSE, NEAR ABINGDON, *May* 16, 1902.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—It is most kind of you to give me a chance of joining in your specially appropriate scheme of placing a portrait of the Prince (his contemporaries must always think of him thus) in the J.C.R., and I shall greatly like my name to be added to the list.

Of course I will give you a subscription. I am delighted to hear that you are writing a Memoir of him. I fear I cannot help you with reminiscences. I think the thing which chiefly struck us about the Prince was his desire to be one of us, to be treated exactly the same as anybody else. This attribute of his does not lend itself to 'copy.' May I give you, or rather remind you, of an example of what I mean? his extreme reluctance to wear the Harlequin cap. He was elected as a Freshman to the Harlequins, contrary to all precedent, at any rate of recent years. I remember well one or two of us trying to overcome his scruples in this respect during his second Summer term, assuring him with absolute truth that he would have certainly been elected on his merits as a cricketer, and after the election of that term he did occasionally wear the cap. This is a small matter, but it illustrates well his attitude of mind.

"He was in the best sense of the word a good fellow, and would have been popular in any company and under any name.

"I met him fairly frequently afterwards; he was always just the same, and if there was a trifle more of formality away from Oxford, due to those around him, he was just as nice and kind.

"He would sometimes, in rare undergraduate privacy, speak of the Queen, very simply, and with great affection and loyalty: and always talked with humour, which he possessed in abundance, and for every emergency. I remember remarking when he was stopping with you for his M.A. and you were

good enough to invite me over, how wonderfully little he had altered, and he was just the same pleasant, courteous, friendly man he had been as an undergraduate.

"I do not know why I have written all this; you know it all and have heard it a thousand times. I can only apologise for my profuseness, and remain, with many thanks, yours sincerely,

"M. J. DAUGLISH.'

Dr. J. Varley Roberts, the College Organist, who came across him from another side, gives the following account of his recollections and impressions:—

"During the time that H.H. Prince Christian Victor was in residence as an undergraduate of the College, he came to me for tuition in music, taking lessons regularly once a week during the whole of his time, especially in Harmony and in writing for a Military Band, in which he particularly desired to make himself proficient. He was keenly interested, and also naturally gifted in the art and science of music. He loved the services of the College Chapel—knew several, if not most of the singing men, both Academical and Lay Clerks, and, indeed, had among the former one at least of his most intimate friends. He frequently came and sat with me in the Organ-pew, and I was often struck with his reverent conduct there during the service. It was the same when he was sitting in his commoner's gown

beside his fellow-undergraduates in his regular place in the Chapel, that of a junior on the not very comfortable benches allowed to men in their first year.

"I once ventured to say to him how much I admired his conduct in Chapel, when he replied, but quite simply, 'I try to set an example.'

"He enlisted the affection of all who knew him, and his memory is dear to them. *Requiescat in pace!*"

It is very characteristic of him that with his "scout," Walter Jennings, mentioned above, he established the most friendly relations. If he went away from Oxford for a match, he always found time on his return for a little chat, and told Jennings all the details of the day. "He gave no unnecessary trouble," says Jennings himself, "was never exacting, but always most considerate. He did not entertain much in any elaborate way, but frequently, as the custom was, would ask the cricket Eleven to send their supper to his rooms. On one or two occasions he gave more of a party, and then of course wanted things done nicely. I cannot speak too highly of his character or his kindness. When he left College he said to me, 'Jennings, you have been the best of friends to me,' and gave me a box of cigars, saying, 'I hope you'll enjoy them in the Long Vacation.'" And when he

came back from time to time he always looked out for his old bedmaker, and the very last time he came to stay in College he recognised and shook hands with him as he went up the steps of the Hall to dine with the President.

It was the same with all the other College servants with whom he came into contact. They all liked him and would have done anything for him, as he was at once so pleasant and so considerate with them.

The Junior Common Room at Magdalen is a sort of College Club for the undergraduate members. Every year they elect a President of "J.C.R.," as it is commonly called, from among their number, who is their leader and representative and presides over the room. It may be noted that the President in the Prince's first year was Mr. Lawrence King-Harman, son of the well-known Colonel King-Harman. He too was destined for the army, but fell a victim to enteric fever, which he contracted while on a course of shooting at Hythe only a few months after he had left Oxford. The President of his second year, 1886–1887, was his friend Mr. F. M. Ingram, a good scholar and distinguished both as a cricketer and football player, now an Assistant Master at Bradfield College. In the Junior Common Room they meet for breakfast, and before and after dinner, to read the papers, or

talk, or smoke. At one time, when their numbers were smaller, the undergraduates adjourned there every night after Hall, just as their seniors still do to the Senior Common Room for wine and dessert; now their gatherings only take place on a few nights, practically once a week in the winter terms. But all old Magdalen men and not a few old Oxford men know what an institution the Magdalen J.C.R. is. And all who know it, know Mr. Richard Gunstone, who has been for more than a quarter of a century the Junior Common Room man. "Mr. Gunstone, men call him," to use the Homeric phrase, but the "gods," *i.e.* the undergraduates, who know him better, give him a more familiar sobriquet, a sure sign of friendship, for he is one of those who knows how to hold his own and yet be on the best of terms with everybody. His little office, a small room beneath the Common Room, is a general resort and house of call for all who are privileged to have the *entrée*. The Prince in his day was as much there as any one. "He was exceedingly moderate," says Mr. Gunstone, "as his bills in my ledger will show. He used to try always to keep his weekly account below a certain mark, and, if he succeeded, at the end of the week treated himself to what he much enjoyed, a good cigar. He was particularly fond of arithmetic, and used to come every week and add up a lot

of the weekly bills for the pleasure of it." Whenever he came back to College he never failed to turn in and see his old friend in the office, and when he was away he did not forget him, but would write and ask to have some of the cigars which he remembered supplied to him at Aldershot or elsewhere. One such letter Mr. Gunstone still keeps as a cherished treasure. "He was," adds Mr. Gunstone, "always just the same; he never had any pride, and never affected a lordly manner as many others do with much less reason."

He had, too, his friends among the citizens, especially Mr. William Bacon, a member of a well-known and well-reputed Oxford family. The Bacons were a numerous clan and addicted to cricket, so much so that on occasion they could put an Eleven, and a very good one, in the field, composed entirely of brothers or cousins, a complete "side of Bacon," as the Oxford wits termed it. Mr. William Bacon, who had been once a servant at Brasenose, kept later a well-known cricket-shop in the Broad Street, near Hertford College, and watched the achievements of the 'Varsity with the "willow," with an interest which only grew keener as his own cricketing days receded into the past. The Prince made his acquaintance and won his undying regard. He followed his performances in the papers with the

keenest zest, and always looked forward to receiving, and always received, a visit from him whenever he returned to Oxford. "How's the Prince? God bless him!" he used to say when he met Mr. Hildyard or myself. On the last occasion when the Prince came to stay with me, Mr. Bacon, who was then near the end of his days, though still as keen as ever, was very broken and feeble. I asked him to come to my house and see the Prince there. He came, and I well remember the kindness with which the Prince sat down and asked him to sit down himself, and cheered him up with recollections of old days. The visit seemed literally to give the poor old man a new lease of life.

The Prince's second year at Oxford, really only half a year, passed in much the same way as his first. He played in the winter in the College football team, of which his friends Henderson and Brownrigg were Captain and Secretary, and in the summer in the College Eleven under the captaincy of another friend, Edward Murdoch. He had begun already to look forward to the next chapter in his life, that of Sandhurst, and in the Easter vacation he went over to the Royal College to see what Sandhurst was like.

He writes to his mother on April 5:—

"I went over to Sandhurst on Saturday and stayed till Sunday evening with Baker, just to see

the place and get a sort of idea of the kind of life they live there. I don't think it is a bad place of its sort, and there are some very nice men there, with some of whom I made acquaintance. I had a lovely drive back all through the woods past the flagstaff and Wishmore Cross, which Papa will know well from hunting. Yesterday I went out to Warfield (Horseshoes) and had a wretched day; it was much too hot for hunting. We had a short run of about ten minutes and then went on drawing for two more hours, and at half-past two I 'threw up the sponge,' as the sporting papers say."

Returning to Oxford for the Summer term, he once more made a bid for a place in the Oxford Eleven. But again fortune was adverse. Mr. A. R. Cobb, the wicket-keeper of 1886, was, indeed, no longer available. He, poor fellow, only a few months after his brilliant success at Lord's, had been cut off by the same insidious malady to which the Prince himself was afterwards to fall a victim. He had gone with Mr. Sanders' Eleven of old Oxford and Cambridge men to play cricket in America. Either there or on the voyage home he contracted typhoid fever, and died soon after reaching home in the early days of November.[1] A new and very formidable rival, however, had ap-

[1] His death took place at Coxefield, near Banbury, November 6, 1886.

peared. This was Mr. Hylton Philipson, like himself a Freshman of the year before; an old Etonian and, like Mr. Cobb, a New College man. His health was uncertain, and for a time it was doubtful whether he would be allowed to play, but in the end he was able to do so. Once more the Prince was decidedly unlucky in his own play, once more he made not a few capital scores for the College, once more he failed to "come off" for the University until it was too late. In the Seniors Match he made 8 in the first innings and in the second 15, opening the innings with his old friend Croome, and batting freely until he was caught at cover point off Forster's bowling. In the Eleven *v.* next Sixteen he did better, making the top score, 21, in the second innings, but no one did well. In the Perambulators and Etceteras he took three men at the wickets and scored 20 himself.

A letter written on May 19 by his friend Percy Simpson to Prince Christian, about the making up of the Oxford Eleven, shows how matters stood at that date.

"I am sorry to have to tell you that Prince Christian Victor's chance does not appear very great just now. As events have shown he is better than ——, but Philipson is undoubtedly superior to both as a wicket-keeper, and is also a good bat. Prince Christian Victor kept yesterday

well, and batted carefully for 21. Of course there is a chance of Philipson's not being allowed to play, and in that case I should say Prince Christian Victor is next best. But that is only an off chance. Croome is given a chance to-day, I see."

Once more he and his friends had to suffer disappointment. It is true that the competition for the Eleven was very keen. As an old cricketing friend says, "There were giants in those days; the Prince was a wicket-keeper and that post was already full, and the man would have been an exceptional batsman who could displace such players as Key, Buckland, Page, Brain, Hewett, Rashleigh, and Cobb." But if the Prince could not claim to displace any of these, he was, as his performance directly after he went down in 1887 and the testimony of Dr. W. G. Grace amply show, fully good enough to have played with them. In that very year his average was 26·22, he made 1506 runs, was 6 times not out, and his highest score was 103. Had he played the Scarborough innings against the Gentlemen before, instead of after, the 'Varsity Match, it would pretty certainly have turned the scale. It is possible that some better men may have "missed their Blue" at Oxford, but they have not been very many who have done so. It is certain that not a few no better and some worse men have

secured it. But once more if he felt, as he well might, the disappointment he did not show it. It made little difference to him or his reputation as a player. Those who knew him best only liked him the more for the cheery and sportsmanlike way in which he accepted it, which was indeed an example to all. He went on playing the game just as before, and his average rose year by year till in 1893 it reached the striking figure of 68·1. Cricketers understood exactly how it had come about. The disappointment remained rather as a lasting feeling for his friends, for Oxford generally, and for all who care for these matters, with whom it must always be a subject of regret that the grandson of Queen Victoria, the first member of the Royal Family to enter Oxford or Cambridge as an ordinary undergraduate, came so near to playing in the University Eleven, and yet that the long and illustrious list of actual players does not contain his name.

So, with varied fortunes, the Summer term of 1887 came all too quickly to an end, and with it the Prince's undergraduate career at Oxford. We gave a little farewell party for him in the closing days of the term. He had only resided a year and a half, half the period necessary to take a degree, less than half the four years which most undergraduates used to spend, and many still spend, at the University. But in that

short space he had certainly made his mark in the College and left a distinct recollection of his sterling character and useful example. He had entered, as we told him at the time, into all our life, its pleasures and its trials alike, and so borne himself that we felt him quite an old friend, one whom we should miss very much when he had left. It was with genuine regret that we bade him good-bye, but of course with high auguries and hopes, and every good wish.

The Oxford experience, like the Wellington experience, had been a thorough success, and that mainly owing to the Prince himself. What he gained from Oxford in the comparatively short time he was there, was first, additional intellectual training, and disciplined cultivation of taste and accomplishment, and then, that indefinable widening of view and elevation of aim, born of contact under her happy spell and amid her historic surroundings, with men of every grade of power and interest, proposing to themselves, not one, but ever so many, lives and professions, which is perhaps her chief gift to the men of action whom, as well as men of study and research, it is her traditional function to train and influence. What he gave to Oxford, so unostentatiously that at the time it was hardly noted, was firstly his own contribution to this very variety and richness of her society, and then the example of sober and

simple living, wholesome converse, healthy pursuits, good temper and good fellowship, discriminating indeed, but hearty and unaffected, daily quiet conformity to rule, and punctual fulfilment of duty.

CHAPTER IV

1887–1890

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST—COMING OF AGE—ENTERING ARMY—ALDERSHOT

If the Prince did not find a place in the Oxford team, he was very successful in his cricket elsewhere. On June 18 he played for the Oxford Harlequins against Harrow School. The School Eleven contained some players of great promise, since fulfilled, such as Mr. A. C. M'Laren and Mr. (now the Hon.) F. S. Jackson, but the Harlequins were too strong for them; Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote, as the Prince says, "was in splendid form behind the sticks," and the Prince himself made 103, a long way the best score achieved in the match. In his next three matches he made 46, 52, 83 not out, 68, 43, 32, 86, 46, 2, 13, 22 not out, 4, 13, 35; a remarkable series, giving an average of $45\frac{5}{12}$ for fourteen innings. He was also very successful at the wickets and in bowling.

In a match at Cumberland Lodge the home side made 451 in less than four hours, Mr. (now Sir)

Timothy O'Brien scoring 154 and the Prince himself 46. The Scarborough match has been already mentioned and will be again spoken of. What he writes of it himself is as follows:—

"This match, which ended in a draw, was one of the most enjoyable of the season. Lord and Lady Londesborough did everything in their power to make it a success, and we were most hospitably entertained. I was staying in the Crescent, with Stoddart, Peake, 'W. G.,' Lyttelton, Hawke, Walker, Lacey, and Forster, and had a very lively time. I had, however, to go back to Sandhurst on the third day, which was rather a 'jar to the proceedings.'"

He had just entered, in September 1887, the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, as a Gentleman-cadet. He applied himself very successfully to military studies, more especially Military Law and Tactics, in which he took at once a good place. His conduct at the end of his first term was reported exemplary, and he was recommended to be an "under officer" the next term, the selection being, as Lieutenant-General Anderton, the Governor of the College, informed his father, made "entirely on the Prince's own merit."

Of his time at Sandhurst there is little to relate. "He was," says Colonel Clarke, "a universal favourite while there, very 'keen' all round, and very simple and unaffected. He was Captain of

the Cricket, and I think of the Rugby Football team, became under-officer of A. Company, and made a very good one. He was fond of Sandhurst, and wherever I met him in after years at cricket matches, &c., he always liked a chat about the place and took an interest in his late brother cadets."

At the end of the College year, in August 1888, he passed out, taking a very fair place, equal to eighth in the list, and was gazetted in due course as Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

In April 1888, while still a cadet at Sandhurst, the Prince came of age. Some festivities, not too elaborate and therefore all the more enjoyable, were arranged at Cumberland Lodge in honour of the occasion. I had myself the privilege of an invitation to be present, and well remember the delightful spirit of happy and affectionate rejoicing which seemed to pervade them. There was a dinner party of relatives and old friends on the 13th, when we drank the Prince's health in some wonderful sherry taken from the cellars under old London Bridge, and therefore at least 222 years old, as well as in some younger vintages.

On the 14th, his birthday, the Prince was presented with the freedom of the borough of Windsor, in which he had been born. The re-

sidents of Windsor, headed by the Mayor and the Dean, seized the occasion of the Prince's coming of age to make a presentation to H.R.H. Princess Christian herself, in recognition of the great interest which Her Royal Highness had always displayed in the welfare of the poor of the district. This took place at the Albert Institute, and the party then drove on to the Guildhall, where, in the presence of the members of the Corporation in their official robes, the Town Clerk admitted Prince Christian Victor to the freedom of New Windsor, and the Mayor expressed the good wishes of the citizens. The Freedom Book was produced, an ancient volume containing the names of many eminent men, including the elder and the younger Pitt, the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, the Prince's grandfather the Prince Consort, and his father Prince Christian. The Prince, after subscribing the book, replied as follows:—

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN,—It is with the greatest gratification that I accept the distinguished honour you have conferred upon me in presenting me with the freedom of your ancient borough. I feel it an especial honour after the allusion the Mayor has made to the various eminent personages who have in former times been enrolled as Freemen of Windsor. Having been born, and having spent my life up to the present among you, I take the greatest interest in everything that con-

cerns the interest of the town: and my holding now this high position and the honour you have done me to-day will cement still more my affection for my beloved birthplace. I shall, moreover, ever remember this day, not only on account of the great kindness which I have received here, but as a proof of the esteem in which my dear parents are held by all classes in Windsor. Pray accept, Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, my heartfelt thanks for the great kindness you have done me."

It was the first time, so far as I know, that he had made a speech of the kind in public, but he spoke, though quite modestly, with great self-possession, and in a way that was full of promise for the future.

The copy of the freedom was handed to the Prince enclosed in a finely carved casket of oak from the Great Park, which bore the following inscription: "Presented to His Highness Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein on his coming of age, by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of New Windsor, with the Honorary Freedom of the Borough. April 14, 1888." The Prince planted an oak the same day in the Great Park, and in the evening a very pleasant entertainment was held at the Prince Consort's Workshops, to which the families of the servants employed under the Crown in the Park were invited. The room was prettily decorated, and at the back of the daïs, worked in

laurel leaves, were the letters and words "C. V. Many Happy Returns of the Day." The Windsor and Eton Madrigal Society, conducted by Mr. (now Sir) Walter Parratt, held a Concert, in which H.R.H. Princess Christian herself took part, and Mr. Corney Grain gave a Recitation.

At these festivities I had, through the kindness of their Royal Highnesses, the privilege of being present, and I remember well my feelings. As I wrote to the Princess a day or two later, it seemed to me that it was peculiarly affecting to see the young Prince thus standing on the threshold of manhood, blameless, affectionate, full of promise in powers of mind and body; and that it not only gratified, but also did one good, to hear him speak in such simple, yet dignified, such manly yet modest words.

The Prince was now in every sense a man. He went back to his military studies at Sandhurst. He found time, however, to keep up his cricket, and indeed proved the best bat in the College, heading the batting average at the end of the season. On July 4 he writes from the Royal Military College to his father: "Ich habe eine fürchterliche Masse runs gemacht seitdem Ich Dich zuletzt gesehen habe" (I have made a tremendous heap of runs since I saw you last), and goes on to give the details and total, 440 in fifteen innings (all he had); and once "not out."

He regrets that a match against Woolwich has fallen through. "Wir hätten sie fürchterlich geschlagen" (We should have given them an awful beating).

It had now been settled that he should join the 60th King's Royal Rifles. He made their acquaintance by becoming their guest at Aldershot for a cricket match. They were, he says, very friendly and welcomed him, "because they say they want a wicket-keeper in the regiment."

His examination being over, he indulged in a good deal of cricket, first at home, then at Lord Coventry's house, Croome Court, Severn-Stoke, where he went for the Worcestershire week, and had as he says the best match he ever played in,[1] and later still on tour with the Will-o'-the-Wisps in Devon and Cornwall. He was in great form and did very well for the "Wisps," as he calls them, heading their batting averages[2] with an average of 48·3, and making some very good scores, especially 83 against Plymouth Garrison. He was struck, he wrote, with the beauty of the woods and scenery of Port Eliot.

In September he went to Germany with his

[1] It was a very exciting match. The Prince was hurt in the hand in keeping wicket, and could not bat in the first innings; but in the second, with the aid of a basket guard, played very well, and the match was won for his side by 18 runs.

[2] This was no bad performance, for the Wisps included such cricketers as C. E. Cottrell, G. Fowler, the brothers Paravicini, the Rev. W. Law, H. E. Rhodes, C. C. Clarke, and R. A. H. Mitchell.

father, and together as guests of the Emperor William they witnessed the big Kaiser-Manöver held that year. He came back on the 9th of October to join his regiment at Aldershot. Writing on the 10th to his father, he says:—

"This morning I had to go to the Orderly Room in order to 'report myself,' although I had seen the Colonel yesterday at dinner. About eleven I have to go with Major Keith Turnour,[1] who commands my company, and see the men's rooms. Monday I begin, seven to eight, drill; eight o'clock breakfast; a quarter to nine drill again till a quarter to ten; at ten, Orderly Room to see prisoners and at a quarter to eleven drill again. They haven't yet told me what I shall have to do after that."

A little later he writes to his old College as follows:—

"ALDERSHOT, *October* 18, 1888.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I think it may interest you to know that I have joined the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles (60th) here. I like it extremely so far as I have gone yet. We have an exceedingly nice set of officers, who do everything to make me comfortable. I am busy all the mornings, but get my afternoons free. I intend to come up to Oxford to see Simpson, who has, I hear, gone up to be coached by Brownrigg, and

[1] The Hon. Keith Turnour, now Turnour-Fetherstonhaugh.

then I shall hope to have the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Warren and yourself.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

The 60th Royal Rifles, it need hardly be said, is an historic regiment, possessing a long and brilliant record. When the Prince joined it, in 1888, it had been in existence rather more than 130 years. Originally composed of four battalions, it was formed in 1755 for service in North America, under the title of the Royal American Regiment of Foot. Its motto, *Celer et Audax*,[1] according to tradition was given to the regiment by General Wolfe for its distinguished bravery at the siege of Quebec.[2]

To his mother he writes more fully about his new life:—

"KING'S ROYAL RIFLES, SOUTH CAMP, ALDERSHOT.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have not written to you since I came here. It is not a bad place of its kind, but of course there is nothing going on now as it is the leave season. I shall soon be passed in drill, as I knew it all before: it is rather hard just now, as there are only six lieutenants, including myself, for duty, and so we are on once in every

[1] "Swift and bold."

[2] Evidence confirmatory of this tradition was carefully sifted and arranged by Major-General Gibbes Rigaud, Honorary M.A. of Magdalen College, in a brochure printed by him for private circulation in 1882, being a supplement to his Sketch of the services of the 5th Battalion, published under the title '*Celer et Audax*,' Oxford, 1879.

six days and cannot in that case leave the barracks, and have to go and look at guards, &c., at all hours from 7.30 A.M. to 12 o'clock at night. Yesterday we had a sort of field-day which lasted five hours, and to-morrow we have a night attack, and the day after another field-day; it is getting rather late in the season, as the regular drill season leaves off on October 15. In the afternoons, of course, one is free except when on duty, and I go out riding a good deal. Colonel Gordon is going to get me a horse, as so far I have been riding one of the Major's horses, he being on leave. The officers are extremely nice and, as the Adjutant says, we have none of that nonsense of junior and senior officers, off parade: every one is alike and no one standing on their dignity, at dinner the youngest officer can sit next the Colonel, and we don't go in for all the etiquette, &c.

"I think it would astonish the German officers if I told them that the battalion has a football team, and that the eleven men who played in a match yesterday against the Rifle Brigade were excused all drill and field-day. Yesterday the goal-keeper was undergoing punishment, so he was marched up to the ground under an escort and then played, and afterwards was marched back again with drawn swords. Colonel Cramer met Mousie[1] at dinner at Osborne when she was there in the winter. The Hon. Keith Turnour is my Captain, and Sir T. Troubridge (an old Wellingtonian), the Hon. C. Canning, and the Hon. E. St. Aubyn

[1] The name he always called his eldest sister.

are Captains; all are very nice. I direct this to Cumberland Lodge, as I don't know when you are coming home.—I remain, your affectionate son,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

His next few notes are all to explain that he must stick to work and cannot get away. "It's not so easy to get leave here," he says. And again, "I *must* be here every day till one o'clock."

He does, however, get occasional leaves for "shoots." In a letter of November 30, 1888, he describes a very successful "shoot" he has just had, and adds:—

"I have never shot so well, for out of 71 pheasants, I had only one runner and two wounded ones not picked up. We had a sharp burst the other day," he goes on to say, "from Hankey's Gorse, but lost at Mr. Goldsmith's house. I was wet through and through, and came back by the 4.40 from Wokingham."

He begins to keep a Shooting-book this winter, the first entry being for November 5. From this book it appears that the shoot just mentioned took place at Peperharow Park, the residence of Lord Midleton.

On February 18 he writes to his father:—

"To-day my six days' course of Maxim guns began It is a fearful weapon and spatters lead as it fires."

All through the year he continued at Aldershot working hard at his profession.

A letter of June 29 gives a specimen of his occupations:—

"I am writing from our camp at Hankley. We started on Monday at seven o'clock from Aldershot and marched to Frensham, which we reached after a sham fight at about three o'clock. We were routed out of bed at 3.30 early Tuesday morning by some of the enemy's cavalry riding round our camp, but we were supposed to have killed them, and Sir Evelyn Wood, who was with them, said he had failed in his object, which was to spike our guns while we were asleep, but our outposts were too wide awake and took the remainder prisoners. We started at five the same day, Tuesday, and marched to Wolmer, about 18 miles from Aldershot, where we remained till Friday. We had two very hard sham fights, which lasted about eight hours, during our stay there. Friday morning we left at 3.30, having got up at 2 o'clock in the morning and marched in the dark to this place, having to fight our way in against a force under Sir Evelyn Wood: it is very nice in camp, but awfully damp and cold about two and three in the morning. We have very hard work, but living in the open makes one feel so well that we don't mind the hard work. We leave here on Monday and go to Bullswater, near Brookwood, and return on Tuesday. On Wednesday we go to line the streets in London for the Shah. It is an awful nuisance to stand in the Strand

all day. I wish I could get out of it, but of course I must go. I shall try and go home on Thursday or Friday, but Sir Evelyn Wood does not want any officer to get a single day's leave till August. He gives the men in Aldershot a tremendous doing. He marches them out some ten miles to meet us, and they then have to fight and march back again. They do about twenty-five miles, and the last time they came out they could hardly get back. We shall have to do this when the other column goes out; not a nice look-out. We are going to Whitehall on Wednesday, the Adjutant has just told me, and we have seven hours in the streets."

A few days later he writes to say: "We are going out all night, parading at nine o'clock, and expect to get back at breakfast-time to-morrow."

In August he is still hard at it, and cannot get away on account of Battalion Field-firing, but hopes to get leave in September to go to Scotland.

He did ultimately secure a fortnight, of which he made the most, getting eight stags at Balmoral and three at Glenmuick.

October finds him again kept close at work, leave being so difficult to obtain that he doesn't know when he'll get home. Still he gets some good shoots, the best being at Easthampstead Park.

In December he paid a shooting visit to Lord Bective at Underley, in Westmoreland, and at

Christmas-time went with his father and brother to Germany, where we find him as the guest of his uncle, the Grand Duke of Hesse, at Kranichstein, shooting wild boar with the rifle. As a contrast to this he writes to his father in February 1890: "To-morrow I am going to shoot with Frank Teck at our carriage-maker's. He has some very good rabbit-shooting. It ought to be very amusing." The record of the bag does not appear in the shooting-book.

Through the first half of 1890 his life continues much the same; work at Aldershot, with occasional visits to the Rifle Depot at Winchester. In September he is again shooting in Germany, and in October and November at home, his best day being one at "China Island" with four guns: his father, the Lord Mayor, Captain Campbell, and himself.

The end of the month, however, brought a great change. He sailed on November 26 with his regiment on board H.M.S. *Crocodile* for India *viâ* Suez.

It is significant of his practical character, as well as fortunate for his biographer, that with his first prolonged absence and distant travel, his correspondence takes a new form. He had hitherto been, as the extracts already given will have shown, a good but rather intermittent letter-writer, writing often excellent, and sometimes long letters,

but only when he thought he had something to say, and often in consequence writing little for weeks together. Now he began to write regularly full descriptive letters to his father and mother, and to the Queen. In 1891, too, his diaries begin again, so that with these two sources we have pretty full material for a continuous narrative.

Of the voyage, which was not without adventure, a few extracts from his letters will give the best narrative.

"*December* 4 (just before reaching Malta).—The voyage has been awfully monotonous, since after all the accidents there have been, the captain stood so far out from shore, that we never got in sight of anything till 'Gib' and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which were lovely on Monday morning all covered with snow. The officers of the ship are extremely nice, especially the first Lieutenant, who is full of praises for Uncle Affie,[1] and says 'there is no one who can knock a fleet about so well as the Duke.'"

"*December* 7.—I was awfully surprised at Malta, as I had no idea it was so pretty, that is to say, from the harbour. We reached it at four o'clock in the afternoon, and with the sun shining on the white houses, for they are mostly of white stone and plaster, it was lovely. We were immediately surrounded by lots of boats like Venetian gondolas, and the whole effect was

[1] The Duke of Edinburgh.

that of the first Act in the 'Gondoliers.' The church of St. John's is simply splendid, and I could have stayed hours seeing things of interest in it, but there was not time. Then we went to the Palace, where there is a very fine Armoury, but the best of all is the tapestry, it is exquisite Gobelins and presented to the old knights by Louis XIV., at least so our guide said. . . . The sea is as blue as the sky is cloudless, and altogether it is delightful, but rather monotonous. To-day the ladies began to quarrel, so that is a diversion from the ordinary routine."

His next letter, of December 21, describes a breakdown in their voyage. Something had been amiss with the screw of the *Crocodile* for some time, but the "Portsmouth people would do nothing beyond looking at it and tinkering it up." "The old story," he says, "economy *versus* efficiency." He thought also that they scraped on the ground in the Bitter Lakes; whatever was the cause, after leaving Aden about two days the main crank broke, and they were left to drift about in sea two miles deep with nothing to do but fish for and shoot sharks. Fortunately they were ere long sighted by the *Serapis*, which towed them at the rate of seven knots an hour into Bombay, four days late.

They reached Bombay on December 26, where he saw Lady Harris, who was very kind and wanted him to stay, but that was not possible,

and he went on the next day to Deolali, about fifty miles inland. At Bombay he found a letter from the Queen, and writes on the 30th from Deolali to reply, briefly recording the story of the voyage, and his travels so far:—

"Yesterday four of us made an excursion to Nasik, which is a sacred place with a great number of temples, some of which we saw; of course they will not allow you to go inside, and so one stands outside and looks in at the door. . . . I was to have had ——'s servant, but he never arrived, and so I engaged another man who had been a servant to two friends of mine who were with me at Wellington. He can hardly talk English, so I should think I ought to pick up the language very soon."

CHAPTER V

1891

BLACK MOUNTAIN AND MIRANZAI EXPEDITIONS—LEAVE HOME—INDIA AGAIN—MANŒUVRES AT MEERUT.

On New Year's Day 1891 the diary begins:—

"At 4.30 we reached Hoshangabad. We slept on in the train till six o'clock, when we marched into camp. I went out shooting with Bous;[1] we each missed a chance at a black buck; returned by lunch-time very much tired out. We left again for Jhansi at seven o'clock."

"*January* 2.—Arrived at Jhansi at 9.30. After breakfast, Turnour, Myers, Bedingfield, and myself went and saw the old Fort here, which was stormed in the Mutiny by Sir Hugh Rose, afterwards Lord Strathnairn."

"*January* 6.—Reached Meerut at four in the morning. After breakfast Kitson came, and then Myers and myself went out to see the church where the Mutiny broke out, and also the graveyard, where we saw Wombwell's grave, and next to it that of Birley, with whom I was at Wellington."

[1] Lieutenant Maclachlan, a brother of his old College friend.

He writes a letter the same day to his mother with the following postscript:—

"Some native troops are leaving to-day to go against some hill tribes; they look awfully smart. I wish we were going with them. There is a Black Mountain Expedition going to start in March from Pindi, but I am afraid we shall miss it. They might take some officers on the Staff."

On January 10 they reached their destination.

"Arrived at Rawal Pindi at ten o'clock. Marched ten miles to the West Ridge Camp, where we are quartered. The men are in huts; we are in tents. Walked out with Myers in the afternoon to see the Polo. I also met Miss Loch[1] to-day."

"*January* 12.—Called on the General and Mrs. Elles, and asked him to take me on the Black Mountain Expedition."

Writing home the next day he says that the tents were awfully cold (it was an exceptionally cold season), and he had to have a brick floor laid down and a fireplace built.

"The General here is charming; General Elles by name. The place swarms with thieves; the men's rifles have to be chained togther for fear of

[1] Miss C. G. Loch, sister to Miss Emily Loch mentioned above, p. 9, was the Lady Superintendent, Indian Military Nursing Service, Punjab Command. She has since received the Royal Red Cross decoration.

being stolen. I was woke up last night by my *dachshund* growling, so I got up but could see no one."

Writing to his younger sister a little later, he says about this dog:—

"Schwartzschen is very well, and in the evening always appears in a khaki coat trimmed with red, of which he is very proud. Coming up country he always travelled in one of the carriages with the men, and paraded in the Supernumerary rank of my Company in charge of the bugler."

He tried to get some cricket at Sialkot, but the weather was too bad, and he had to play golf.

"*January* 18.—Saw the Colonel, who gave me a letter from the General to say I had been appointed his Orderly Officer in the Black Mountain Expedition."

A week later he writes a long letter to the Queen about the expedition, saying that the Queen would no doubt have heard from his home, but "I thought it would be only right if I was to write and tell you about it myself." He describes how he had introduced the subject to General Elles, who said he would take him "provided it was sanctioned by the authorities at home, the Commander-in-Chief here, and my parents," and

how a week later he had offered to take him as his Orderly Officer.

"Of course I said I was delighted to go, and so I am, as it is a great thing when one has entered a profession, and intends to keep in it, to see some service like this, and I am doubly fortunate in having such a charming General to serve under; he has been so kind in telling me the various things I shall want, which, however, are few, as we are very much limited in the way of baggage owing to the difficulty of transport in a mountainous country; we go without tents, and with barely a change of clothing."

To his mother he says much the same thing:—

"It would be wonderful luck coming straight from Aldershot to go on service at once, would it not?"

Meanwhile he did not forget old friends at College. A letter of this date to Dr. Roberts throws a side-light on his doings and feelings.

"60TH RIFLES, RAWAL PINDI, PUNJAB, INDIA, *January* 25, 1891.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me from the above place. I have been a month in this most curious country, and contrary to my general expectation it is awfully cold here and we do nothing but sit

over fires; certainly it was extremely hot down country, but up here in the north it is bitterly cold. I am going off on active service in about a month as Orderly Officer to the General commanding the Black Mountain Expedition, as it is called; we are going to punish some frontier tribes who have been firing on and robbing British subjects; it will be rather a novel experience for me to see shots exchanged in reality, but I must say I am looking forward to it immensely.

"How are the Choir? I suppose as good as ever; they could not be better, that I could not allow for one moment, as they were as good as they could possibly be when I was up. I had meant to pay a flying visit to Magdalen College before leaving England, but I found I was so pushed for time that I did not have the opportunity. I saw a good deal of Hildyard last summer; have you seen him lately?

"And now, my dear Doctor, I must end; with my good wishes to yourself and Mrs. Roberts, believe me yours very sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

The interval before starting for the expedition was filled up with the usual duties and recreations, cricket when the weather allowed, which was not often, races, athletic sports, concerts, &c.

A long letter written to the Queen on March 3 gives an idea of his occupations, and shows in particular how much he had already begun to interest himself in the men.

"I am going to-night to a concert which the men in my company are getting up: Captain Martin, who is commanding my company, and myself have started a Club for them to which they all pay a little subscription, and for this we provide them with every outdoor and indoor game; of course we help them a little ourselves, they delight in Committee meetings and never stop talking, but I must say they are most sensible in their suggestions. It is a great thing to give them some employment in their leisure hours, and a great deal is being done throughout the Army towards this now. I have had to change all my servants as they were all Hindoos, except the khitmagar or table waiter, who was Mussulman, and as I am allowed only one servant on the expedition who has to combine every sort of work, I am forced to get a Mussulman as bearer. I have picked up an excellent man, who can read and write English. It is rather a bore having to change but it is unavoidable. . . . I am getting on with the language; of course it is a great help hearing it spoken so often. We have a most intelligent man as our regimental Munshi; he is a Brahmin by caste and he has told me a great deal about the various customs. Some of them, as you of course know, are most curious. I hope you will excuse this long, and I am afraid, rather dull letter, which I am directing to Windsor."

On March 5 the start was made. He was not at all sorry to get off, for the weather had been

very bad, too cold for cricket, and things rather dull. The racing he describes as fearfully boring and very bad, and of game there was next to none to shoot. He had gone one day to Lahore to buy ponies, for he intended to take three with him. He reached that day Haripur, and the next, Darband, the "base" of the expedition.

This may perhaps be the most convenient place for saying a word or two as to the nature and extent of the Black Mountain Expedition, as it was called, in which the Prince was now to take part.

It is described in the official papers as a "proposed expedition against the Hasanzai and Akazai tribes of the Black Mountains." These hill tribes of the Indian border, like so many before and since, had been for some time in a disturbed and aggressive state, led to a large extent by their chief Hashim Ali, and in particular in October of the preceding year had displayed hostility to British troops moving along the border.

The "general object" of the expedition was defined as being "first to carry out the purpose for which the movement of troops was made in October last, namely, to assert the British right to move along the crest of the Black Mountain without molestation, and next, and more particularly, to inflict punishment on the tribes concerned for the hostility practised on that occasion."

The force was to consist of two squadrons of Native Cavalry, three Mountain Batteries, two English and one Native, one company of Bengal Sappers and Miners, two battalions of British and six of Native Infantry, one battalion of Pioneers, and 300 bayonets belonging to the Khaibar Rifles.

It was to advance from Darband in two columns, the left column moving along the river Indus *viâ* Kotkai and Kanar; the other, the right column, *viâ* Baradar and Pailam, to Tilli. This would bring them on to the frontier of the Hasanzai and Akazai country, when further movements were to be left to the General commanding. A letter of the Prince's own, together with a sketch map, which will shortly be given, will make the general position still clearer, so clear indeed that no more need be said here.

He writes to his father from Darband, while they are waiting for the troops to concentrate:—

"The General and Staff are going to make a reconnaissance to-morrow with half a squadron of the 11th Bengal Lancers to Shingri, where the enemy ought to be. I rode yesterday to within half a mile of it and saw a number of men in the village through my glass. As soon as they saw us they began to yell and march up and down with banners. We don't know whether they will fight or not. No one can possibly know. It's become quite interesting; people sit with maps

just as we did in the manœuvres in 1888. It is very hot, for we are here on the banks of the Indus. We've all had our hair cut quite short; it's much better when you have to sleep in bivouac. . . . You asked who would be the best to get up the cricket match. I think it would be best to ask Murdoch; he is an old friend and would like to do it. He could get ten and keep a place open for me, for this expedition won't last longer than two months."

How keen he was and how practical, is shown by his own letters. Writing home again to his mother more fully, he says:—

"I must thank you and Papa many times for allowing me to accept General Elles' offer, as of course I know you would much rather I did not go to these sort of things; at the same time it may always lead to other things, as if one gets an expedition safely at one's back, one is open to so many posts afterwards, and in every way it will be a great chance for me, especially as I have not yet three years' service."

Perhaps the chief obstacles were the climate and the country. "Between the west of the mountains and the level of the Indus," writes General Elles, "there is as much difference as between Egypt and Norway, and one column may find itself grilling while another within sight of it is among the snows." Much of the country,

too, was unknown, more especially the region beyond the Hasanzais and Akazais, the "Chagarzai country" as it was called, into which, it was thought, they might penetrate. "The bend of the Indus," General Elles continues, "occupied by this tribe is absolutely unknown; no European has ever entered it; it is reported to be very difficult and rocky, and towards the north-east corner there is a drop in the river, in three miles, of between six and seven thousand feet."

General Elles had not, it may be imagined, appointed the young officer without making inquiries. He wrote to a military friend: "The Prince has made a very favourable impression here; he takes great interest in his profession, and Colonel Cramer gives an excellent account of his soldierly qualities. He says I shall find him a good staff officer."

Owing to the unusually wet season the despatch of the expedition, which was to have started on the first of March, was somewhat delayed, but both columns ultimately moved out from Derband on the 12th of that month, and reached Kotkai and Pailam respectively the next day.

The Prince was with the left or river column. His diary records the start:—

"*March* 12.—We got to Shingri unopposed; between this place and Kotkai, about half-a-dozen of the enemy fired on our scouts from the right

bank of the Indus, shots and volleys were interchanged with no result; at four o'clock the party were dislodged. Kotkai was occupied at one o'clock. We had a fairly close shave of being shot from the right bank, as a bullet passed close over us, striking a rock behind."

"*March* 15, *Sunday.*—Open-air service at 9.30, after which there was a Communion Service in the General's tent. I did not go out afterwards, but stayed in, and tidied up the camp."

He also took the opportunity to write a long letter to his mother, and to send a map of the theatre of the war. The two together give a very clear idea of the whole, and are very creditable to a young lieutenant of twenty-three engaged in his first piece of actual service.

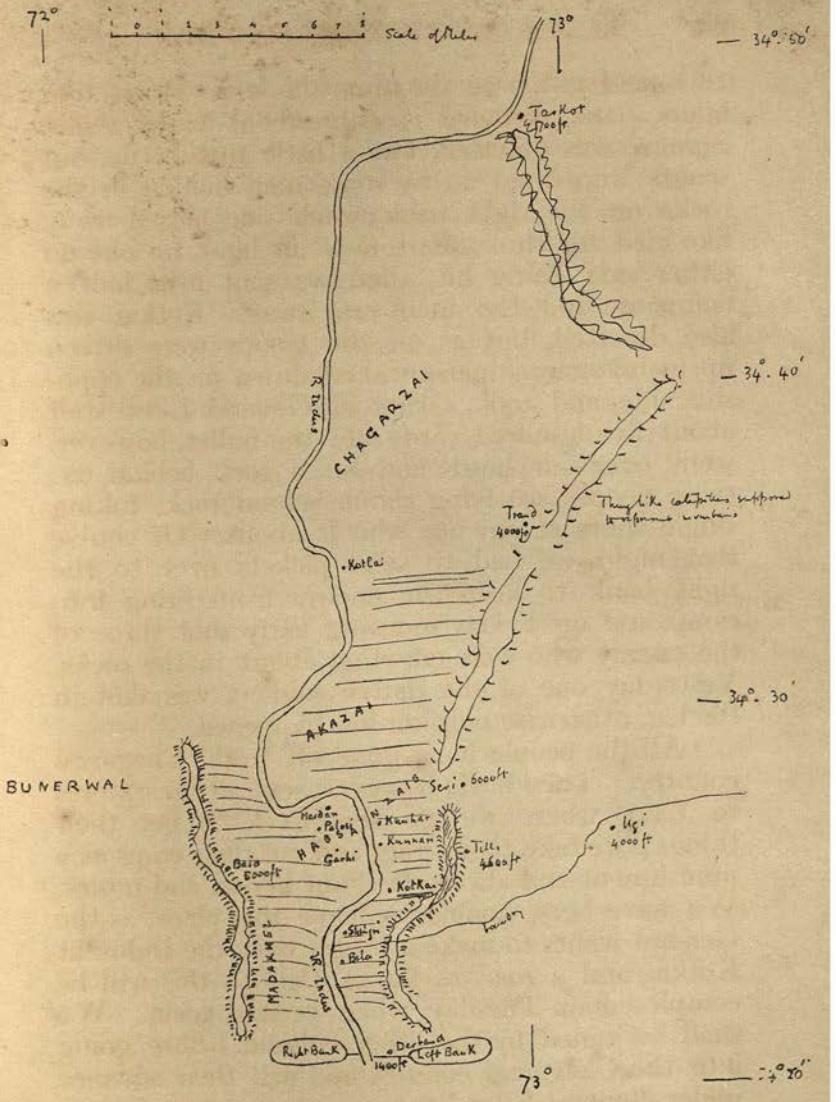
"KOTKAI, *Sunday, March* 15, 1891.

"I daresay both you and Papa will be most anxious to know what our movements have been since we crossed the frontier. Of course the object of the expedition is known to you, but perhaps I had better just give you a *résumé* of it. There are two border tribes, Hasanzais and Akazais, who have given a good deal of trouble raiding over our frontier, and in 1888 an expedition was sent to punish them, but the general in command did not do it thoroughly, and on complaints being made last summer (1890), in October a small force was sent round on the inside of our frontier to see what the tribes were doing; they fired on our

troops, who did not return it, but said that at some future time we would return and punish them; so now here we are. I enclose a sketch map accurate enough for you to make out where we are, and I have put in the longitude and latitude so that you can get the exact position on a large map if you like. You will notice two tribes on the right bank, which is on your left hand as you look at the map, Bunerwals and Mada Khel; the former are an exceedingly powerful tribe with 12,000 fighting men; they are so far not making any show but might join in as we get further up, and in that case we should have to get more troops. We are probably going into the Chagarzai country, and as no one has ever been there yet we have no maps, and the country is as you can see quite blank. You will notice the mountains, they slope down to the river-bank, and most of our time is taken up in making bridle-paths along the sides. But I will return to our start. At Darband the whole force divided, the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, Second Battalion 5th Gurkhas, 11th Punjaub Infantry, half 32nd Pioneers, and the Khaibar Rifles, with one mule battery under Brigadier-General Hammond, went over the hills towards Tilli; and the 78th, Seaforth Highlanders, 4th Sikhs, 37th Dogras, Guides, Infantry, half 32nd Pioneers, and some Bengal Sappers and Miners, with one mule battery, this under Brigadier-General Williamson, went up the river-banks. General Elles accompanied the river column. The hill column have got to Tilli without a shot being fired. We left Darband on the

12th, and got here the same day after about four hours; the distance is only about eight miles. Shingri was deserted, but a little further on our scouts were fired on by some men hidden in the rocks on the right bank; each side blazed away like mad for three-quarters of an hour, no one on either side being hit, then we sent over half a company and the men ran away. Kotkai was also deserted, but as all the troops were driven up in bivouac a man sneaked down on the opposite side and took a shot at General Elles' staff about five hundred yards off; the bullet, however, went over our heads and hit a rock behind us; these people are lying about behind rocks taking single shots at any one who is about. Of course that night we had to send pickets over to the right bank to keep the enemy from firing into camp, and on Friday morning early shot three of the enemy who were crawling about in the rocks. Yesterday one of the native soldiers was shot in the leg, otherwise nothing has happened.

"All the people have gone off to the Chagarzai country. They have, however, sent all their stores to Baio, where we go this week to get their things; we take their grain and cut their crops as a punishment and also to feed our horses and mules. We have been unable to leave this place, as the General wants to make a bridge over the Indus at Kotkai and a road as far as Palosi; this will be completed on Tuesday, when we start again. We shall be joined by the other column before going into the Chagarzai country and will then advance under General Elles."



BLACK MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN

Sketch Map of Field of Operations

To face p. 150

A second letter, of March 22, continues the story.

"PALOSI, *Palm Sunday, March 22*, 1891.

"We came on here yesterday from Pirzada, a little place just opposite Kanar, or Kunnar, as it is also spelt. Last Wednesday night, the 19th, there was a most determined attack made upon the little village of Ghazikot, which is about half a mile further on than Kunnar. There was a picket of the first company of the 4th Sikhs there, under two native officers, a subadar and a jemadar, about sixty men in all; they had three posts out a little in advance of the village, and one on the left, down by the river; the remainder of the men were in the village. About 7 P.M. we who were in camp four miles away at Towara near Kotkai heard a few shots; these were being fired at the three outpost camps: and continued till 3 in the morning, when the non-commissioned officer of the centre post sent back word to the subadar that the enemy were advancing; he with great judgment retired his post and held the front wall of the village with the whole company, and sent back word at the same time to Sir B. Bromhead[1] who was in command of the advance guard at Kunnar; under cover of a heavy fire the enemy advanced, and at 3 A.M. all firing ceased and the Ghazis charged right into the village and drove the company back to the end of the village, where they made a splendid stand and fought hard hand to hand with the enemy; the jemadar and four sepoys were killed and twenty wounded. Just before this,

[1] Col. Sir Benjamin Parnell Bromhead, Bart., of the Punjab Pioneers.

however, three more companies came up and drove the enemy out with great loss. The subadar has been recommended for the Order of Merit; he killed single-handed five of the enemy, who lost heavily. We buried twenty-six bodies in the morning; they were all Hindustani Fanatics; they own themselves to fifty killed and wounded. We all went and saw the wounded in the morning; they were very much knocked about the head and shoulders; they were all sword-cut wounds. The officers here say it was the hardest bit of fighting that there has been in these little wars for a long time. I hope we shall get some more fighting before long. We shelled a village yesterday afternoon, but the people all ran away at the first shot. They come and shoot into the camp at night; you can't do anything except stay in your bed, but it is rather a nuisance at first; now nobody cares, as we are so used to it. We have pickets all round us and so are quite safe. I have no more news to give you. Thank Papa for his letter.

"We are living in a masjid, that is to say for our meals; we sleep in little huts outside."

A third letter, written to the Queen, a few days later still, while it repeats a part of what has been told already, adds some very interesting details, and may be given almost in full:—

"HEAD QUARTERS, HAZARA FIELD FORCE,
PALOSI, *March* 27, 1891.

"I am sure you will be anxious to hear how I have been getting on since this expedition started.

We have now been just a fortnight since we left the base of operations at Darband. The first day we marched some eight miles to a place called Kotkai. We had little, if any, opposition, but all the same, several bullets came rather closer to our heads than was quite pleasant. One man had a steady, lying-down shot at myself and Wilberforce[1] the other Orderly Officer, who is a grandson of the Bishop's. Luckily he missed us by a few yards and we moved in behind some high rocks which hid us. About six nights later on a most determined attack was made on an advanced picket of the 4th Sikhs under a native officer, who repulsed the onslaught with a loss to our side of one native officer and four men killed and eighteen wounded, all severely cut with swords; the enemy lost upwards of sixty and left twenty-five dead on the field. The native officer[2] behaved with the greatest coolness and gallantry, and has been recommended for the Order of Merit. We moved on here last Saturday, and on Monday the 4th Sikhs again repulsed another attack with great loss to the enemy. Unfortunately one British officer was severely wounded with three sword-cuts in the side, through his revolver missing fire five times, and another man was slightly wounded, also several native soldiers were more or less severely wounded. Yesterday we had a most successful, but extremely trying day, resulting in our taking a stronghold of the enemy's almost without opposi-

[1] Lieutenant H. W. Wilberforce, 2nd Dragoon Guards, mentioned with Prince Christian Victor in General Elles' despatch.

[2] Subadar Dheru.

tion, as they did not expect us. A Lieutenant[1] in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers was badly shot in the knee and was our only casualty. The country is simply superb and like Switzerland; the Indus runs between tremendous snow-capped mountains, and yesterday I was able to see the everlasting snows in the distance. It is getting very hot indeed near the river-bed, where we are living, and in a month more will be quite unbearable. I think, however, that the operations will be quite over by the beginning of May. To the great joy of Colonel Cramer and the officers and men, my battalion has been ordered up to reinforce our troops up here; it is indeed great luck, and I am only sorry that I can't go into action with my own company, as I know all the men so well and how much each is capable of doing. We have not seen a shot fired since the taking of Delhi, although our other battalions have been in several wars lately. It will amuse you to hear that five native regiments here have pipers who play all the same airs as the pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders, and indeed they play extremely well; some of them are playing now as I am writing. I am, *unberufen*, very well and the hard work suits me admirably; we have much more walking than riding, though we have hill-ponies with us, but the ground is so rough that even mules have great difficulty in getting over it. I think I have nothing else to tell you, so with best love and best wishes to Aunt Beatrice for her birthday,—I remain," &c.

[1] 2nd Lieutenant Doughty.

This letter was shown by the Queen to Sir Evelyn Wood. His comments on it are striking; he says:—

"It speaks soldier all through, and what the Prince writes of his desire to be with his company in action is the most gratifying thing Sir Evelyn has read for a long time. It would be well," he continues, "if we could get all young officers to feel like this young man.

"No greater pressure has been put on the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps than on any other corps here. This battalion left Aldershot four and a half months ago, after three years' stay. There the young officer was within twenty miles of his home and within thirty miles of London, and yet, as his simple words indicate, he knows the value of every man in the Company. This is what we are striving to effect. The Queen will scarcely be able to understand how greatly this pleases her devoted servant

"EVELYN WOOD.

"ALDERSHOT."

To return to the diary.

"*March* 28.—The P.M.O.[1] or Principal Medical Officer is a great friend of mine, and so I always go to see the wounded attended to when they are sent in. It is very interesting."

[1] This was Deputy Surgeon-General (now Surgeon-General) A. Frederick Bradshaw, C.B., &c., afterwards P.M.O. to H.M.'s. Forces in India.

"*March* 29, *Easter Day.*—Had church service and Communion this morning. There were a great number of standards at Baio this morning. Sir W. Lockhart came for dinner and slept here the night."

Writing to his father, the same day, he says:—

"Every one is very full of the orders and medals they hope to get, but I don't see what most of us have done to deserve medals. I myself have been only three or four times under fire. Oxford won the Boat-race I see from the Indian papers, and also the Association Football, and drew the Rugby match, which is very satisfactory. . . . To-day is Easter Sunday, and we're going to have Divine Service in a Mosque."

General Elles' despatches, however, speak of the operations between the 21st and 22nd of March as exhibiting "much hard work and endurance in the troops." But these despatches did not, of course, come out until the end of the whole affair. In the meantime, the following extract from a letter of General Elles throws a side-light on the Prince's occupations:—

"PALOSI, *March 23*, 1891.

"The Prince is very well indeed, and takes his share of duties of all kinds. I find his special province is: 'Indents on payments for ourselves and animals.' It requires care as, under the

Indian system, officers have to credit Government for all they draw without bills, so he may be described as our 'conscience keeper.'"

A few days later General Elles also wrote to the Viceroy (Lord Lansdowne), who forwarded the letter to the Queen:—

"Prince Christian Victor is proving himself to be a good soldier. He is very well indeed, and takes a keen interest in his work. His Colonel told me I should find him all I could wish, and he has fully realised the good report of him."

The immediate object of the expedition seemed now, as appears from the same despatches, to have been secured; the Hasanzais had submitted; the Akazais had not as a tribe appeared in arms, the Mada Khel, Hashim Ali's special followers, kept quiet. But now symptoms showed themselves of a movement on the other side of the Indus, in the 'Buner' country, under the Akhundzada or tribal prince, of Swat. It was this that had brought up the reserve forces from Rawal Pindi, including the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles. But the Government were very anxious to avoid collision with the Trans-Indus tribes, and partly by diplomatic efforts from Peshawar, partly by a strong front being shown on the spot, the Akhundzada was induced to disclaim any hostile intentions and draw off. The original plan of occupying the Hasanzai

and Akazai territory was resumed, and the reserve forces were withdrawn and marched for Kohat. The Black Mountain Expedition continued its now prosaic work and accomplished its object, the complete surrender and submission of the tribes, as Prince Christian Victor had foreseen, by the end of May.

With this condition of things, however, the Prince's interest in the expedition ceased. Finding that his battalion was to have more occupation elsewhere, and that there was to be no more real work with the Black Mountain force, he asked and obtained leave on April 9th to rejoin his battalion, which he did *viâ* Darband and Pindi.

As a young soldier he naturally did not favour a policy of masterly inactivity, and was much disappointed that his General, acting under Government orders, did not attack the new comers in force and, in his own words, "finish the whole business and get the entire country!" He prophesied, moreover, that it would have to be done over again, and his prophecy proved correct.

In his despatches General Elles says:—

"Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein was most zealous in the performance of all duties that fell to him and takes great interest in his profession. On the Battalion being ordered for service in the field elsewhere, he requested and obtained permission to rejoin it."

The service which he was now to see was in what was called the "Miranzai" expedition under Sir William Lockhart.

The nature of this new expedition is clearly and concisely stated in the following letter from the War Office, written on April 13, in answer to an inquiry made at the time by H.R.H. Prince Christian, by General Sir J. J. H. Gordon, K.C.B. I.S.C., who knew India, and especially North-West India, well. General Gordon says:—

"I understand from the telegrams from India that the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles has been sent from the Reserve of the Black Mountain Force to join the Field Force forming at Kohat under Brigadier-General Sir William Lockhart, K.C.B., destined to act against the hill tribes bordering on the Miranzai District, about fifty miles west of Kohat, on the North-West frontier. The scene of action is about ninety miles from the railway which branches off westward from Rawal Pindi. A few days will elapse before the King's Royal Rifles will arrive at Kohat. The district is a healthy and cool one. A Field Force has very recently returned from marching through the enemy's country; trifling opposition was offered, towers, &c., were blown up, and the chief of one of the clans made a prisoner. The winter was very severe there, and the snow seems to have prevented the enemy from fighting. Spring has now commenced there, and with freedom from

snow and sleet, the tribes seem to have determined to meet the small body of our troops which were left on the Samana range dominating their valleys, to erect defensive posts and make connecting roads on the crest. They have suddenly gathered and attacked the working parties, but these are being rapidly reinforced from Kohat. They, the enemy, are reported to be erecting 'sangars' (stone breast-works) on the crest, to oppose our advance. I anticipate that they will soon be cleared out of these; the tribes belong to the Orakzai clans who live in that locality. . . . His Highness Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein has probably hastened to join his own regiment on its proceeding to join the Miranzai Field Force, preferring the prospect of more active service with it to that on General Elles' staff apart from it, a soldierly spirit which I venture to say, with due respect, was only to be expected from His Highness, who has shown himself to be such a keen soldier."

This he certainly was, for now he writes home, on April 14, in great spirits:—

"To-morrow Captain Gore-Browne, who is my captain and has just arrived from England, and I, are going off to try and catch the regiment up on the line of march. I ought to be a tremendous authority on the frontier of India after doing two quite different expeditions; it is really quite funny dropping in for businesses of this sort, and I look upon them now as quite a matter of course. I don't know how it will be as regards

my coming home this year, but I can't leave my own regiment when I have gone on service, can I?

"*P.S.*—I rejoin my battalion on my birthday: a happy omen!"

The Queen who was then at Grasse, had not failed to remember the day. She telegraphed to Princess Christian:—"Many happy returns of this dear day. Feel for you very much that dear Christle has to go on this other expedition, but hope it will soon be over."

General Gordon's surmise was correct, for Prince Christian Victor's diary shows that he reached Kohat at 9.15 P.M. on the very day that the War Office letter was written.

On the 15th they started.

"Marched from Kohat at two o'clock and reached Chillibagh at seven; our baggage went wrong and we had to pitch our bivouac in the dark."

"16*th.*—Marched from Chillibagh into Hangu, a distance of about fifteen miles. Hangu is described by General Gordon as being the chief place at the base of the hills, and writing from the War Office on April 17 he says that a telegram has arrived from the Viceroy, Simla, 11th. 'Miranzai.—Lockhart's troops now all assembled at Hangu. Enemy's position on Samana Range will shortly be attacked; weather unfavourable; health good.'"

The diary gives the actual facts and shows that no time had been lost, either by Sir W. Lockhart or the young subaltern.

"*April* 17.—We left Hangu at 4 A.M., and after a very hard pull up, about noon, we were fired at. The first volley hit Egerton, and shortly afterwards the Colonel and six men were hit. We shelled the enemy's position, then advanced and took it and bivouacked there for the night."

"*April* 20.—One of the most successful days, I suppose, there has been on this frontier for some time. The Gurkhas and ourselves caught the enemy running away in the open and killed and wounded three hundred of them. We lost Stokes of E. Coy., killed before the action commenced."

The next days are filled up a good deal with picket duty, but Sunday, April 26, has the following entry:—"Very slack day to-day; did not do very much; we hear that there is a chance of our stopping up here all the summer."

A letter written the day before, to the Queen, gives a view of the whole situation.

"SUNGAR, MIRANZAI FIELD FORCE, *April* 25, 1891.

"Thank you so much for your kind letter and telegram which you sent me for my birthday.[1] I was unable to telegraph an answer back, as the wire had been cut between this place and our

[1] April 14, his twenty-fourth birthday. See previous page.

base. I also trust you will excuse this bit of writing-paper, but as we are limited to forty pounds of kit, it is very hard to carry anything in the way of writing materials, &c. My regiment was suddenly ordered up to this second expedition, which is about 150 miles from the Black Mountain; and as my regiment was ordered on service I thought, and General Elles thought so also, that my right place was with my regiment, and so, greatly to my delight, Sir F. Roberts telegraphed and ordered me to rejoin at once. We have had much more fighting here than in the Black Mountain, and the enemy shoot much better. My company has been in the front line in two good fights, which is extremely lucky. Poor Colonel Cramer has been badly shot in the right hand, and we have had one man killed and seven wounded, besides which a lot of native troops have been killed and wounded. General Lockhart has, however, managed the affair so skilfully that I think my regiment will return home in about three weeks, as we have killed and wounded about one-third of all the tribes opposing us; but they are now ready and anxious to submit unconditionally to our terms, which are to have posts on the Samana Range about which all this trouble has been. A little rest will be not unacceptable after three months' hard work as it will be then. We are roughing it tremendously here and the scarcity of water is dreadful; there is only just enough to drink. Our men have behaved splendidly and have done very well, as they always have before."

He wrote the same day to his father. It is curious to find the first part of the letter, indited from those far-off hills, filled with the arrangements for a cricket-match between Cumberland Lodge and the Household Brigade, to take place on the occasion of their Royal Highness's Silver Wedding. Seldom can a team have been made up under such conditions. The Prince specially presses his father to find out if any of the Second Battalion of the 60th are at Aldershot, and to invite them, and also to have their band to play, as well as the Guards. "They play splendidly," he says, "and people are apt to forget that there are other bands and regiments beside the Guards. The arrangements about the band had better be made with Lord Tewkesbury. . . ."

"Here we have had a good fight and have shot a frightful lot of the enemy. My company caught two hundred going over an open field and we shot half of them dead. It is not very nice to speak of, but one has no feeling in shooting people in this way, and it seemed just like a field day at Aldershot. These people have tortured and treacherously murdered and indeed 'flayed' eighteen of our native troops, which makes one feel less compunction. Everything is so well arranged by General Lockhart that my regiment ought to go back to Pindi in three weeks. My colour-sergeant was shot in the leg as I was

talking to him. The enemy shot very well and we lost a pretty good lot for a frontier war. . . ."

A letter written a few days later from Gulistan, on some small leaves torn from a common pocket-book, adds a few more touches.

"This is a very different business (from the Black Mountain). We have been pushing the enemy about all over the place. . . . The native troops are splendid. I think that the German officers would say that there are no troops in the world to touch our troops in India. I have never seen anything to touch them anywhere. Soldiering out here spoils one for soldiering in England. You said in your last letter that I had not written by the mail, but I write every week; perhaps my letter missed the English mail, as some of the letters have done, owing to the rivers being so deep which have to be crossed; also on service you cannot make certain of catching it each time. . . . I got a very kind telegram and letter from Grandmama on my birthday. She seems to have liked Grasse. Will you explain that I shall not be able to write to her for her birthday till I can get some paper next week?"

Picket duty, covering parties, wind and rain, tents blown down, Jirgas (deputations of native tribes) coming in, marches with a flying column, sometimes of fourteen hours at a stretch, through the Mamazai country to places called Mastan,

Gulistan, Salarai, Khanki Bazaar, and Karappa, fill up the diary to May 14.

In a letter on May 1, he writes to his father answering some questions about the Manipur affair.

The diary shows the following entries:—

"*May* 14.—We got our orders to go to Pindi to-night."

"*May* 15.—Left Baliamin at 2 A.M. and reached Hangu at 7.30, when, to our great disappointment, we received orders to return to Mastan."

"*May* 19.—My leave came to-day for me to go to England."

"*May* 20.—Left Mastan at six, and reached Hangu at noon. Stayed there the night in Farmer's tent."

"*May* 21.—Left Hangu in an *ekka* at 5.30; reached Kohat at 10.15; went to the fort, got my bag and things, and then went to the dak bungalow; changed and lunched; at 2.15 went down in a *tonga* to Khushalgarh; arrived at 5.30."

"*May* 22.—Left Khushalgarh at 9·30; arrived at Pindi at 3."

"*May* 23.—Went at 10.30 to see Captain Renny, the Pay-examiner, about my pay, and squared all satisfactorily with him. Got my valuables out of the Bank, and packed up my boxes before luncheon. Left Pindi at 4.13 for Bombay."

He sailed from Bombay by the *Siam* on May 29. The voyage was without any special feature, except

that the weather was very rough. He reached Brindisi on June 12, and London on the 14th. The next day, as a first duty, he writes to the Queen.

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *June* 15, 1891.

"I ought to have written and thanked you for your very kind letter of congratulation after our two actions of April 17 and 20. We were indeed fortunate, and Sir William Lockhart has done wonders. Colonel Cramer, I am glad to say, is going on very well as regards his wound, but unfortunately he got a sun-stroke which is rather serious. I have four months' leave of absence, and have to leave London on September 11. . . ."

He did not know that his reputation had preceded him, and that if he spoke well to the Queen of Sir William Lockhart, the Queen had already heard Sir William's opinion of himself. On the 13th of May, a month earlier, the Viceroy had written to the Queen: "Prince Christian Victor has seen some interesting service, and has made an excellent impression upon the officers under whom he served; and General Lockhart writes on the 28th of April: 'His Highness is a very keen, promising soldier, much liked in his battalion. He has been engaged in every action hitherto.'"

"This," adds the Queen, in communicating it to Princess Christian, "will give you great pleasure, as it does me."

"*June* 16.—Went to Lord's to-day to see the M.C.C. *v.* Kent; met Braybrooke and Lyon there. Went to the opera 'Mirella' with Aunt Alix and the cousins."

"*June* 17.—State Concert to-night. I was unable to go owing to my uniform not having arrived. Lunched at Marlborough House."

"*June* 18.—Went to Lord's to-day to see Middlesex *v.* Gloucestershire. O'Brien got 111 and played very well."

"*June* 19.—Arrived at Wellington College and lunched with Mr. Penny. Practised cricket in the afternoon; went and saw Allcock and Christopherson after dinner."

"*June* 20.—Played for O.W.'s *v.* The School; we made 266 for eight wickets, and they made 76 for six. Murray-Marshall got 107; I only scored 1. B. off st.; played on."

"*June* 29.—Went up to 'Oxford and Cambridge.' Cambridge made 200; Oxford 88 for seven. I saw any amount of friends there."

"*June* 30.—Went up again to 'Oxford and Cambridge.' Oxford made 108 and 191, and Cambridge got the 90 for the loss of eight wickets. Hildyard will play in our match instead of Alfred Lyttelton."

"*July* 4.—The Emperor arrived at Windsor to-day. Went down to meet him at the station."

"*July* 5.—Papa and Mother's Silver Wedding Day. Service at 11.30. We had a big luncheon at 2.30. Family dinner at Windsor Castle at nine."

"*July* 6.—Louise's wedding day. Wedding took place at four o'clock, and went off very

well indeed. She had a great reception from the crowd."

"*July* 8.—Garden party at Cumberland Lodge. The German Emperor and Empress were present, and also the Queen. We had a match *v.* Household Brigade.[1] I made 2 not out; the match was spoiled owing to rain. We dined with the 2nd Life Guards in the evening. Our side was: (1) Prince Albert, (2) A. J. Webbe, (3) C. C. Clarke, (4) C. E. Cottrell, (5) H. P. de Paravicini, (6) P. J. de Paravicini, (7) L. d'A. Hildyard, (8) G. F. H. Berkeley, (9) P. E. Crutchley, (10) E. Gordon, (11) Self."

"*July* 10.—Went to the Eton and Harrow match. State Concert in the evening."

"*July* 11.—Wimbledon Review. I was galloping for Uncle Arthur. It was a great success. We all went to the Crystal Palace for dinner, where there were the most splendid fireworks."

Cricket again fills up most days till August 15. He took an opportunity at this time of having some lessons in photography. On August 17 he went to Germany to stay with his uncle, the Grand Duke of Hesse. His time was largely spent at Darmstadt, from which place he made expeditions to Frankfurt, Homburg, Kranichstein, and Romrod. Lawn-tennis, photographing—which he had evidently taken up in earnest—fishing and shooting, and seeing manœuvres, occupied his time. On September 5 he went to Kissingen

[1] This was the match arranged from the Indian frontier.

to join his father, then to Bayreuth and back to Darmstadt. He also mentions going to the theatre and seeing the "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the "Fliegende Holländer." At Romrod and Monchsbruch he had some good shooting. From a later letter it appears that, while in Germany on this visit, he bought a quantity of music for his band.

On the 15th he started back for England, travelling home with Lord Dunmore. He paid a hasty visit to Cumberland Lodge, had some rabbit-shooting with Baron Schröder, and on the 18th was off again for India, reaching Bombay without adventure on October 4, and Rawal Pindi at 9.30 P.M. on the 9th. From Pindi he went on in a day or two to Murree and then to Gharial.

Just before starting, he writes to his father to say how loth he had been to leave Germany, having enjoyed his time there specially. Writing a note to his mother on board ship, September 28, to be posted at Aden, he says "there is nothing to tell except that we are having ambulance lectures to pass the time away, which is rather a good idea."

On the 7th October he wrote a longer letter from Agra, in which he says:—

"We had it exceptionally hot[1] in the Red Sea, and one man died from its effects. The day before we reached Aden he was buried at sea. Three

[1] The diary says 96° Fahrenheit on deck.

other people also were ill, but recovered. I, however, did not feel it at all; when one thinks that it was nearly blood-heat it is not to be surprised at that people felt it. . . . They have recommended a medal also for the Black Mountain, so that with the one already given for Miranzai it will give me one with two clasps."

The change to Murree must have been great. Writing home, he says:—

"It is frightfully cold; we have fires going all day and also in our bedrooms at night. We are between seven and eight thousand feet high here, and the snow is lying on the neighbouring hills quite low down. . . . We have lost thirteen men this year from enteric, but in every case have been able to trace it to bad water. . . . The water here is excellent, and we make our own soda-water and so are safe. . . . There is a new water supply in Pindi, and the enteric has entirely ceased; the cause was that all the wells were poisoned by those horrid locusts I told you of, but as this new water comes in pipes from a mountain spring twenty-five miles off there is no fear of that getting bad. The Viceroy comes here on Friday for three days. The Turnours have been most kind, and have asked me to stay on for a week till I can get quite settled. Lady Muriel Gore-Browne is very well; he, as you know, is my captain and is such a nice fellow. Young Roberts, Sir Frederick's son, has just joined and seems very nice. . . ."

He was still able, however, to play cricket, for a few days later he writes :—

"I made 29, and 62, in the only two innings I have had so far; we have a lovely ground here. I have just taken a house at Pindi with two brother officers, at 25 rupees a month each; not very expensive, is it? I have just begun to photograph some of the places about here."

Shortly after he speaks of a match to come off, "Gharial *v.* the World," and also of hoping to get a leopard that had been prowling at night round the tent.

He also writes to the Queen to thank her for "the photograph machine which you have been so kind as to give me for Christmas and my birthday. I have taken some pretty views of this place, and when I have time to print some off I will send you some."

He gave at this time a great deal of attention to shooting. Musketry appears in the diary every day for many days together. On November 4: "The officers' match B.P.R.A. (Bengal Presidency Rifle Association); we all shot badly." In the inter-regimental match he did better, and made third score. Indeed shooting and cricket, and church on Sunday, seem to make up almost all the entries until the regiment left Gharial on November 19.

"*November* 2.—Our chief amusement," he writes, "is target practice, which we are now doing, as the regiment has entered for a competition. In our team of eight we have three officers, two non-commissioned officers, and three privates. Sir Frederick Roberts has asked me to go with him to the cavalry manœuvres under General Luck's command, and also to stay with him for the rifle meeting at Amballa at Christmas, which I am going to do. . . . I am hoping to go down to Mysore to shoot elephant and bison with Sanderson, the great elephant-catcher, whom I know. . . . I have no time for more as I am just off to sit on a Court Martial on some soldiers."

"*November* 10.—I am afraid there is a chance of my being sent either to Attock or Campbellpore next summer with only one company. It will be frightful, as these places are both as hot as 'Hades,' and one will be quite alone, with perhaps one officer."

On the 19th November he left Gharial for Pindi, and on December 13 started for the manœuvres at Meerut.

"*December* 13.—Travelling all day. Picked up Freddy Roberts at Lahore."

"*December* 14.—Arrived at Ghaziabad at nine o'clock, where the Chief met us at the station. After breakfast we rode round the camp."

"*December* 15.—Rode out to the manœuvres."

"*December* 16.—More manœuvres to-day. Lady Roberts and party came over to luncheon."

"*December* 17.—Field day again."

"*December* 18.—Hume came into my tent this morning and told me I was on duty to-day with the Chief."

A long letter home on the 17th gives some account of the manœuvres. He writes:—

"They have been most interesting and most successful; there were only cavalry and artillery; twelve regiments of the former, making in all forty-eight squadrons and about ten batteries of artillery. The troops have had a lot of hard work on two occasions. The southern force of seven regiments and six batteries under Col. Cooke (late 17th Lancers) had over forty miles to ride; on Monday the Commander-in-Chief and staff rode thirty-eight miles. There have been some splendid charges, notably yesterday, when Col. Buller charged the southern force with five regiments in line; took four batteries and smashed two of Col. Cooke's Brigades entirely, but Col. Cooke still having an entire brigade in reserve, the umpire said that ultimately success would have rested with him. To-day there was again some splendid manœuvring, and every one is satisfied. . . . On Saturday there is a grand parade, and with that the manœuvres are finished. I wish Papa could have seen them. The cavalry certainly did extraordinarily well. The southern force had to swim a river yesterday and did it remarkably well. Lord Dundonald, of the 2nd Life Guards, is one of the umpires out here. . . .

"The big parade was a great success, and was a very fine sight; at the close the twelve regiments charged up about two miles in line. I am going with the Viceroy to shoot with the Maharajah of Kuch Behar in February, which will be great fun, as we shall have a splendid shoot. I hope I shall get something good. We can get tiger, bison, rhinos; of course we shoot off elephants."

Writing to the Queen, to thank her for a kind letter and Christmas card, he adds an account of the house he had taken at Pindi along with a brother officer, Mr. E. Northey.[1] He says:—

"We have each a bedroom, dressing-room, and bath-room; a large sitting-room together (in which we breakfast sometimes); also two spare rooms, and we each have a lumber-room to stow our tents and boxes in. In the compound there are ten servants' houses, and twelve stables and a coach-house, and quite a nice vegetable garden."

"*December* 25.—Christmas Day. Went to church in the morning. Drove in the afternoon."

"*December* 26.—Left Meerut for Pindi."

"*December* 29.—Was on duty to-day. Had a telegram from the Queen saying that Papa had had an accident out shooting. I then read in the papers that he had been shot in the eye."[2]

"*December* 31.—Dined with Carter and saw the Old Year out."

[1] Now Captain. He was with the 1st Battalion at Ladysmith, and is now Adjutant at Capetown.

[2] H.R.H. Prince Christian was accidentally shot in the eye while shooting with a party of friends.

CHAPTER VI

1892

INDIA CONTINUED — VISIT TO THE VICEROY — SHOOTING IN KASHMIR—SECOND BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION

THE year 1891 had been an eventful one in the Prince's life. He had seen active service, and been under fire for the first time. He had taken part in two successful frontier expeditions, in the latter under a veteran commander of high and recognised ability. He had travelled home 5000 miles for his parents' Silver Wedding, and had then gone to Germany and watched the manœuvres there; had returned by the same long road to India, and had witnessed as guest and A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief, the hero of the Afghan campaign, a grand display of some of the forces of that Indian army, native and British, with which he himself was now actively associated.

The year 1892 could hardly be expected to be so abounding in interest. Neither diary nor letters have anything special to record in the opening weeks. A Proclamation parade on New Year's Day, and a Masonic dinner to which he went as

a guest, with "ungeheuer lange Reden" (horribly long speeches), can hardly be called exceptions.

"My little Order[1] has arrived," he writes, "and is a very pretty one indeed. We have not, however, received our war-medal yet, and I don't know when we shall get it."

His cousin, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, died, it will be remembered, on January 15 of this year. He writes home:—

"It is too sad about poor Eddy. I saw on Wednesday morning that he was ill. In the night I had a telegram from the Queen that he was very ill, and the next day I heard from mother that he was dead."

Some regimental manœuvres at Rawal Pindi took up a good deal of his time. Writing home, he notes how much more thorough-going they were than those in England.

His General and his Colonel both changed with the beginning of the year. General Elles had gone home on leave, General Luck taking his place, and Colonel Cramer, who it will be remembered had been wounded, was replaced by Colonel M'Call.

[1] This was an Order which the German Emperor had given him, the Red Eagle, 3rd class, with swords, worn on the ribbon of the Iron Cross, and conferred as a special distinction on persons eminent in military service.

At the beginning of February we find him playing a good deal of cricket again, making, for instance, 51, and 24, not out, for Pindi *v.* Sialkot. On Valentine's Day he started for Calcutta, picking up Lord William Beresford on the journey, and on the 19th reached Kuch Behar, where on the 22nd his sport began.

"*February* 22.—Went out shooting. I got a rhino."

"*February* 23.—Went out shooting. Viceroy got a tiger."

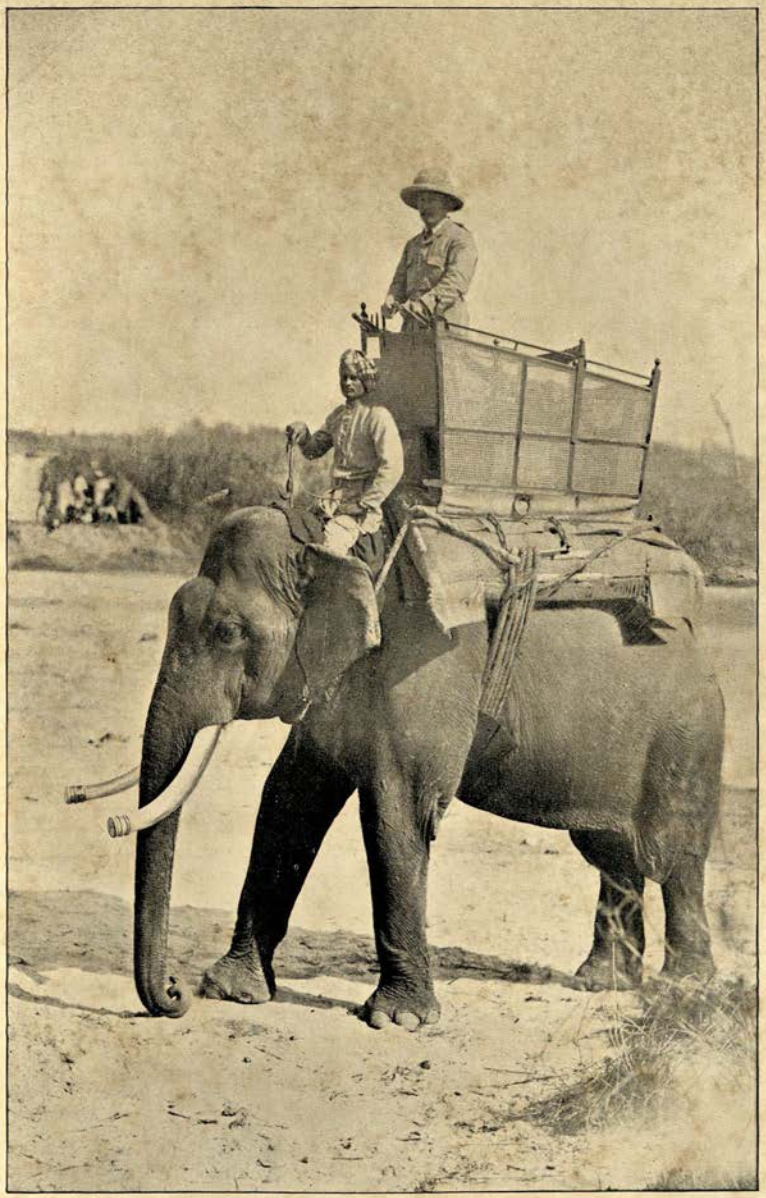
"*February* 24.—Went out shooting. We got two rhinos."

"*February* 25.—Shooting again to-day. Got a tiger."

"*February* 26.—Viceroy got a leopard to-day."

"*February* 27.—I shot a leopard to-day."

So the diary proceeds from day to day: February the 29th, two leopards; March 1st, small game; 2nd, one rhino; 3rd, 4th, 5th, buffaloes and deer, including a "sambur stag" weighing 43 stone as he stood, which he got on the 4th. In a sportsman's letter to his father he gives more details. The 8-bore rifle, he says, used for rhinos is a "young cannon," and the recoil nearly knocked him out of the howdah. The party was fourteen guns, among them Lord de Vesci and Mr. W. H. Grenfell of Taplow Court. "People won't believe in the sambur stag," he writes, "but



THE PRINCE ON A VISIT TO THE MAHARAJAH OF KUCH BEHAR, 1892

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it is true. The rhinoceros was shot right through the lungs, but ran four miles before he dropped."

Returning to Calcutta, he became the guest of the Viceroy (Lord Lansdowne) for a week at Government House, Barrackpur. This visit he enjoyed extremely, and he wrote home full and amusing letters to the Queen and his parents. Barrackpur, he says, is a sort of Indian "Maidenhead, a country town about an hour from Calcutta on the river, on which they all go out in steam launches." He was invited on every side to tennis-parties, tent-pegging, and all sorts of amusing things. He met, too, a great many interesting people. One night there was an enormous evening-party of about seven hundred people.

"Lord Lansdowne said there were a number of officials and natives of high rank, whom he thought it would be the right thing for me to know. So I was introduced to all sorts and conditions of men—Jews, Turks, and infidels." . . . "The jewels of some of the native Rajahs were magnificent; one man had some huge rubies and diamonds, but they go in for uncut stones. Lord and Lady Lansdowne are kindness itself, and the whole thing is done extremely well, with a great deal of state, but not at all stiff; it's most interesting to see it."

He was amused at first to see the Viceroy at garden-parties in a grey frock-coat and white tall hat, with the Star of India, "but one gets used

to it." He reported himself in uniform to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts. "Er war sehr freundlich, wie er auch immer ist" (He was very friendly, as he always is), and also made a call of ceremony upon Sir Charles Elliott, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. "Lord William Beresford (Military Secretary) is such a marvellous manager and organiser, I don't know what they will do without him." (He was just going home.) Among other friends he meets are Lord and Lady Ruthven, whom "he had not seen for ages," and the Hewetts,[1] with whom he dined at the Botanical Gardens. He also mentions a young German Hussar, Baron Lüttich from Bonn.

On the 12th he left Calcutta, and the 15th found him back at Pindi, and engaged in the usual round of duties, especially musketry, broken by visits from the "Chief" and Prince Galitzin.

On April 12 he writes to the Queen :—

"I am writing to you to-day as I am just going off for a two months' walking and shooting tour to Kashmir. I shall be quite alone, with only a dozen natives who carry my camp, &c., and I don't know how often I shall be able to catch the post; anyhow, I am afraid I shall not be able to telegraph home at all during the time, and so I had now better wish you many happy returns of

[1] Mr. J. Prescott Hewett, C.S.I., C.I.E., at that time Deputy Secretary, now Secretary, to the Government of India, Home Department.

your birthday, and I only trust that in the future we shall not have such an exceptionally sorrowful year as this one has been. . . ."

He set off the same day *viâ* Murree to Srinagar, and thence by Gunderbal, Sonamarg, Bultul, and Dras to Bhutkolan, Baltistan. The weather was very severe, with snow and frost, wind and rain, and at the altitudes which he reached, varying from 7000 to 11,000 feet, he experienced much cold. But he seems to have been in great spirits, and writes home saying that he and the little dog, who went with him all the way, are quite happy. He was much taken with Kashmir, which he describes as *wunderschön* (very beautiful) and like England, with orchards full of fruit trees, and neither too hot nor too cold.

Arrived at Bhutkolan, he at once attempted ibex shooting, the object of his trip, but, in consequence of the weather, had no decent sport till the 7th of May, when he shot his first ibex.

On May 2, 1892, he writes from Bhutkolan: "I go out at 6 A.M. with the frost on the ground and come back at 5 P.M. To-day I have returned earlier, as it came on to snow very hard. The three days I had last week I saw ibex each time; the first time I got within four hundred yards, but they got our wind as it was a very shifty day. On the second occasion I allowed myself to be hustled into shooting at one over two hundred yards away

and very nearly end on. Of course I missed, and he went away. . . . It is very hard work, as the valley is 10,000 feet high, and I have to go up to 13,000 or 14,000 feet, and the thinness of the air makes one stop to get breath every thirty paces, but it is wonderfully healthy. . . . I get my *Standard* and *Sportsman* regularly, and read every word now as I have a good deal of time on hand. Mr. Chamberlain seems to have made an excellent speech to the Nonconformists; of course the G.O.M. will go the whole length of Home Rule. I wonder how this election will go? I suppose the Gladstonians will come in. Please excuse the bad writing, as my fingers are so cold I can scarcely hold the pen."

Among other things, as it happened, while he was far away in these solitary hills, he bethought him of Oxford and his life there, and wrote the following long letter to his old College:—

"BHUTKOLAN NULLA, BALTISTAN, *April* 28, 1892.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—You will, I expect, think that I have forgotten all about Magdalen and yourself as I have not written to you for such ages, but such is not the case. I still keep up through the papers a sort of connection with the sporting events of the College, and if I am not mistaken I saw that we had won the Football Cup (Association). I am glad to see that the Boat-race ended in another victory, the third in succession; rather better than the two defeats when I was up. You

THE PRINCE'S CAMP IN KASHMIR, 1892

Photographed and developed by himself

will wonder where I am writing from no doubt; it is to the east of Kashmir over the Zogila Pass in the direction of Ladakh. I am spending my two months' leave in ibex and bear shooting. I have, however, only been here four days, so I have not had a chance of sport yet. At the present moment I am snowed up, and as I am living in a small tent it is extremely cold. I had some good sport near Calcutta at the Rajah of Kuch Behar's. I was lucky enough to get a rhino and also a leopard, and of course several different sorts of deer. I had intended coming up to Oxford last summer when I was in England, but my sister's wedding took up so much time and preparation that I could never manage it until term was over, and then every one had of course left and it was no use going. I hope every one is flourishing. I had a note from Bulley[1] by the last mail asking me for my dues, which I pay yearly. I wonder if you would mind giving him the enclosed cheque for thirty shillings? I suppose the Doctor is still very much to the fore, and that the Chapel choir is as good as ever. I saw a good deal of Hildyard when I was at home last year; he is reading for Orders with Archie Maclachlan, a younger brother of whom is out here in my battalion. You heard of course of my great luck in going twice on active service in the first six months of my Indian term of service. A little practical knowledge like that is worth ten years of theory, as we all found that most of the drill was dropped, and common sense came into play. I don't mean to say that the drill

[1] F. P. Bulley, Esq., Home Bursar of Magdalen College.

we do is no use; it is excellent for steadying the men. I think India on the whole is an excellent country, and wonderfully well ruled. No one in England has any idea what a 'boss'—to use a vulgar expression—he is. Is the College just the same, or have you made any additions or alterations to it? Last January at Pindi during a cricket match when I was batting, 'point' came up to me at the fall of a wicket and said: 'How are you? I had the rooms above yours in St. Swithin's at Magdalen in 1886.' I had no idea who he was till he told me he was Brown,[1] a Charterhouse boy, who is now in the Indian Medical Department, and quartered at Rawal Pindi. What a loss the Dean and Mrs. Liddell will be to Oxford. I have occasionally seen Mrs. Liddell at the Drawing-rooms in London, but of course I have not been there lately. I trust Mrs. Warren is well, and with kind regards,—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

At last, on the 15th, the weather improved, and he decided to move on over a pass 13,000 feet high to the Tilail Valley, where he heard there were both ibex and red bears to be got.

Writing from Bodagam Nala, Tilail Valley, a few days later, he says:—

"I am very glad I came on from Bhutkolan; there it was very cold, here it is lovely and like

[1] F. Burton Brown, Esq., M.B., then in the Army Medical Service, now Physician to the British Legation at Rome.

Scotland, no snow on the hills, pine-trees in places and many English flowers, wild strawberries, &c. . . . I had a difficult march over the Tilail Pass, 13,000 feet high. We had three miles of snow in which we sank up to the knees."

He had left his large tent behind, and brought only his little bivouac tent which he had used at Samana and things for three nights. Here he got his first bear, a big male. The animal was only wounded at first and "went for him," but he reserved his fire till the bear was quite close, about fifteen paces, and then gave him two shots which "knocked him over like a rabbit."

Another letter describes more bear and ibex shooting, and also his success with the natives as a doctor. His remedies were "Nervine for toothache, and Cockle's Pills for everything." The latter he found had a moral as well as a medical effect on the Kashmiris. In another letter he says with great pride that he calculates that he is living at the rate of three and sixpence a day! On the 1st of June he started back *viâ* Purani Tilail, Gurais, Zedkusu and Bandipur, Baramula and Hattian, where Pir Bux, his shikari, had "a row with a native *padre* whom I had to lick"; and Dulai—near the last place he had again to intervene: "On the road I had to thrash a camel-driver who fought with Pir Bux."

From Dulai, he writes home to his father on June 11 :—

"I have enjoyed my time in Kashmir very much, and if the weather had not been so bad should have had more sport. . . . Fry, the Oxford Freshman, seems to be an A 1 man, but Cambridge will win, for except for three or four Oxford are weak."

About Mr. C. B. Fry a little anecdote of the Prince may be here inserted. Some years after this, when he was staying at Oxford with his friend Hildyard, they went up to the Park to see a cricket match. They were practising at the wickets, and presently Fry came out to bat before taking his innings. The Prince said to Hildyard, "You don't think I can bowl? I'll show you," and began to bowl to Fry. With his second ball he bowled the great batsman clean. He never forgot this amusing incident.

To the Queen he writes rather more fully about Kashmir.

"My time in Kashmir was a very pleasant one, and well repaid a visit to that charming country. I went quite alone, shooting and walking; no one can have an idea what it is like, as it is so utterly different from India, and is so like England. At first I had a very trying time of it as I was snowed up, and even on the night of your birthday (May

THE PRINCE'S NATIVE SERVANTS IN KASHMIR, 1892

Photographed and developed by himself

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24) we had a fall of six inches of snow. My two servants suffered a good deal, but I never was better in my life, and got into wonderful training, and was able to do my twenty miles a day easily walking all the way. . . .

"I am so glad your stay at Costebelle was so successful. . . . It must indeed have been a sad time at Darmstadt. I cannot realise it yet that we shall never see dear Uncle[1] again; it seems only yesterday that I was riding at the manœuvres with him."

He got to Murree on the 13th, and joined his regiment again the next day at Ghara Dhaka, which he describes as a very nice place 8500 feet high on the ridge of a spur of a mountain.

"We are unable to drill, as the only level place which is not covered with fir trees is one gravel lawn-tennis court. It is cold and we have fires all day. I don't think people in England could realise it that here we have fires in June, and at Pindi, only forty miles down the mountain it is 113° in the shade. There is nothing to do except shoot at targets, and we ought to become very good as we do nothing else."

As a matter of fact it appears from the diary that he was shooting, and that very well. Here, too, as in the previous autumn, he gave a great deal of time to getting the Band to shoot, and

[1] The Grand Duke of Hesse, who died on March 17 of this year.

to do so effectively. It rained nearly every day till well into August, and perhaps it was no wonder that he notes that he caught several bad colds and felt "rather seedy" more than once. Indeed on one occasion he was confined to bed, but was all right in a day or two—"thanks," he writes, "to our doctor, Elkington, who is a son of Dr. Elkington who was so many years in the Scots Guards."

In July he writes again about the elections at home.

"There is a great rush for the papers in the morning, as the names of the successful candidates and the places for which they stand are all telegraphed out by Reuter."

His sympathies were with the Government and strongly against Home Rule, but he did not like the proposed policy of the then War Minister as to recruiting and short service, the failure of which, he thought, was pretty evident in India.

About this time he writes that there is a good deal of disturbance going on in Afghanistan.

"Most of the authorities think it very serious. Lord Roberts, it is believed, will take a deputation to meet the Amir in Jallalabad. He'll take a big force with him, and I hope my regiment may be included."

"To-day," he writes, August 21, "I go to a place called Changla Gali, three and a half miles from here, to go through a course of musketry instruction; as I have been for the last six months practically the instructor of the battalion, I shall of course take more interest in it than most of the officers do. One has to learn off all the regulations by heart, and in fact to go back to school again."

He went to Changla and was there shooting about three weeks, towards the end with great success. It turned out that the Ameer was very friendly. The Prince was very anxious to go on the mission. "There will be no fighting, but it will be an historic thing if it comes off," he writes on September 4. The very next day, however, other thoughts began to fill his mind. The "Black Mountain" had become disturbed again, as he himself had always said it would.

"*September* 7.—Had a letter from the Colonel this morning to say we were warned for service."

"*September* 11. — "We are at the present moment under orders for the Black Mountain, as the man Hashim Ali has been giving trouble again. We leave this on September 23, and are due at Darband on October 1. Sir William Lockhart commands the force, which is an excellent one, combining ourselves, the Bedfordshire Regiment, two battalions of 5th Gurkhas, the 4th Sikhs, 25th and 30th Bengal Infantry,

i.e. seven battalions of Infantry with the Seaforth Highlanders in reserve; No. 3, No. 8, and No. 9 Mountain Batteries, and two companies of Bengal Sappers and Miners. However, it is not quite certain that the whole business will not be settled without any troops; in that case, of course, we shall not leave here. If the thing had been done properly last time we should have had none of this; but we don't mind, and are glad of the outing; if anything comes of it, it will be an exceedingly short affair. We may have a fight at Baio, as that is the place where Hashim Ali has been staying. The whole regiment is going, and even the band boys, whose joy you can imagine, as they think they will get a medal, and this is a great delight for them, as they are only twelve and fourteen years old."

"*September* 19.— . . . I have received orders to rejoin my regiment to-morrow, as we leave for Darband in four days. I am going as galloper to the C.O., and so shall get off picquets, &c., but still be with the regiment. . . . The dog is going this time, but will have to march all the way; he is extremely well just at present. I am expecting to have a son of his given me soon, in addition to another *dachshund* which a Captain Leslie, a brother of the great Oxford cricketer, has given me. . . . My regimental shooting Eight made a tremendous score, shooting averages of 87 out of a possible 105. I made 89 myself, and got all bulls'-eyes; 35 out of 35, or a 'possible' at 500 yards, and 31 out of 35 at

600 yards. We expect to win the prize, as we made two points a man better than the winning team last year . . . "

Like the proverbial Irishman with his pig, which he always foresaw would turn out lighter than he expected, the Prince found the expedition actually came to very little. They had left Ghara Dhaka on the 23rd, and reached Darband *viâ* Oghi on the 1st of October. They went up to Baio, their objective, which they reached on the 6th; found practically no opposition, the natives remaining in their villages, and got back to Darband on the 9th.

"*October* 9. — We are here on our return journey to Pindi. The expedition took four days, and everything was accomplished without firing a shot, at which every one is naturally disgusted. . . . We leave this to-morrow for Pindi, and march the whole way, taking ten days on the road. It is the pleasantest part of the whole thing in India, the splendid way in which the marches are managed. We usually start at 5.30, having only a cup of tea before starting, march half way, and halt for an hour and have a regular breakfast, which is sent on at midnight the night before. The men also have breakfast, then we continue our march, and generally reach camp by eleven o'clock. I wish troops were moved like this in England. . . ."

There was, however, another side to the picture. The year had been a very unhealthy one. A great deal of cholera had been flying about, as the Prince puts it, and now the force was attacked, and attacked severely, and they were obliged to go into a cholera camp at Jani ke Sang, outside Pindi, for ten days. The only thing to do, odd as it may sound, was to get up amusements to keep the men cheerful; concerts, assaults-at-arms, and gymkhanas, which were managed very successfully, the Prince, as always, taking a special interest in the band.

He writes home that he has got a nice bungalow with a brother officer, Captain Myers.[1]

"*October* 23.—We are still in cholera camp. . . . Pindi is smothered in Indian fever this year, and the hospitals are crammed. . . . Tell Colonel Gordon from me that my battalion is 1212 men strong, and that I have 151 men in my company. . . . I don't suppose I shall ever see such a battalion again; we have also sixty performers in the band, who are playing very well. I am looking forward to getting into my house at Pindi."

"*November* 8.—We have just got a lot of new instruments for our band, which makes a great

[1] The sad story of this charming and much esteemed officer is well known. He was for some time Adjutant to the Volunteer Corps at Eton, where he was a great favourite. He "moved heaven and earth" to get sent out to South Africa, arrived there, and was killed in his very first engagement. He left some touching and valuable bequests to Eton College. See chapter x. and Appendix II.

improvement, including a *contra-fagotto*. Our mess-house here is very nice, and we are really at last comfortable and have managed to get an excellent cook, far above the usual cooks one meets. He is a sort of mixture of Portuguese, or rather Goanese, and native, and only gets drunk once a week, which is less than the average of that sort of person."

The diary again shows a great deal of shooting. He beat the record, making 101 points at 200 and 300 yards, and he writes to the Queen :—

"I go down to Meerut on the 12th of next month for the Rifle Meeting, at which I am competing for the championship of India,[1] and also am shooting in my regimental team for the Inter-Regimental prize. . . . I have now got another small *dachshund*; it is only four months old at present, but promises to turn out well. My other dog is very well, and was up in the Black Mountain with me and did all the marches well. . . . Winter has really begun here, and fires are almost a necessity all day, and in the morning the cold is quite cutting and English-like. It is most healthy, however, and I like it."

"*November* 22.—I think it will interest Papa that there is a sergeant in the battalion now who has just come to us from the 4th battalion who is German, a Silesian by birth; he comes from

[1] In another letter he adds, "I am shooting I am afraid for the last time with the Martini rifle, which I personally like far better than the new magazine weapon."

Görlitz, and served in the 5th Jäger battalion in the war of '64 against the Danes and was wounded, he told me, at Düssel on April 18. He then served in the 1866 war with the army of the Crown Prince and was at Königgrätz. His father then would not give him enough money to keep up his position, so he came to England and has now been seventeen years in this regiment. He has the medals for '64 and '66, and also our frontier medal, and is now trying to get leave to wear his German ones."

On the 14th of December he went to Meerut.

"*December* 14.—Shooting, Meerut. I made 29 at 200 and won 10 rupees."

"*December* 18. — Wheler Club, Meerut. We finished off the yearly course (of musketry) on Tuesday last. The eighty men in my company who shot have averaged 152 points per man, or a percentage of 46·20, which is extremely good. I give you these figures for Colonel Gordon's benefit, as he may like to compare them with some of the Guards' companies, who are generally the best in England. I managed to beat the record of all the other twelve hundred officers, non-commissioned officers and men, as this year the subalterns have to shoot the course through with the men. I made 242 out of a possible 329. We are down here for the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association Meeting, and are competing in matches. We have already won nearly three hundred rupees worth of prizes. I was sixth in the open competi-

tion for officers and volunteers at 200 yards and got a prize; our men were 3rd, 4th, 5th, 8th, and 9th at 500 and 600 yards, and 1st and 6th at 900."

"*December* 21.—Inter-Regimental match. We were 6th with 644. I made 77; shot badly; left for Pindi in the evening."

"*December* 25.—Christmas Day. Went round the dinners of the company and band."

"*December* 31.—It stopped raining about 8 A.M. The band came down to play the Old Year out."

CHAPTER VII

1893

INDIA (*continued*)—CRICKET—MUSKETRY—MUSIC

IN taking leave of the diary for 1892, it may be remarked that it contains methodically arranged lists of effects to be conveyed to the base at the time of the expedition, and also most elaborate and minute accounts of stores and expenses, all carefully set out in the Prince's own neat hand.

For the next two years the diaries cease, and we have to depend on letters alone. These begin with the year. On New Year's Day he writes to his father :—

"The weather is very fine, cold, with frost; the day before yesterday we had sixteen hours' rain, and all the hills are covered with snow. . . . The manœuvres begin here to-morrow with a big parade; on the 16th we go away for fourteen days. Everybody here is much pleased about Sir George White.[1] He must be quite admirable."

[1] He had just been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India.

Two days later he writes to the Queen :—

"I hear that the Austrian Archduke is to come up here to see the manœuvres with Lord Roberts, who arrives here for his farewell visit on the 10th. He (Lord Roberts) will be a great loss and much missed in India, but his successor is a splendid soldier, and although I have never met him, I believe very nice. Of course I knew Lady White well at home, as she always stays with Archdeacon Baly." [1]

"*January* 24.—I think I told you I was vaccinated on account of the small-pox here, but it had no effect and my arm did not take, so I suppose it's all right. Lord Roberts dined here last week with the regiment, but left last Friday."

"*January* 31.—We have had extraordinary weather here. The hills all round are completely covered with snow, right down to the road. The inhabitants here never remember it having been like this, certainly for the last forty years. . . . There is a rumour flying about that there is to be an Afghan war in March, but one never believes these bazaar rumours, although they generally have a certain amount of truth at the bottom of them. Egypt seems to be quite quiet again. What an excellent thing this firmness is of Lord Rosebery. He seems to be a capital Foreign Secretary, but one thing in his favour is he has an Opposition which would back him up if he needed it."

[1] The Ven. Joseph Baly, Lady White's father, sometime Archdeacon of Calcutta, since 1885 Chaplain of Windsor Park.

Speaking of a post which he thinks he might have offered him if he were willing to stay in India four years, and of his possible leave home in 1894, he says: "It never does to make plans too far in advance, as so much might happen between this and then. . . . My score of 242 points in the musketry course has not been beaten, and so I believe I am the best in the regiment."

"*February* 14.—Four of us went out shooting here on Saturday and got sixteen hares, thirteen partridges, two jackals, and one wild cat, which I was lucky enough to shoot."

"*February* 21.—Yesterday the medals for Samana were issued. The Colonel gave us ours, and we had to give the men of our companies theirs. Seventy-seven in my company received them, and I had to give them out. I found it rather hard to find something to say to each man, as towards the end one could not help repeating oneself."

"*February* 28.—I am thinking of going away for ten days on Monday to shoot in the Dun. . . . I have just bought a beautiful carpet from Amritsar; it was very cheap, about £13 in English money; you would pay about £35 in London for the same thing and then could not be sure it was genuine."

A little later, March 13, he writes a very sporting letter to his father from Markham Grant,

Dehra Dun, giving an account of the shoot. He stayed with a Mr. Armstrong who had a property there. There were six guns; Armstrong, two officers of the Gurkhas from Dehra, Maclachlan of his own regiment, and himself. "So far," he says, "we have shot a sambur, thirteen cheetah, two pigs, a porcupine, and some twenty jungle fowl." He himself was shooting very well, and got the sambur and seven of the cheetah, "no easy matter shooting from an elephant in high grass. "We tried," he says, "to eat the porcupine; it ought to have tasted very good, but this one was horrid."

"*March* 5.—My latest purchase has been two camels, which will be of the greatest use when we move to the hills, since it will cost me hardly anything to move my things, as you have to give the camels no food, and they only graze by the roadside."

"*April* 11.—We have not been doing much as there is always a sort of interregnum after the drill season and before we start for the hills. We go up to Gharial this month; I am looking forward to it as we have a splendid cricket ground quite close, and also a good range. . . . Every one here has now got his medals, and the battalion looks very smart indeed. The weather is beginning to 'stoke up,' as the expression is, and it is high time we were off for the hills."

Writing (April 18) in answer to some inquiries by his father about the system of "Prefects" at Wellington, he says :—

"I believe the boys like the system, as, to my knowledge, it was never abused, and if it had been they could always report to their house-master. . . . I never caned but one boy in one and a half years I held the position, and that was for refusing to obey me during preparation after being repeatedly warned."

They moved up to Gharial on April 25. He writes further on May 2 :—

"I am not certain what I shall do this summer. I have got three months' leave from July 15 onwards, but I am managing the cricket in Murree this year, and also have the band and all the musketry, so that I am not certain whether I shall go away until October or not. I rather think I shall stay here and go on leave to Kashmir in October or November, as then the country looks lovely."

"*May* 16.—(To the Queen). Many thanks for your kind letter of congratulation for my birthday (April 14). I see in the papers that the Home Rule Bill has passed the House."

"*May* 23, *Gharial.*— Cricket has begun here and we played our first match last week. We made 340 and the other side 136; one of our fellows made 105; I made 68, and Major Turnour

67. I had only practised once, but the ground was so perfect that after three or four overs I was quite at home. We have the most perfect little ground here; a hard, true wicket with lovely green grass on it. The only ground I know of to equal it is the depôt ground at Winchester. We play cricket all through the day with the thermometer at 80° in the shade. It does me a lot of good."

"*June* 5.—I have been making an enormous amount of runs this year, having scored 422 runs in six innings. I have made 68, 112, 59, 30, 107, and 46. We play twice a week. When is the wedding to be?[1] My dogs are very well, but my new little dog cannot stand natives at all and invariably bites them if they come near the tent. My bearer, however, says it is an excellent thing as it prevents thieves coming about the place, and he always encourages her. I had a long Court Martial to-day, which took from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., and we have to sit again to-morrow at the same time, which is a great nuisance."

"*June* 12.—I have played a lot of cricket lately. Before the last match my average was 70, and in the last match I made 40 and 57 not out, so that it is now 74; 519 runs for seven times out and twice not out, which so far is pretty good."

"*June* 18.—To-morrow our rifle meeting is on; we had ten hours a day all last week. It has been a great success so far, as far as I can judge; we are most favourably impressed with the new rifle,

[1] The wedding of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York.

and I believe it is the best weapon the British soldier has ever had put into his hand. I shot the other day at 500 and 600 yards and made 34 out of a possible 35 at each range in seven shots, 6 bulls and 1 inner, so that speaks well for the gun; of course I was lucky to get on so well as I have not practised for some months, and cricket is the worst thing possible for rifle shooting. I have not had any more cricket, but we play a two days' match on Friday and Saturday, and if I make two ducks I shall still have an average of 56, so I am not very anxious about myself."

"*June* 24.—I see in the papers this morning the loss of the *Victoria* with Sir George Tryon and 450 hands; what an awful thing it is! We have been very unfortunate of late, and people always say why do these things happen to us? I always say the other nations don't dare to do the things we do, and run no risks. Sir George Tryon was, I believe, one of the best admirals we had."

In his next letter to his father he asks how it is the Australians are always getting beaten. Are they not strong, or are the English players specially good this year?

"*July* 24.—I hope this letter will reach you all right, but I am afraid it is doubtful, as four days ago we had forty-eight hours' rain, and all the rivers in the plains rose about sixty feet. Nearly all the bridges have been carried away, and there is a report that the railway bridge at Jehlam has been destroyed."

This proved, as he expected, the end of the rains, and he returned to the even tenor of regimental life, musketry being the chief business. With regard to this the Prince makes a remark by the way, the truth and the importance of which, subsequent military experience has brought out into strong relief, and which is striking as coming from a lieutenant of twenty-five, in the year 1893. "*In this country*," he says, "*musketry is looked upon as more important than drill, and I am sure it is, but unfortunately in England it is not of so much importance.*"

His cricket seems to have culminated about this time. The weather, he says, was magnificent, the sun hot but the air fresh, and he was evidently in splendid condition and form. On August 21 he writes to his father :—

"You'll be glad to hear that in a cricket match between my regiment and the Devonshire Regiment we made 531, out of which I made 205 myself. I made a 'six' and thirty-one 'fours,' and gave three chances, two very difficult; one when my score was 70, the second when it was 130, and the last when it was 180. I was only three hours at the wicket. The other side made 203 and 136, so that we won easily. . . . My average is enormous, for 13 innings and twice not out I have made 777 runs with an average of 70·6."

"*August* 28.—(To his mother). To-morrow I begin my annual course of musketry, and should

make over two hundred points out of a possible 286 if I shoot at all well. I see Uncle Arthur[1] has got Aldershot after all. I think it will suit him, and that he is the best person to have it. . . . The House of Commons seems to be getting like a bear-garden; what a disgraceful scene they had a few weeks back, fighting."

In September the weather began to change, bringing rain and fog and cold nights; he still continued to play, however, and play well, in one match this month going in first and carrying his bat for 90 out of 128 without giving, he says, a chance. This, with other matches, left his average still very good, namely—21 innings, three times not out, 1176 runs; average 65·13.

In shooting, though at times, as he says jokingly, a little "hoff," he also continued to do very well, especially when shooting standing. He notes, it need hardly be said with satisfaction, the defeat of the Home Rule Bill in the Lords.

"*October* 22.—We have played our last match, and I made 114 and 20, so that I have finished up the season as well as I began. I have made 1362 runs in 24 innings, four times not out, giving me an average of 68·10 an innings. My best scores have been 205, 114, 112, 107 and 90 not out. I have also been doing great things shooting, and to-day made a score of 94 out of a possible 105 at 200, 500, and 600 yards. . . . I believe I am to get

[1] The Duke of Connaught.

leave in February next, and should be in England about the 15th of March. I asked the Colonel about it the other day and he said it would be all right, and that I ought to go as I shall have been out here then two and a-half years."

Writing to the Queen the same day, October 22, he says :—

"I am very fond of this place (Gharial), it is quite charming; four miles from Murree and quite quiet. We have an excellent rifle range, and a splendid cricket ground: we are, of course, unable to drill much, but have had small field-days every week. The greater portion of our time is spent in musketry, and I hope that we shall come out top of the list this year in the results of the British Army at home and abroad. I shall be excessively pleased (if we do), as I am now responsible to the Colonel for the shooting, he having made it my special department. We were 9th last year in the whole army, and, as far as we know now, are several points in advance of any other regiment. . . . I am also managing the Band, and that gives me great enjoyment, as I believe we have now one of the best in the whole army, and a most excellent band-master. I always make them play good music, although at first the other officers said they did not like Mendelssohn and Beethoven; now they say they like the music we play."

In November they returned to Rawal Pindi, and had a big parade almost directly on their

return for Sir George White, the battalion turning out 940 strong, each company over 100; band-buglers and pioneers 90, and two machine-guns with their complements. The Prince met Sir George White at dinner with Sir William Elles, and found him very pleasant.

"*December* 5.—The Kabul Mission has been, I hear from Sir George White, a tremendous success. He said it was a most admirable settlement, and far exceeded their most sanguine expectations; but I did not like to ask him what it was, as all these things are confidential. . . . The evidence of the Opium Commission has caused us much amusement, so much of the evidence being in favour of the Opium Revenue."

"*December* 12.—(To the Queen). I am writing to wish you a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year. I am starting to-night for Meerut to take part in the annual Rifle Meeting they have there. I am going to stay at the Wheler Club. Uncle Arthur would know all about it as he took a great interest in the club, which is now one of the best in India. We leave here for Peshawar on January 15. I hope to get leave to England in February, and shall leave on February 24 in the *Rome*, which is one of the biggest and most comfortable P. & O.'s."

"*December* 26.—I returned from Meerut on Friday, having won four prizes shooting there. My leave has gone up to the Commander-in-Chief, India, for sanction, and I hope to leave

Bombay on February 24. Please don't forget about the passes (through France and Italy). I am bringing both my dogs[1] with me. I think Schwartz should undergo a course of waters, as he must, I am sure, have a liver after three years in India."

"*January* 13.—We leave the day after to-morrow (for Peshawar). I hope to get some snipe and duck shooting on the way."

His next letters are almost all concerned with arrangements for getting himself and his dogs home to Cumberland Lodge, where in due course he arrived.

[1] His two dachshunds, Schwartzchen and Brownie.

CHAPTER VIII

1894–1895

DOVER—ASHANTI—DOVER—ALDERSHOT

THE year 1894 was not a very eventful one in the Prince's life, and contains little to record. He kept up by letter with the 1st Battalion, which he had left at Peshawar.

It is very noticeable that his chief correspondent was a Non-commissioned Officer, Mr. J. W. Dwane, a very remarkable man. Born in the Regiment, son of a Colour-sergeant, he was now Quartermaster of the 1st Battalion. He has since risen through various steps, and been granted for his special services the rank of Major. He had known the Prince from the first day of his joining the Regiment. They foregathered over cricket and in other ways, and he became a very real friend of the Prince, who wrote to him constantly, and often in the most intimate way.

Writing to him in April, he says, "I suppose the musketry is all over now. I hope we kept up the good lead we had when I left."

In May he paid a visit to Oxford, staying with

his friend Hildyard, who had become a Chaplain of Christ Church. He breakfasted with the Dean (now Bishop of Oxford) and Mrs. Paget. The Dean was much attracted by his naturalness and good sense, while he, on the other hand, was charmed by the Dean, and especially by his ready versatility and acquaintance with many little things, which, as he told Hildyard, he did not think a Dean would know. There was also a dinner-party of younger men at which he met H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, G. J. Mordaunt, and other leading cricketers of that time. Somewhat later he came again and visited us at Magdalen. The College Eight, stroked by Mr. H. B. Cotton, a nephew of his old friend Sir Henry Acland, went "Head of the River," and the Prince attended the "Bump Supper" which was held in the Hall as Mr. Cotton's guest, and also the bonfire and fireworks in the Meadow.

In the early autumn he was in Germany, and later on in Scotland, where he had some good sport in September. He was also very successful with his shooting during the winter at Cumberland Lodge.

About Christmas time he joined the 4th Battalion at Dover.

January of the New Year finds him shooting with the Prince of Wales at Sandringham.

He spent a large part of this year in the Citadel

at Dover, going to Hythe for some weeks in the spring for a course of musketry, and getting occasional leave to go home or to friends.

"While at Hythe," says Colonel Mends, "he shot remarkably well. The Battalion was at the S.E. District Manœuvres near Ashford, and when they terminated marched to Hythe, where we camped, and did our annual course of musketry, the Prince rejoining us there. During that time he and St. Leger Jervis were practising for the 'Army Sixty,'[1] in which he afterwards found a place, and one day the Prince made 103 and Jervis 101, out of a possible 105."

A friend in his own battalion has preserved a story, also vouched for by Colonel Mends, which is very characteristic of him, and which belongs to this period. At the manœuvres at Ashford this year the Prince was in command of a squadron of G. Company. Some 1800 yards off the enemy's cavalry had dismounted and were turning in a field. The Prince directed the company to fire on them, but a certain cavalry general came galloping up in a great hurry and asked what he was firing at. He replied, "At the cavalry." The general said it was ridiculous, "they were too far away," and galloped off. The Prince turned to his friend and said quietly, "Wait till the next big war when modern rifles

[1] *i.e.* the sixty best shots in the Army.

are used." "We were then using," says the friend, "the same rifle that we had with us in the South African campaign."

Just about this time he heard that his intimate friend and companion, Lieutenant L. C. Maclachlan, who had been with him at Sandhurst and Aldershot, had gone out to India with him, and with whom he had played many a cricket match and had many a pleasant shooting expedition, had died suddenly in India from the effects of an accident at polo. He wrote as follows to his friend's brother, who had been, as it will be remembered, a fellow-undergraduate at Magdalen, and was now Vicar of Newton Valence, near Selborne:—

"THE CITADEL, DOVER, *March* 13, 1895.

"DEAR MACLACHLAN,—It was very kind of you to write and tell me of poor Bous' fatal accident. I received a telegram on Monday from India just giving me the bare facts. Will you express to your Mother how very deeply I sympathise with her in her sad loss? I am sure you will understand how much I feel his death, for during the last eight years we have been so much together. It was brought home to me all the more vividly, as only this morning I received a letter from him in answer to one I wrote him in January. I can hardly believe I shall never see him again, and in his death I have lost a true friend.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

"*P.S.*—If you have a photo of poor Bous would you send me one, as I should so much like to have one of him? The one I have is six years old."

Writing to Dwane at the same time, he speaks of the terrible shock which the news had given him, ending his letter: "What has happened to poor Bous' little dog? I hope some one will look after it."

He expresses in April to the same friend, his regret that he is not now with the 1st Battalion on the Chitral Expedition, but says truly enough that no one could have foreseen the Expedition in January when he transferred. He also goes into a very detailed comparison of the course of shooting at Hythe with those in India.

He played a good deal of cricket in 1895, and was very successful, scoring two "centuries," being six times not out, and finishing with an average of 34·87.

A letter to Hildyard toward the end of the summer is characteristic.

"I am sorry I have not answered your letter before, but I have been very busy with cricket and work here. I fear it is impossible for me to come to your wedding as I have to go to Osborne this week, however, I wish you all good luck.

"I have been in terrific form since I saw you last, having played ten innings with an average of 54. I have made 121, 89 and 74 there against

'Foresters' and 'I. Z.,' with Hartley, Cunliffe, and Teddy Buckland bowling, not bad, is it?"

In September he writes to say that the Queen has most kindly asked him again to Balmoral, and that when he has done another month's work he will go. He went, and had once more some very good sport, killing a stag weighing seventeen stone, and getting fourteen in all, and then returning to duty, proceeded to Shorncliffe for garrison class.

In November we find him once more shooting at home; his last day, November 21, being the best. The next day he was off to the wars once more, this time to a new part of the globe, namely, West Africa. He had volunteered and been accepted shortly before, for special service as extra A.D.C. to Sir Francis Scott[1] in the Ashanti War.

In a very characteristic letter written to Dwane on October 24 from Shorncliffe, he says that he had done his best to get sent out, but adds at the same time that he would not mind if he failed, for "I have a rare lot of shooting on hand, which will be better fun than dashing out to a beastly hole like Ashanti."

The end of this letter is amusing. "How do you like Jalandar?" he says. "The Battalion were there after the Punjab war. By-the-bye you were not born then."

[1] Sir Francis Cunningham Scott, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., &c., who was in command of the Expedition. He died on June 26, 1902.

His going excited a good deal of public interest. A pleasant and not unfaithful account of him, accompanied by a photograph, appeared in the *Sketch* for January 8, 1896.[1]

Directly he went on foreign service he resumed his old methodical habits; he bought a little diary and began to keep it, and the letters start again at the same time.

"*November* 22.—Packed up in the morning. Drove with Mother to Windsor after luncheon to get books. Saw Hobbs.[2] Left home at 9.30 for Windsor. Left Windsor at 10.15; reached Paddington, where Bedingfield met me; then went to Lady Jeune's to dinner, and on to Euston. Left Euston at midnight."

He sailed with Sir F. Scott and his staff in the steamship *Bathurst*. He writes a line at starting to say he had seen Frank Teck,[3] and a "heap of people" at the station. The weather was cold and the wind strong, but he evidently went off in excellent spirits.

[1] Of the Expedition itself, a somewhat sketchy but very graphic account will be found in "The Downfall of Prempeh," London, 1896, by Major (now Major-General) R. S. S. Baden-Powell, who commanded the Native Levies. The story is also interestingly told by Mr. Bennet Burleigh in his "Two Campaigns," London, 1896.

[2] Hobbs was the gatekeeper at Cumberland Lodge, a worthy veteran who had lost a leg in the Crimea. The Prince always made a point of going to say good-bye to him whenever he was leaving for foreign service.

[3] H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck, of the 1st Dragoons, who later on was with him again in South Africa.

The danger of the climate, so sadly demonstrated later on by the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, was always well known, and their Royal Highnesses received a great number of letters full of gratification that their son had desired, and been allowed to go, but at the same time expressing sympathy with what must be their natural anxiety for him. A letter from Lord Cranbrook may be quoted as one example out of many. He wrote to Prince Christian as follows :—

"HEMSTED PARK, CRANBROOK, *November* 25.

"SIR,—I do not like to see the departure of Prince Christian Victor without a word of sympathy to H.R.H. the Princess and yourself. While I know with what ready devotion you give him up to the call of duty, and rejoice to see him anxious to be in the front when danger threatens, still there must be deep and real anxiety in the hearts of parents. That he may return to you in health and honour is my most earnest wish, and I shall look with deep interest at the career of one with whom it is my privilege to be personally acquainted. I recall his kind and genial intercourse at Kissingen, and am only sorry that circumstances have prevented my seeing him here.—With my sincere respects to the Princess, believe me, Sir, your very faithful servant, CRANBROOK."

The German Emperor had telegraphed his good wishes a few days earlier.

"I hear Christle is going to Ashanti," wrote Prince Henry of Battenberg to his wife. "He is quite right. If I were in his place I would go like a shot." This was when his own first request to be allowed to go had been negatived. Shortly afterwards he obtained his desire, and uncle and nephew both set sail for Africa.

A clause was introduced into the Special Prayer offered at the Queen's Service at Frogmore, on December 14: "O Almighty God, Father of Mercies and God of all comfort . . . We especially commend to Thy gracious care the two Princes of this Royal Family who have lately gone out to a distant land in their country's service. Watch over them by day and night and bring them back in safety."

"No two gentlemen," says Mr. Bennet Burleigh, "ever more quickly won golden opinions by their gentle manners than Prince Henry and Prince Christian Victor. They stuck to their duty, which they performed without the slightest fuss or grumbling."

To return to the Prince's movements:—

DIARY.—"*Saturday, November* 23. — Reached Liverpool at seven o'clock; went on board. Saw Sir Baker[1] Russell. Started at eleven clock. Rough . . ."

[1] Lieut.-General Sir Baker Creed Russell, G.C.B., &c., at this time commanding the North-West District, had served in the Ashanti Campaign of 1873.

The voyage continued rough for a week, in fact almost until they reached Grand Canary at 10 P.M. on November 30. He sent home thence a letter, written that morning.

"SS. 'BATHURST.'

"As we expect to make Canary this evening, I am writing a few lines to say how I am getting on. As regards cabins I am very comfortable, as Major Pigott[1] and myself share what was the Ladies' Cabin, and we have lots of air and room. It was bad weather for four days, and I did not feel very well, but was not sea-sick; however, I had to keep my room. We have a very nice lot of officers on board, and the weather is beautiful and mild. Our next stop will be Sierra Leone."

The weather now continued very fine, and they reached Sierra Leone at midnight on December 7. Here at Freetown, he found a hospital called after his mother, the "Princess Christian Cottage Hospital." Opened in 1892, as the first attempt at organising a medical mission and training native African women as nurses on the West Coast, the most unhealthy coast in the world, it had been brought, writes Bishop Ingham,[2] at its inception under the notice of H.R.H. Princess Christian, who kindly consented to give it her name and patronage.

[1] Major afterwards Lieut.-Col. C. B. Pigott of the 21st Hussars, A.D.C., C.B., D.S.O., was a special friend of the Prince. He died September 12, 1897.

[2] Now Rector of Stoke next Guildford, then Bishop of Sierra Leone.

"Hearing in December 1895," the Bishop continues, "that the Prince was in the harbour on board the mail steamer on his way to Ashanti, I sent to ask him if he could find time to visit the hospital. He consented most readily. I met him at the landing-place and conducted him to the hospital followed by an interested and curious crowd for more than a mile through the busy Freetown streets. At the hospital were assembled Mrs. Ingham, her lady nurses, a native Archdeacon, the Colonial Surgeon, and others. The Prince went most genially and attentively over everything, and his kind visit cheered the workers, and all of us, not a little, helping to prove, as it did, that the Royal interest was a reality."

From the hospital he went to breakfast at Bishopscourt, and then with his friend, Major Pigott, lunched and dined with the 2nd West India Regiment. He wrote the same day :—

"We arrived here this morning after a beautiful passage from Canary. I have been lunching with the West India Regiment who are quartered here. This place is very pretty, and not anything like as hot as India, the thermometer only about 82°, which is very pleasant. I suppose we shall get to Cape Coast about Saturday next, but what will happen then I don't know. . . . Possibly Scott may go on to the Hinterland, but the Staff and all white troops are to return at once."

They actually reached Cape Coast Castle on Friday, December 13. He wrote home on December 16:—

"CAPE COAST CASTLE, *December* 16, 1895.

"We arrived here on Friday last. It is very close and damp here, although not really so hot as India, yet sometimes it appears worse, as there is so much moisture in the air. I have very little if anything at all to do as the only thing at present is getting the supplies up to Prahsu; there are about five thousand carriers working now and everything is going smoothly; as far as I can calculate, I don't see the least prospect of the force getting back here before the beginning of March. The town is a dirty one, and at the present time swarms with natives who have come in to be taken on as carriers. Most of the carriers are women, who are better than the men. I have absolutely no news to tell you." [1]

And a day or two later writes to the Queen:—

"CAPE COAST CASTLE, *December* 18, 1895.

"I am writing to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. *My* Christmas will be spent in a less pleasant climate than usual this year; we hope L. (Prince Henry of Battenberg) will arrive in time to have his Christmas dinner here with us. . . . The climate is trying, very

[1] One of the illustrations to "The Downfall of Prempeh" is a sketch by the author, of the "Landing of Sir F. Scott and the Prince."

damp and hot, not nearly so hot as India, but at the same time much more uncomfortable. . . .

"I can't say I think much of the West Coast; it has hardly a good point, and I can't imagine how people can live here; there is nothing to do. Sierra Leone is very pretty from the ship, but not so nice when you land. We expect L. to-morrow, and I have got him a good servant and as comfortable quarters as can be found here. I fear I have little news to tell you except that so far every one is well."

He writes about the same time to his Colonel (Mends):—

"CAPE COAST CASTLE, *December 23*, 1895.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—Many thanks for your letter and for your good wishes. I was delighted to hear of our football successes over the 3rd Battalion and the R.E.; we must have an excellent team this year.

"You will be anxious to know how we are getting on, which is fairly well on the whole. The Commissariat are working splendidly, and we shall be ready to start in five or six days. Colonel Ward, the A.A.G.B. whatever that means,[1] is A1 and the most capable officer; in fact the whole of the Commissariat is first-rate; it is, however, a little trying when people are not pulling quite together; however, when we start no doubt matters will improve.

[1] The letters signify Assistant-Adjutant-General on the "supply" side, what used to be called Quartermaster-General.

"The whole of the stores are taken up by carriers, who are divided into companies of about 1000 each; these companies get a distinctive badge each and now the whole thing is going smoothly. The climate here is beastly; you drip all day and night except for about three hours, from three to six; the temperature, however, is never over 90°, which is not high, but the intense dampness is most trying. As regards news of interest, I can give you none; we don't know what will happen, but there seems to be a general opinion that there will be fighting. I don't believe myself I shall reach England, if all goes well, before March 15; in the bush you have to advance so slowly, we shall not get on more than six miles a day. I hope every one is well at Dover, and that F.[1] is doing all right now. I wonder when I shall get promoted. I hear I passed C. and D. Personally I should like to stay in the Battalion, as after this show I think I shall have put in enough foreign service for the short time I have been in the regiment, and I don't want to change battalions again so soon; I shall have to see if it can be managed. The mail is just come in and is going off again soon. Please remember me to Mrs. Mends and to all the Battalion. — Believe me, yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

Colonel Ward, mentioned in this letter, now Colonel Sir Edward Ward, K.C.B., Permanent

[1] Captain Cyril Ryder of the 4th Battalion, who had been seriously ill.

Under Secretary at the War Office, had gone out in the same ship with the Prince, and thus made his acquaintance. He formed at once a very favourable opinion of him, to be confirmed, as we shall see, when he met him again in South Africa. "I remember well," he says, "my impression of him. At first he seemed very quiet and did not show up. In a crowd he would sit silent or say little, but if you got him by yourself then you found out what he was made of, a genuine soldier and man, straight and thorough. In the Ashanti business, the mistake was made of keeping him too much in cotton-wool, it being feared, perhaps not unnaturally, that something would happen to him. This was just what he didn't want. He wished to be treated as a real soldier. There was no fighting, and he was much bored at not having more to do."

On Christmas Day itself the *Coromandel* and the *Manilla* duly arrived, the latter bringing Prince Henry, and his nephew records that they had a big dinner at Headquarters. He does not record what Mr. Bennet Burleigh mentions, that he and Major Pigott had gone off the day before shooting in the bush and secured a good bag, which swelled the *menu* very opportunely.

"The Castle is close to the shore, and Christle met me on the steps looking well and bright," wrote Prince Henry of Battenberg, and again on

January 1, "Christle seems to stand the climate better than most people."

Two days later business began, and a start was made.

The actual course of the Expedition need not be narrated further than will suffice to explain the entries in the Prince's Diary which follow. There was no fighting in the march up. The minor kings of Bekwai and Abadon sent messages offering to detach themselves, if protected, from King Prempeh. A flying column of native levies under Baden-Powell marched to Bekwai, a place somewhat off the main route, and arranged to give them this protection. King Prempeh then endeavoured to delay the main advance by sending his envoy Kokofuku to palaver with the English. They, however, wisely pressed on to Kumassi. When that place was reached, opposition collapsed. Prempeh and the Queen-Mother made their submission to the English Governor, Mr. Maxwell, and the next day they were taken prisoners and brought down with the relievers of the Expedition to the Coast.

The only moment of excitement for the Prince, of which characteristically he makes no mention, was at Essian Kwanta on January 10, when word was brought in that an attack might be made at any moment. Major Pigott and the Prince took command of the Haussas and organised a defence

with biscuit-tin ramparts, &c., but in the end no attack took place.

"*December* 26.—Packed up things. Dined with Governor" (Colonel Sir Frederick Cardew).

"*December* 27.—Left Cape Coast. Arrived at Jakuma and Akroful."[1]

"*December* 28.—Left Akroful; arrived at Mansu."

"*December* 29.—Left Mansu; arrived at Assin-Yankumasi."

"*December* 30.—Left Assin; arrived at Prahsu."

"*December* 31.—Headquarters arrived. Had New Year's Eve Pay in Press mess."[2]

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"*January* 3.—Special Service Corps arrived; very fit."

"*January* 4.—Concert to-night. Ferguson[3] was ill."

"*January* 5.—Left Prahsu; slept Fumsu."

"*January* 6.—Slept at Essian Kwanta. Dined, Stewart.[4]

"*January* 7.—Went to Bekwai. Dined with Baden-Powell and Williams.[5] Palaver of Kings."

[1] Major Baden-Powell's book gives a map in which these places are all shown. He mentions incidentally the diligence with which the Prince discharged his duties as A.D.C.

[2] He made great friends with the Press mess, a very sociable set.

[3] Victor Ferguson of the Royal Horse Guards. He died a few days later.

[4] Captain Donald Stewart, the Political Officer.

[5] Captain Williams of the South Staffordshire Regiment.

"*January* 8. — Went to Esumeja. Palaver Kokofuko. Lost way; went to Abadon; reached Essian Kwanta at 1 A.M."

"*January* 10.—Stayed in camp. L. (Prince Henry) ill."

"*January* 11.—Headquarters arrived. L. sick, sent down."

"*January* 12.—Went and saw Special Corps in morning. L. very ill."

"*January* 13.—Went to Ekinasi. Reports say L. better."

"*January* 15.—Left Ekinasi; went to Edunku."

"*January* 16.—Left Edunku; went to Dede Siwa."

"*January* 17.—Left Dede Siwa and marched[1] to West Kumassi; arrived about 1 P.M."

"*January* 18.—Governor arrived. Felt seedy in the evening."

"*January* 19.—Had fever to-day."[2]

"*January* 20.—Great Palaver. Prempeh seized. Fever at night."

"*January* 21.—Fever rather bad to-day."

"*January* 22.—Left Kumassi for Dede Siwa. Heard L. had died; was all right to-day."

"*January* 25. — Left the Staff (at Essian Kwanta) and walked in to Fumsu."

He now returned to the coast, passing through much the same places in the reverse order, and

[1] "It was not a morning for hammocks," says Mr. Bennet Burleigh, "and nearly everybody marched, Prince Christian Victor among the rest, cheery and happy as usual."

[2] "The Prince's temperature was not high as Ashanti fever runs, and he was buoyant and cheery as before."—*Ibid.*

reaching Cape Coast Castle at 11.30 on the morning of January 30.

From there on that day he wrote home:—

"I have just got down here, having come on with Major Pigott before the Staff. I heard of poor L.'s death on Papa's birthday. . . . When I get home I shall be able to tell you all about it. I am so awfully sorry for poor Aunt Beatrice and those little children. It is very sad. I have been, *unberufen*, very well. I had three days' fever at Kumassi, but Dr. Taylor[1] said it was only intermittent fever; in fact he said it was that old Indian fever, which came out again from exposure; it came on each night at 6 P.M., and in eight hours I was normal again. I never had to lie up, so you can imagine it was very slight. The Expedition has been very successful, but the climate and work were very trying. . . . When I start for home I can't say, probably about the 7th or so; wherever I land, which you will be able to find out from the War Office, I want some one to meet me with some warm clothes."

His diary shows, however, that he had felt the effects of the insidious climate more than he was aware, or at any rate would allow. The next few entries are:—

"*January* 31.—Did not feel very fit to-night (just about 6 P.M.), but passed off after dinner."

[1] Now Surgeon-General Sir William Taylor, Director-General of the Army Medical Department. He was P.M.O. of the Expedition, and was a friend of the Prince.

"*February* 1.—Had a sharp go of fever at dinner-time to-night."

"*February* 2.—No fever, but in bed all day."

"*February* 3.—Felt weak when I got up, but recovered as the day went on."

"*February* 4.—Better to-day; no fever at all."

"*February* 5.—Felt quite well to-day. Walked about at Connor's Hill."

"*February* 6.—Went on board the *Coromandel* at 7.30; had breakfast there."

"*February* 7.—Felt fit and comfortable on board."

"*February* 8.—*Coromandel* started at 4 P.M. Smooth."

They had a pleasant voyage, with weather, fine at first, but rougher as they came nearer home. At Las Palmas they touched and went on shore. Here the Prince was going to be asked to give away some prizes; but he had a dislike of functions, and managed with the aid of Sir Edward Ward, who gave him timely warning, to disappear, and, to use his own expression, "get out of it." As a commentary on this, another instance may be quoted, when his friend Mr. Bennett tried to induce him to "say a few words" to the Oxford University Volunteers. He felt that he had no call to do so, and wrote in reply:—

"I would much rather not say these 'very few words' to the volunteers as I know so very little

about them, and also I don't quite like to do so, for General Kelly-Kenny might ask me what I meant by doing so. If you could get me off this I should be much obliged."

From Las Palmas he wrote as follows to his Colonel:—

"*En route* from Ashanti.

"LAS PALMAS, *February* 17, 1896.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—I am giving these few lines to Kays[1] to give you. I expect to be home about the 27th of this month, and I hope you will allow me three or four days before I return to Dover in order to get my things straight at home, as everything was packed up before I left. I have had a little fever but am all right again now. I hope that if it be possible I may get a few weeks' leave after I have seen you as we are all a bit played out by that horrible climate, it is the vilest in the world. I fear we shall get nothing out of the Expedition, although I imagine it has been a success. I shall be able to tell you some curious things when we meet. I hope Mrs. Mends and all at Dover are well.—Yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

They touched at Gibraltar on Friday, February 21, and the Prince telegraphed that he ought to reach the Albert Docks at midday on Wednesday the 26th. This he duly did, and there was a plea-

[1] Major and Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel Walpole Kays who was commanding the 60th Rifles in Sir F. Scott's force.

sant greeting, his father, and his sister, Princess Victoria, going down with Lord Wolseley to meet the ship. Many congratulations welcomed him on his return. Though he had, as he anticipated, seen no fighting, his object was achieved; he had served his country, had endured a good deal of hardship, had made trial of a new climate and quarter of the globe, and gained very valuable experience. Sir Arthur Bigge wrote to his father that "he had made a step in his career, and added much to his already excellent reputation as a soldier"; while Sir Evelyn Wood wrote to the Queen: "Your Majesty would be much gratified by hearing the accounts given by the officers returning from Ashanti of your grandson, who is also a great favourite with them all."

He was not, however, content himself to rest upon his laurels, but began almost at once to think of volunteering for service in Egypt, where it was believed that something important might be stirring in the course of the year. Nothing came of it at the time, but later on, as will be seen, his intention bore fruit. He did not want to join, as he explained, a purely Egyptian Expedition, but only to go if an English force and English officers were specially sent from England.

His friends thought him not looking well when he arrived, and as a matter of fact the climate of Ashanti, perhaps not healthy for any European,

had certainly done him no good. Two years later he told an old servant of the family that he had never quite got rid of the fever which he then contracted, and indeed there is no doubt that it was this malarial fever recurring at Pretoria in October 1899 which really caused his death, as the attack of enteric was so slight.

Writing at the time to Colonel Mends, who had himself felt obliged, a little earlier, to report him as sick, he says:—

"I don't think I ought to get any more fever. Luckily it was in the form of old Indian fever and ague, not that beastly Coast fever. Still as the Queen had invited me, I thought it would be really a sound thing to do to go to a warmer climate and avoid March winds."

Towards the end of the winter, he went to the Riviera with his mother, and writes several letters from Villa Nevada, Cannes, and also from Cimiez, where he stayed with the Queen. At the end of April he was back at Dover, where they had just been told to hold the battalion in readiness to proceed to Aldershot at an early date.

Amongst these was one to Sir Henry Acland:—

"*March* 25, 1896.

"DEAR SIR HENRY,—In answer to your kind letter of March 20, I regret to say that my military

duties will prevent me leaving my battalion in May or the early part of June, as we have to go into camp at Lydd for our annual course of musketry and military training there, so I fear it is quite impossible for me to get to Oxford this summer and present the Certificates. I trust you are in good health.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

He writes from Dover on May 5, to say that he cannot ask for any more leave at present, and must forego a visit to Kissingen in June. "We have so few officers," he says, "fit for service and I have just had two months, and Aldershot is harder service than Dover."

Towards the middle of the month the move was made. I tried about this time to get him to come and visit us at Oxford, thinking he might find it pleasant to see some of the cricket matches, the Eights, &c., which would soon be in full swing, but he was too busy, and wrote as follows:—

"TOURNAY BARRACKS, MARLBOROUGH LINES,
ALDERSHOT, *May* 14, 1896.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—Many thanks for your kind invitation, which I am sorry to say I am unable to accept. We have only just arrived here, and are very busy doing musketry which will last till the end of the month; if I can possibly manage to get away for a day later I will let you know.

I have not touched a bat yet but hope to get some cricket later.—Yours very sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

On the 28th he writes from Aldershot to say that he is going to the War Office to see about his promotion, adding: "I shall be made a Captain in the next two weeks, but that may mean going to India, as a Captain has died there."

The Queen gave him this year the Ashanti star. Writing on August 4 from home to thank Her Majesty for it, he expresses regret that he cannot go himself to Osborne to receive it when invited, adding that he feels sure the Queen will understand the reason. It was, as usual, business, and his unwillingness to depart from punctual method and order.

"I had to hand over my company," he writes, "to another officer who did not return till Saturday, and we had to go carefully over all the rifles and equipment of each man, and I also had to settle up the accounts of each man personally, and to add up my pay lists, which took me till midday yesterday. . . . I think the Star a very handsome one, and I feel sure it will be immensely valued and appreciated by all who receive it. We cross to-night, and after a three weeks' course I hope to go and spend ten days at Oberhof as a sort of 'after-cure.' The summer has been very trying at Aldershot, the sun and dust have been excessive."

The allusion at the end of the letter is to the visit to Kissingen, which had been postponed. Some letters written from that place to Colonel Mends are very characteristic of his interests and his straightforward, considerate style. Two may be given as specimens:—

"VILLA HERING, KISSINGEN, BAVARIA,
August 18, 1898.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—I expect you will want to hear how the world is treating me here. I have now had twelve days of the cure, and although it makes one rather slack and limp, still I am feeling the benefits already.

"Would you have any objection to my returning to Aldershot on Monday, 7th, instead of Saturday, 5th? My cure is not over till Friday, 4th, and my mother leaves here that day, and it would be a great convenience to her if I could take her to Kronberg, where she is going to pay a visit to the Empress Frederick; this would also give me an opportunity of seeing my aunt; I should then leave Frankfort on Sunday morning at noon, and should be in London at 8 A.M. on Monday. If there is the least difficulty please do not hesitate to say so, as I quite realise the indulgence I have received all this year, as well as last, with regard to leave.

"I wonder if any one has thought of arranging a match with Wellington College in September; I forgot to speak about it before I left. I suppose your manœuvres have not begun yet; I expect I

shall drop in for the end of them; they are just beginning theirs here; they last about six weeks in all.

"I hope Mrs. Mends is quite well, and with kind remembrances, &c."

"KISSINGEN, *August* 24, 1896.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—Let me congratulate you on the Battalion winning the Duke of Connaught's shield; it must have been a great triumph to all concerned; my mother saw the account last night in the *Standard* and told me of it.

"I hear Prendergast has exchanged with Eddy, who probably will go to the Depôt I suppose. I also hear Jervis is to be A.D.C. to Bengough; does he get seconded for this? if so it will promote Fielden and leave me top, in which case I do hope I shall manage to get this Battalion, but I am afraid I shall not manage this; still I hope for the best.

"We have rain every day and it rather interferes with the cure, as I have to be out every day at 6.30 A.M. and have to walk till eight, during which time I have to drink four large tumblers of water about as big as a large whisky and soda; and I must confess I am rather tired of the course.

"I have been asked by Lord Lathom to go for a week's shooting in November; I believe it is a splendid shoot. I have heard several splendid military bands and a lot of good music; no new pieces, but several I wished Hassell[1] to have, and

[1] See note, p. 266.

told him of, but which we have not got yet. I must see to this when I return; there are two Hungarian Rhapsodies by Liszt out of the Pester Carnival which I know you would delight in, also two or three capital Marches.—Believe me, yours, &c."

From Oberhof he writes on the 1st September saying he will come on to Kissingen on his way home. "We have had," he says, "very bad sport owing to the weather, only two moderate stags having been shot in two days, but we're hoping for better." He returned to England on the 7th.

The Duke gave him him an Order, the Grand Cross of the Ernestinische Hausorden. He writes to the Queen on his return asking to be allowed to wear it, adding:—

"All the officers and men at Aldershot are now wearing your Star and very proud they are of it too. You have no idea how delighted the poor soldiers were to get it, as they say their work will not now be forgotten.

"I came here (to Cumberland Lodge) yesterday for my winter's leave, and I am glad to say I hear I shall be promoted about the end of November, as a Captain in my battalion is leaving and I shall get his step. I am looking forward to this as eight and a half years is quite long enough to be a subaltern, and I should like to have my own Company."

He writes again to the Queen on December 26 from Cumberland Lodge, to thank her for a 'charming Christmas card' and also for giving him a new bicycle.

"I am sure Uncle Arthur will be pleased to hear of this new recruit he has got in the ranks of bicycle riders at Aldershot. I am in great fear of having to leave my present battalion and go again abroad to Mauritius or South Africa. It will be rather hard, as I have had more than half foreign service since I have been in the Army. I have been here for ten days and return to Aldershot this evening."

The long-expected promotion came that very day, and he received many congratulations from home and elsewhere. The Queen telegraphed to his mother, December 26, "I have just signed Christle's promotion and brevet Majority. V. R. I." He was gazetted, "Promoted to be captain *vice* H. A. Kinloch promoted," and was further granted, under date December 11, the brevet rank of Major, in recognition of his services in India and Ashanti.

He writes on the 29th to his father to explain the position. He says:—

"I am really a Field officer, but lead my Company and in the Regiment the older Captains take precedence of me ; in all other matters I am

senior. I have a right to Field-officer's quarters and have allowances on the Field-officer's scale and have also to keep a horse; for this I have rations but must pay for my own stable and must also pay a Field-officer's subscription. I get two shillings a day more than a Captain. I wear the uniform of a Major. It can never happen to me now that I should be turned out on account of the age clause. Further, if we go to Dublin I shall never have to go 'auf Wache' (on sentry duty).

"I have written to Colonel Gordon and have had a most warm letter from him."

A few days later, Jan. 3, 1897, he wrote to his old friend Dwane, now with the 1st Battalion in the Mauritius:—

"MY DEAR DWANE,—You will no doubt have seen by the time that this arrives that I have been promoted and also have been given a brevet-majority. I suppose it is a great job, but still I flatter myself that I am quite as much entitled to one as a great many others who have been given brevets before. . . . I have been doing a lot of game shooting this year, and have been in pretty good form. Now that I have got a brevet I mean to stick to Regt. duty, as I don't care for a Staff billet even if I could get one, which I could not, not having been to the Staff College. I shall try to get to Egypt if there is a show on in 1898. Please remember me to all old friends.—Yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

1897

This last letter is written from the Tournay Barracks, North Camp, Aldershot. Once more he was pursuing the even tenor of ordinary routine. This year his diaries begin again, and we are able again to follow him from day to day. The first entry on New Year's Day is as follows:—

"Went up to London to-day from Cumberland Lodge. Saw Lancaster about the guns. Went to the War Office, where I heard I was to be promoted to-night. Lunched with General and Mrs. Blundell; walked with Dermot in the afternoon and returned after tea to Aldershot."

Mr. Dermot Blundell, whose name is here mentioned for the first time, and who is destined to appear again not seldom in these pages, was a young lieutenant in the battalion with whom the Prince had gradually struck up a very close and warm friendship. The Prince had made his acquaintance when he was a boy at his old school, Wellington College. The following is Mr. Blundell's own account of the beginning of their relations:—

"The first time I ever saw the Prince was in 1890, when I was a boy at Wellington, and was playing in the holidays at Mr. Buckland's school at

Laleham. I met him at the station. He asked me what regiment I was going into. Without knowing it was his, I said, the 60th. He told me it was his, and asked me to let him know later on and he would help me. I saw him next at Wellington in the summer of 1891. He came into Tom Hearne's little bat-shop. He talked to me about India and told me many things about the campaign which would interest a boy. Later on he fulfilled his promise, and when I was at Sandhurst wrote to me telling me whom to go and see about getting into the 60th. About Christmas 1894, when he came to join the battalion, we met again, and in the next summer we played a lot of cricket together at Dover."

He writes from Aldershot on the second day of 1897 to the Queen:—

"I am writing to wish you a very Happy New Year, although I know what sad remembrances the next few weeks must bring to you, and especially to Aunt Beatrice, who all through has been so brave. It seems only like yesterday that I was in Ashanti, and I can hardly believe it was a year ago. I need hardly tell you how glad I am to be promoted and how delighted I am to have got a brevet; it appeared in the paper to-day. I am also glad to say that I have been posted to this battalion, so that I shall not have to leave here. I have just returned from Farnborough, where I went to wish the Empress (Eugénie) a Happy New Year; she is going abroad next week."

"*January* 4.—Went to stay with Dermot at 90 Lennox Gardens; went with General and Mrs. Blundell and Dermot to see 'Under the Red Robe.'"

"*January* 7.—Asked the Colonel to give me Dermot as a subaltern."

His duties, of course, had changed a little with his promotion. Acting as captain of the week and inspecting dinners, barrack inspection, monthly musketry, and divisional route-marching, occupy most of the month.

On January 20 he notes that he travelled to Osborne to attend the Memorial Service for Prince Henry of Battenberg. The next day he went home for his father's birthday, taking Dermot Blundell with him.

He wrote from home to his Colonel:—

"CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR GT. PARK,
January 22, 1897.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—Many thanks for your letter; my Uncle did not realise that the Band were marching the Casuals,[1] but I explained it to him yesterday. We are to have a short Division March Out on Wednesday, and he wants to practise a general retirement from a position.

"My father is much obliged for your kind con-

[1] *i.e.* Those who had failed to take part in the regular Brigade route-marches, and who were now being marched specially with a Band detailed from one of the Battalions.

gratulations; he is sixty-six to-day, but does not look it.

"He is much interested in an article to-day in the *Times*, p. 5, 'British Army in India'; he hopes you will read it, and he thinks it most sensible.

"We have no details about the First Battalion,[1] they may have lost all their mess, band instruments and music, but perhaps there was time to save something.—Yours very sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

"*February* 6.—Dermot dined with me, and we went to see 'As You Like It.'"

[1] The allusion in the last sentence is to the wreck of the *Warren Hastings*, the story of which may be briefly narrated here.

The *Warren Hastings*, Royal Indian Marine troopship, was wrecked at night on rocks off the Island of Réunion. She struck at 2.20 A.M. on January 14, 1897. She had on board four companies 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles, and four companies 2nd Battalion York and Lancaster, and a detachment of the Middlesex Regiment. They at once fell in on the main deck and waited there till 4 A.M., when disembarkation commenced. As she presently lurched heavily to starboard, disembarkation was stopped until the women, children, and sick were got off. The men clung to the side as they stood and passed the women and children through. This process was accomplished just in time, as the ship heeling over more and more, the last of the troops had to swim for it. All but two natives reached the shore in safety. From first to last the most perfect discipline was maintained.

A narrative of the occurrence, with an expression of the approval of the conduct of officers and men by the Commander-in-Chief, was embodied in a special Army Order, No. 40, 1897. The German Emperor had this translated and published to the army as an example of heroism and discipline. The whole story recalls that of the *Birkenhead* in 1852, in which also the 60th Rifles had played a part.

Several of the Prince's friends were on board, *e.g.* the Colonel, Forestier-Walker, Major H. Gore-Brown, Captain G. N. Prendergast, and Lieutenant Gosling.

Bicycling, doubtless on the new machine, appears very often in the entries, and he still kept up his interest in the regimental football matches.

"*February* 14, *Sunday.*—Went up after church to London; had luncheon with Pigott. Saw Cramer, Bayford, Isaac, and Bean, then had tea with Lady Jeune; returned to Aldershot for dinner."

On February 20 an old friend reappears. "Nice day; went over after luncheon to Wokingham to see Mr. Penny." "Bridging," "Military training"—a great deal of this last—Drawing Rooms, Levées, field-firing, Brigade days, and digging fill up the time till the middle of March. On the 17th of that month he caught a very bad cold, which hung about him for some days, and after a week or so gave place to fever, a reappearance doubtless of his old malarial affection.

About this date he received a letter from Quartermaster Dwane, who had been in the wreck, above narrated, of the *Warren Hastings*, giving him particulars of what had occurred.

He wrote in reply on March 29 as follows:—

"Very many thanks for your letter giving such an excellent account of the wreck. How splendidly every one must have behaved. The Duke of Connaught was dining with us two days after we heard the news, and made a very nice speech

about the Battn., and asked to have his name added to the telegram we sent. You no doubt have seen the special Army Order which Wolseley has sent out. . . . Directly it is settled what the Treasury will do we are going to start our list open to all the Battns. to recoup the men their private losses, and another list open to all who have served in the Battn., either past or present, to replace some of the mess plate as far as it is in our power. . . .

"I don't think I have very much news to give you. The opinion here is that there will be a big war with the Boers in S. Africa within twelve months.

"You might let me know whether you have got up any more mess plate, and what band instruments are lost. What luck to get the old tusk again, but I suppose lots of the other beautiful things are gone. . . . I am finishing this in my bedroom, where I am laid up with a go of malarial fever. It's such a bore, and makes one feel such a wreck."

On March 23 he went home, and there he had to keep his bed for a whole week. By the beginning of April, however, he was well again, and was able to go to the Boat-Race and see Oxford win, and on April 5th he returned to Aldershot.

"*April* 14.—Went home for my birthday" (his thirtieth).

"*April* 20.—Played cricket."

"*April* 22.—President of Court Martial this afternoon."

With reference to the last entry, it may here be noted that as brevet-major he became entitled to act as president on courts-martial. For the discharge of this duty he showed, says Mr. Blundell, remarkable aptitude. He was very quick, securing this result, however, by carefully preparing the business beforehand, so that there should be no mistakes. His knowledge, too, of military law was exceptionally good.

As the season advances we find him playing more cricket, and paying frequent visits to the Oval.

"*May* 8.—Made 47 not out."

"*May* 10.—Went with Dermot to see 'Faust.'"

"*May* 18.—Made 13, and 100 not out."

"*May* 25.—Played cricket *v.* Wellington; made 30, b. off st."

"*May* 26.—Went up to London; Queen's Birthday; dined with Lord Chamberlain."

He had written two days earlier to the Queen:—

"Tournay Barracks, North Camp, Aldershot,
May 24, 1897.

"I write to wish you many happy returns of the day. We had a long parade this morning at Aldershot, but luckily it was not too hot or dusty

and everything went off very well, indeed the cavalry looked particularly well. . . . I see from the papers that Dumbano, a native officer of the Haussas, has come over for the Jubilee. He was with us in Ashanti and talks beautiful English. Sir Pertab Singh and Harji Singh, both friends of mine in India, have also arrived. Sir Pertab is an excellent specimen of the best natives in India; a true gentleman, and a wonderful sportsman and rider. . . ."

"*June* 2.—Went to the Derby to-day, and returned to Aldershot in the evening."

Marches, Camp, and Field-days fill up the next few weeks. At one of the latter he sprained his knee, and was obliged to have recourse to Mr. Wharton Hood. On June 22 and the following days he took part in the Jubilee celebrations; being in the Procession in London, in which he rode with the Queen, at the Naval Review at Portsmouth, and with his company in the great Military Review on Laffan's Plain on July 1.

The following letter to Colonel Mends gives a glimpse of his impression of the public procession:—

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOTEL.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—I hope you got on all right on Tuesday. I thought the Battalion looked very smart, and I did not see a single man looking anything but straight to his front. I can't say the same for all the other Battalions. We had a

splendid ride but my knee gave out towards the end, and yesterday I tried to play cricket but had to give up as I could not turn or get out to hit a ball. I fear it will prevent me playing for several weeks still, it is so weak. I shall be back on the 30th in order to march past on the 1st, as I don't know yet whether I am to ride or not. I think the Procession was the finest show there has ever been, and it was so well arranged that we never had a check the whole three hours. I have got the standard for the 1st Battalion, and when I return will get you to send a party over to the R.M.C. to fetch it; perhaps if you are writing to Colonel Walker you might ask him what he would like done with it. I hope Mrs. Mends saw the Procession well.—Yours very sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

Throughout the summer he continued to attend and play in cricket matches, making some very good scores. In August he stayed some days with the Queen at Osborne. At the end of the month he had rather a sharp recurrence of his old enemy, fever. On recovering he took up military shooting again with much vigour and diligence, and when this was finished went off on September 15 to Balmoral and stayed till the 29th.

While he was at Balmoral the question was mooted of his going to India to join Sir William Lockhart, who was just then arranging for the subsequently well-known Tirah Campaign. The

Prince of Wales was in favour of his doing so, and he would have liked to go himself, but hesitated to leave his battalion in difficulties by a hurried departure. He writes in confidence on September 23, 1897, to his Colonel to say this.

"I believe the idea came from Lockhart telling my mother he wished I could come with him, as I told you at Aldershot. Now, of course, I should naturally like to go and see the show, as I know the country, having been there before with Lockhart; at the same time it is an awful hustle, and naturally you would wish me seconded if I went, and it is quite likely the War Office would not do that. If I were seconded, I should leave the Battalion, which I don't want to do, and at any rate it would take six or eight weeks to second me, and it would interfere with the leave. I have said that if it necessitates any brother officer being recalled from leave or having his leave shortened, I will not hear of going. Now would you mind telling me quite candidly if it would affect the leave and alter in any way the present arrangements? . . . I hope you will quite understand my feelings, and that I don't want to put personal consideration before the convenience of the Battalion; we are so short of officers now. I shall be pitched into if I don't go, but that won't matter if you say I cannot be spared. I have been away a lot this year, so don't think I should have any consideration. I should naturally, as every one else would,

like to go and see the business very much, but should not be in the least disappointed if you said it could not be managed. Excuse me troubling you, but I thought I ought to write at once and tell you what was in the wind."

His friend Dwane had some little time before this, to his great satisfaction, been promoted to the rank of Captain. He wrote now, September 29, from Balmoral to him as follows:—

"My dear Dwane,—I feel quite ashamed of myself for never having written to congratulate you on your well-merited promotion. No one could have deserved it better. I am sure it gave me immense pleasure to see it in the papers. They ought to have done it sooner; however, better late than never. By-the-bye I have got that Standard taken by Captain Burke on December 14, 1849, a representation of which is in the centre-piece. Will you ask the Colonel what he would like me to do with it, of course it belongs to the Battalion, and I am only keeping it until I hear from you? It's about 16 ft. long, no end of a thing! Lockhart asked me to come out with him for the Tirah Expedition, but the Colonel could not sanction it. We had not enough officers, bad luck, was it not? I was playing cricket at Woolwich last August, and saw old Jackson there, your servant. He looked just the same, very smart and clean, and told me he was doing well. He begged me to write and tell you I

had seen him. Captain Gleeson in my company is also there, and one or two men of the old set. We have the new musketry regulations now. . . . The idea is good, but the course is too easy. I have been playing cricket this year, and had an average of 50 per innings. . . . I have excellent N.C.O.'s, and my company gives me no trouble. Our young soldiers had a splendid chance of winning the cup. They went back to 600, 2 points a man better than the winning team did up to 500 last year: they fell off at 600 and finished up with 83, not bad for young soldiers; one man made 95, a rare good shoot. I have been up here deer-stalking, and have got 13 stags. I return to Aldershot to-day. . . . My heart is still very much in the 1st Battn. Remember me to Sergt.-Major and all I know.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

In October he began what he calls a Meat course, that is, a course of instruction as to the method and practice of inspecting meat supplied for army rations. A notebook containing his notes on this subject, and also on the kindred subjects of Bread, Biscuits, Forage, Litter, Wood, Coals, &c., show how thoroughly he went into the subject, with the aid apparently both of oral instruction and practical demonstration, and also of books such as that, to which he refers, of Sir Frederick Fitzwygram. The notes often go into great detail, and are here and there illustrated

with drawings of model haystacks, well and badly shaped oats, and the like.

It is interesting and significant to find him staying at Buckingham Palace for the purpose of visiting Smithfield Market, and discoursing on these very domestic topics to the Queen.

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *October* 10, 1897.

" . . . I have not written to you since I left Balmoral either to thank you for your kindness in allowing me to come to Balmoral, or to say how much I enjoyed my visit. . . .

"There is not much doing at Aldershot at present, but personally I am going through a course of instruction at the Army Service Corps in judging the quality of rations and supplies given to the troops. *It is a most useful course, and one which more officers might go through with advantage not only to themselves but to the troops under their command.*"[1]

" *October* 11.—Went and saw Smithfield Market and refrigerating rooms."

" *October* 13.—Football match in the afternoon. Dublin Fusiliers."

" *October* 18.—Meat and Bread Course."

" *October* 19.—Meat Course."

" *October* 20.—Ditto."

" *October* 21.—Ditto."

On the 25th he began shooting at home.

[1] The italics are editorial.

"*October* 27.—Exam. on Rations, &c. Dined with Sir R. Gipps[1] in the evening."

"*November* 1.—Sketching class began to-day."

"*November* 2.—Lectures on sketching in the morning."

He seems himself to have given a course of lectures and instruction in sketching to the non-commissioned officers of his regiment. This, with route-marching and shooting, filled up his time.

"*November* 19.—At Cumberland Lodge. Wolff[2] and Sir Walter Parratt came and dined. Music after dinner."

"*November* 20.—Went over to Wellington to see the Marlborough match. Wellington won by 13 to 8."

"*December* 15.—Went to London. Saw Oxford *v.* Cambridge Rugby match."

"*December* 21.—Worked at accounts (at Cumberland Lodge) in the morning; went out ferreting in the afternoon."

"*December* 25.—Christmas Day. Went to church in the morning, and to St. George's in the afternoon."

On the last day of the year he again had a very good "shoot" at the "Statue."[3]

[1] General Sir Reginald Gipps, K.C.B., at this time Military Secretary.

[2] This was Herr Johannes Wolff, a Dutch musician well known alike for his skill and amiability.

[3] The equestrian statue of George III. at the top of the Long Walk.

He was engaged, at the end of this year, and the beginning of the next, in some correspondence with the colonel of his regiment, Colonel H. R. Mends, as regards the strength of the first and second battalions, which, though too technical to be reproduced in detail, is very interesting as showing both the position he occupied, and the good he was able to effect. Thus he writes in January: "I have been down to Windsor to-day to see the Queen, and she is most interested about the Army; she asked me all sorts of questions, and I told her everything I could think of," and subsequently sends a letter for the Queen's consideration containing the opinions of regimental officers as to improvements which might be made.

The earlier part of the New Year he spent mostly at home at Cumberland Lodge, going, however, for a few days to visit his old comrade in arms, Major Keith Turnour-Fetherstonhaugh, at Uppark, where he says they had great fun and many good stories about the 1st Battalion.

"*January* 10.—Went to London; heard that I might go to Egypt."

"*January* 12.—Went to London to-day. Heard that I am not to go to Egypt."

He writes, on January 20, a very characteristic, long, and full letter, to his friend Dwane, chiefly about Military shooting and about Army recruiting,

both matters in which he took a constant and energetic interest. He was not satisfied with the state or management of either. About the first he says, describing a competition: "It was the same thing again—'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' A bad shot was supposed to be a good one; wind altered, several misses; return to original wind, and a fair score to wind up with."

With regard to the second he says: "Do the authorities wish (1) the Home Bn. to be merely a depôt for the Foreign one (which is the state of things now), or (2) do they want the Home Bn. to be in a position to have, say, 500 ptes. always ready for a small war without drawing on the Reserves? If No. (1), then they need do nothing. If (2), no amount of New Battns. will alter our present condition. My own idea for (2) is one of two things—either revert to a depôt, in which case I would recruit independently for Home and Foreign Battns. In the case of the Home Bn., send the recruits off straight after they have learnt the turns to the Foreign Bn. In the case of the Foreign, train the recruit thoroughly at the depôt, and attach him and others when trained to the Home Bn. for duty till such time as he is required to go abroad—he will of course be in excess of the establishment of the Home Bn.—or as an alternative raise the establishment of the Home Bn. from 680 ptes. to 850 ptes., the difference being about the strength of the normal foreign draft. Then we should always have about

500 men fit for service; now we have actually about 230 trained men in the 4th Battn.

"I would also give a 'trained soldier' 1s. a day, and would give C.O.'s increased facilities for hunting away bad characters, and do everything I could to keep old N.C.O.'s, as they are the people who make a battn., much more than the officers."

About this time a number of the old members of Magdalen College had decided to form themselves into an Association with a small subscription, for the purposes of keeping up College connection, holding the annual College dinner in London, getting up the annual cricket match between past and present members, and the like. I wrote to ask the Prince if he would give it his co-operation, and expressed at the same time the hope that he might be able to come and see us at Oxford again before long.

He replied as follows:—

"Tournay Barracks, North Camp, Aldershot,
February 28, 1898.

"Dear Mr. President,—I am so sorry I have not answered your letter before, but I have been up to my eyes in military work, and also arranging for a Charity Concert here which takes place to-morrow.

"I shall be only too pleased to associate myself in any way with your Committee. I had intended coming up to see you, but press of work

has not made it possible, but I am fully intending to come at the beginning of the summer term. I was so glad to hear of the football successes.—Yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

The "Charity Concert" to which the Prince here alludes thus modestly was in reality in its way a notable affair, and one very characteristic of his interests and energy, and calls therefore for notice in some detail. For the account which follows I am indebted to Mrs. Wilson, wife of Colonel H. H. Wilson, D.S.O., of the Rifle Brigade, now commanding the 9th Provisional Battalion at Colchester.

There existed at Aldershot a small Home or Institute for Soldiers, known as the North Camp Church Rooms. The then Chaplain, the Rev. A. V. C. Hordern, now out in South Africa, who managed it, was much concerned because, through no fault of his, the Institute had got some £70 into debt, and he saw no way out of his difficulties. The Prince heard of this, and being always solicitous for everything which affected the welfare of the men, became at once very keen to help him. He came to Mrs. Wilson and said, "We *must* clear off this debt for Hordern. Shall we get up a Concert, and will you help me?" They agreed to try. The Prince wrote to his mother, who took up the cause warmly. The Queen herself consented to be patron: Princess Christian and the Duke and

Duchess of Connaught did the same, and also promised to come in person. Princess Christian also used her influence to secure performers, and Prince Christian Victor on the spot, aided by Mrs. Wilson, took an infinity of trouble to arrange every detail. Miss Clara Butt, Miss Kentish Moore, and Miss Dale, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Herr Johannes Wolff, and Mr. Harry R. Bird very kindly gave their professional services gratuitously. A luncheon was organised at which they were entertained, and Mr. K. Rumford and Mr. Bird dined at the Mess and stayed the night as the Prince's guests. The result was that the whole thing went with the greatest spirit and *éclat.* Everybody in Aldershot took tickets, and a number of friends—such as Lady Pirbright, Lady Jeune, the Duke of Somerset, and others, came from a distance on purpose to be present. The Prince showed his characteristic financial turn in fixing the price of tickets, seeing that people really paid up, and keeping down the expenses, so that not only did the Concert prove a most brilliant and enjoyable affair, but the managers were able, after paying all costs, to give the astonished and delighted Mr. Hordern, £80 for his Institute, and £20 more to the Deaconesses' fund, and also to carry over a balance of £30, which formed the nucleus of a fund out of which baths and a billiard-room have since been added to the

Home. The Prince's own Regiment, the Rifles, and their chief, his special friend, Colonel Mends, were particularly good in helping. One of the Prince's ideas was to reserve seats in the gallery at a nominal cost for their regimental band, a plan which proved so popular that in the end all the bands in Aldershot had to be similarly accommodated.

Writing to Colonel Mends about this time, March 1898, he says:—

"I sat next to Arnold-Forster at dinner the other night, and he was most interesting, and told me several questions he was going to ask. I have also had a letter from Sir Charles Dilke about a seat for me for the Army debate; he says he should like to know—(1) Where the two Corps are to come from and in what condition they would be? (2) What is left behind after they go from our ports?"

A little later he wrote again to myself:—

"Tournay Barracks, North Camp, Aldershot,
March 11, 1898.

"Dear Mr. President,—I shall be only too pleased to join the Magdalen Association. Perhaps you will let me know to whom I am to pay my £1, as I see that amount is to constitute life-membership. When is term over at Oxford,

as perhaps I might manage to get away before you go down?—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

Meanwhile he was hard at work at Aldershot, Field-firing, Military training, night attacks, a Concert, Bridging, Digging, and Cooking (!) appear successively in the entries. Digging redoubts in March weather brought on a bad cold.

He writes two letters to his father about this time in which he expresses deep interest in the occupation of Port Arthur by Russia.

"*March* 28.—Went to Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race. Oxford won. Cambridge nearly sank."

"*April* 13.—Went home this evening for my birthday."

"*April* 14.—My birthday. Very nice day." (He was thirty-one this day.)

Musketry again occupies most of his time for some weeks more.

"*April* 30.—Practice on range. Academy dinner; stayed at Buckingham Palace."

Two letters which I received from him about this time require a little explanation. The dinner alluded to is the annual College dinner in London,

at which it was thought he might be able to take the chair. The Drawing-room meeting was one shortly to be held at the house of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., in London, in aid of the College Mission at Portsea.

"TOURNAY BARRACKS, NORTH CAMP, ALDERSHOT,
May 3, 1898.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, — Many thanks for your kind letter and invitation.

"As regards my chances of being able to get up for the Eights week I cannot hold out much hope, as our battalion training begins on the 17th and lasts till the 27th, and this obliges every officer to be here the whole time; but I think I could possibly get away on Friday 13th and stay till the evening of Monday 16th, if that would suit you; as soon as I hear from you I will put in my leave to the authorities, as anything over forty-eight hours has to go to the General.

"I regret also that the 30th June is also impossible; in fact I could not say with the least degree of certainty what day I could manage this summer; everything is at top pressure in consequence of the Army Manœuvres, and the work which usually takes four months has now got to be squashed into two and a half months. I am very sorry, but I feel sure you will understand how I am situated.

"Could you tell me whether Richards, who is the Secretary of the Magd. Coll. Assoc^{n}., was up at Magdalen with me? I fancy he must have

been, but am not certain.[1]—With kind regards, believe me, yours sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

"CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR GT. PARK,
May 15, 1898.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—Many thanks for your letter. I am sorry to say that I can't manage either the dinner or the Drawing-room meeting, as on the latter date I am already engaged for a two days' cricket match for my regiment against the Brigade of Guards, and we always try to beat them. I am sorry about the dinner, but I have also had to refuse the Old Wellingtonian dinner on the same day, and it is almost impossible for me to make any plans in advance, as I should probably only have to break my promise at the last moment. I have had to give up the Foreign Office reception this year because I can't get away from Aldershot.—Yours sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

On May 23 he writes to the Queen:—

"I am writing to wish you many happy returns of your birthday to-morrow. To-day is the first real summer day we have had. It is beautifully warm, with a soft south wind, and a great treat after the horrible weather we had last week. It was so bad that even now it is not certain if we

[1] The Prince was thinking of Mr. R. E. Ll. Richards, of Caerynwch, Dolgelly, who had been up with him. The Secretary, Mr. W. G. Richards, belonged to an earlier generation.

can have to-morrow's parade on Laffan's Plain owing to the wet state of the ground; in this case we shall have to go to the Long Valley, where the marching is most difficult and trying. We hear that we leave here for the manœuvres on August 27, and on the 15th September we go straight to Cork."

"*May* 23.—Went to the Oval; then home at five o'clock. Dinner to Sir W. Lockhart."

"*June* 4.—Cricket, I. Z. *v.* Wellington; match drawn. Made 6, 4; c. short slip."

"*June* 9.—Battalion match *v.* Wellington; we won by 10 runs. I made 52, c. long on; and 41, not out."

As this is the last match against Wellington recorded in his Cricket Diary, if not the last he ever played against his old school, this may be an appropriate place to introduce, as showing how he was regarded by the boys at his old school, a few words from a Wellington boy who played against him on this occasion, Mr. R. W. Hopkins, now an old Wellingtonian, and like the Prince an old member of Magdalen. Mr. Hopkins says:—

"The Prince used to bring down an XI. of his own to play the school nearly every year, beside often playing against us for other teams. He was very popular with the boys, and invariably received a great ovation on going in to bat, and generally on coming out, for he was a very sound batsman,

and usually made a good score. I have often heard that he was very popular with masters and boys alike while still at school. *That* I cannot vouch for, but I *am* sure he was universally respected in my time. He was always in good spirits, and used to chat and joke with us all in a perfectly easy way which made us at home with him at once. . . . One peculiarity about him has always rather surprised me. I once remarked to him that a retiring batsman must have made a good many runs, and was astonished to hear the Prince give the exact score: when the telegraph-board was altered the figures agreed. I afterwards found (as I kept wicket it was natural to exchange a word now and again with the batsmen) that he always knew exactly how many both he and his partner had made, and also the total of runs scored by his side."

Cricket now appears again pretty frequently as an interlude to military duties.

"*June* 30.—Went up to 'Varsity match."

"*July* 1.—General Inspection. Went up to 'Varsity match to-day."

"*July* 2.—Went to finish of Oxford *v.* Cambridge match. Oxford won by nine wickets."

"*July* 5.—Field-officer and Court Martial duty."

"*July* 11.—Went down to Winchester to-day with Dermot for Green Jacket Week. Match *v.* I. Z. Made 51, stumped."

"*July* 21.—Field day to-day. Very hot. Heard on return that I have to go to Egypt."

The Queen invited him to come down to Osborne before leaving.

"*July* 28.—Went up to London to say good-bye to Uncle Bertie. Went down home; drove from Windsor with Mother. Dermot came for tea and stayed the night."

"*July* 29.—Left early this morning with Dermot for Winchester. Luncheon at St. Cross, and then went over to Osborne."

"*July* 30.—Left Osborne at 7.15; arrived in London at 11.15. Luncheon with Lady Jeune. Drove with Papa, and saw both Mother and Papa off to Germany; returned to Aldershot after dinner."

"*August* 1.—My last day at Aldershot; went up to the Club-House. Uncle Arthur dined. Had a talk with Dermot after dinner."

The next day he began his journey, going up to London and staying the night at Buckingham Palace. The diary says:—

"Left Farnboro' by 10.15. Dermot came and saw me off. Met Martini in train. Went to the Oval after luncheon."

From Buckingham Palace he wrote to the Queen:—

"I have asked Louise to give you this letter to-day. So many thanks for your kind letter and

for the little picture of yourself which I received the other night. It was so very kind of you to give it me. It is just what I wanted. I will not fail to give your letter to Sir Francis Grenfell. I have told Louise to say that I will telegraph in the Unicode, which she has. I leave to-morrow morning with Captain Blunt, Uncle Arthur's A.D.C., who is also going out."

CHAPTER IX

1898–1899

EGYPT—IRELAND—STAFF COLLEGE EXAMINATION —OUTBREAK OF WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

WITH the Prince's departure from home his letters begin again to be full and descriptive, and, as before, we hear much more of him when he is away than when he is still in England.

"*August* 3.—Left Victoria at nine o'clock. Lady Jeune and Colonel and Mrs. Eliot, and Martini came to see me off. Crossed over from Dover to Calais at noon, when I met Blunt and Lord and Lady Roberts. Left Calais at 3.15 with Blunt."

"*August* 4.—Arrived at Marseilles at 10.30 A.M. Left in Messageries boat at 5 P.M.; met Kincaid and his wife."

From Alexandria, which he reached on August 9, he wrote home the same day to his mother:—

"Just a line to say I have arrived here all right. I leave for Cairo this afternoon, and go on to the front with a Colonel Hunt at eight o'clock to-

morrow morning. I know nothing more than this and that all arrangements about servants and horses have to be made by Watson, A.D.C.[1] to the Sirdar, who is in my regiment and attached to the Egyptian Army. I am staying here with General Henderson, who commands here; he used to command our 4th Battalion in India."

And to his Colonel:—

"ALEXANDRIA, 11 A.M., *August* 9, 1898.

"My DEAR COLONEL,—Many thanks for your letter of August 2. I arrived here this morning, and am staying till 4 P.M. with General Henderson; I then go to Cairo to stay with Grenfell,[2] and leave to-morrow at 8 A.M. for Atbara, where I ought to be about the 15th inst. St. Aubyn has made all arrangements, and Jimmy Watson is going to mount me; so, so far, it has been done pretty comfortably. The voyage was not lively, only one Englishman, Kincaid, R.E., and his wife on board; steamer dirty, food moderate, and attendance *nil*; however that is past.

"I forgot to arrange with you about the Band. I should suggest Blundell running it; till the leave season, I don't want him to get any music beyond what I told Hassell[3] to get. Lyons wanted to go, but would stay if persuaded, and we can't afford to

[1] Captain James Kiero Watson, C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C. again to Lord Kitchener in S. Africa.

[2] Sir Francis Grenfell, now Lord Grenfell, then commanding the English force in Egypt.

[3] Mr. Hassell was at this time bandmaster of the 4th Battalion, and now holds the same position in the Irish Guards.

let him go just at present, but Hassell will no doubt explain it to you.

"Would you speak to Blundell and Bircham about a young Frederick, now at Sandhurst, with whom we have been playing cricket several times this year? He is a son of Sir Charles Frederick, and wants to come into the Regiment; we all took a great fancy to him, and I will write to Davidson about him; would you find out his proper name, &c., and I will ask Davidson to communicate with you? He leaves Sandhurst at Christmas. Blundell and Bircham can tell you all about him.

"I hope the obstacle race was successful. I shall not hear any news for some time, as I go quicker than the mails leaving after me.

"—— ——— is most amusing; just the same as ever; says 'My God' as much and as often as —— ———.

"It's fairly warm here, but there is a nice breeze.

"What I am going to do is as yet a mystery, but no doubt Grenfell will be able to tell me more.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Mends, and with the same to yourself."

"CAIRO, *August* 10.—Drove with the General and Guy (St. Aubyn) in the morning. Went out and did some shopping. Drove with Guy in the afternoon. Dined with Rennell Rodd."

"*August* 11.—Left Cairo for Atbara at five o'clock in troop train with 250 men of drafts; also Ritchie, 72nd, Cameron and Sandilands, 79th, and Hamilton, D.A.A.G.'

He had written again just before starting:—

"I leave here to-night with several other officers I know, but where we go or where we shall find the Sirdar I don't know. I am going to be on the gunboats[1] with Colin Keppel as staff-officer to the troops on board. I think it will suit me very well. It's about 84° in the shade here and rather damp, with hundreds of mosquitoes, which however don't affect me very much.[2] Papa, I am afraid, won't care for my being in the gunboats, but as a matter of fact I could do that work easily, and it will be very nice to be with Colin. I am sure Mrs. Keppel will be pleased. How about Bismarck and Busch? No time for more. . . ."

"*August* 12.—Arrived at Luxor at twelve o'clock; very hot. We were very much squashed up."

"*August* 13.—Reached Shellâl at 4 A.M.; had breakfast, and left by Nile steamer at nine. Pretty hot all day."

"*August* 16.—Arrived at Wâdi Halfa at 1.30 P.M. Went for a walk to the cemetery with Cameron, Sandilands, and Hamilton. Left for Atbara at 10 P.M."

"*August* 18.—Reached Atbara at 4.30. Was met by Sandbach. Saw Colin Keppel. Went and stayed at General Rundle's house."

"*August* 19.—At Atbara; saw some of the Guards. R.B. embark to-day. Went for an hour's walk with Colin into the desert."

[1] He was selected for this duty to save him the fatigue of marching up, as he was still liable to fever.

[2] He was hardly ever bitten until three weeks before his death.

He now writes again:—

"ATBARA CAMP, *August* 19, 1898.

"I arrived here last night. I shall not go on before the 22nd, or possibly the 23rd. What is going to happen no one seems to know, as the Sirdar keeps everything so dark. As far as I can make out now Shabluka has been evacuated; we shall concentrate just south of that place about the 25th August, and in ten days more everything should be over. It is pretty hot here by day, but the nights are delightfully cool. When I was coming up here the thermometer was 100° in the shade by day; at night it was down as low as 75°. It was, however, so dry that one did not perspire a bit. It is much pleasanter than India in that respect, where the nights are so hot. General Rundle is very kind, and I am staying with him; he, however, leaves to-morrow. . . . Dr. Taylor is here, and is looking very well."

"*August* 23.—Left Atbara about 5.30 in *Zaphir* (gunboat) with General Rundle, Colin, Dodd, and Micklem. Heavy rain and dust storm at night."

"*August* 25.—Our boat sank about ten minutes to five in the afternoon. We got to shore. I saved only my bedding. Bad night, was seedy, otherwise everything went well."

This last entry is the Prince's own brief notice of what was a very disagreeable, and might easily have been a very disastrous, incident. General Rundle telegraphed a little later to Sir Francis

Grenfell as follows:—"Prince Christian is on *Sultan* with Keppel, going very strong. I was very relieved to get him safe on shore from *Zaphir*. It was a quick business, and he behaved with great coolness."

The following letter from Captain Colin Keppel himself throws a sidelight on the occasion:—

"H.M.S. 'WARSPITE.' *October* 7, 1901,
ESQUIMALT, B.C., VANCOUVER ISLAND.

"DEAR SIR,—I am afraid I cannot help you very much with regard to the Memoir you are writing of Prince Christian Victor.

"I commanded the Nile gunboats under Lord Kitchener in 1898, and the Prince was attached to me as 'Staff Officer for Gunboats' during the advance from Atbara camp to Khartum. He was most useful to me and was always willing to do anything that he was asked, and under all circumstances was cheery. We were shipwrecked on our way up (through the boat springing a leak in a compartment which was full of coal); the Prince lost all his kit and then, while we were camping on the bank for two days until another steamer picked us up, he had a slight attack of fever to which I think he was very liable. However, he never complained, his only anxiety being that we should arrive at the front in time to be present at the capture of Khartum, which we knew was imminent. We *did* arrive in time and the Prince remained with me until after Khartum was occupied, and caused me some anxiety, as I naturally

felt more or less responsible for his safety. *My object was to keep him as much out of danger as possible, and his was the exact opposite.*

"I saw the Prince several times in London after my return to England, and the last time shortly before he started for South Africa. I am afraid what I have written will be of no use to you, but you asked me to tell you all I could.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

"COLIN KEPPEL, *Captain R.N.*"

The diary continues:—

"*August* 26.—Got one of my boxes up. *Tahra*[1] picked us up at 11.30. Drage, Roberts, Drummond, and Battersby on board."

"*August* 27.—Went through the Shabluka in the afternoon at 5 P.M. Arrived at Jebel Royan at 7 P.M. We found the army. Saw Tullibardine[2] Baring, and Haig."

"*August* 28.—Jimmy Watson came on board. Had my hair cut, and went and breakfasted with Sirdar. Army left this afternoon."

"*August* 30.—Took Infantry detachment on board and left. Caught the army up; went on shore. Saw Taylor and Maxwell."

"*August* 31.—Went up past Kerreri; shelled enemy's camp. Saw Mahdi's tomb in distance and Omdurman and Khartum."

"*September* 1.—Left at 5.30. Co-operated with

[1] The *El Tahra*, an old unarmed steamer.

[2] The Marquis of Tullibardine, who served with him again in South Africa.

Friendlies on the Right Bank; destroyed a fort and shelled a crowd of Dervishes. Went up and destroyed the forts of Omdurman and Khartum and returned to camp at 7 P.M."

"*September* 2.—Dervishes came on at 6.15; at 7.15 the Dervish attack was repulsed with great loss. We went into Omdurman at 4.30 and cleared the streets with our maxims. Left to go up the White Nile at 9 P.M."

The next two days they spent in going up the White Nile, but saw none of the enemy, and on the 5th returned to Omdurman.

He took the opportunity of his leisure to write to the Queen:—

"WHITE NILE, *September* 5, 1898.

"I have had no time to write before, and in fact there has been no mail to send any letters by. You will have heard that our steamer sank. Unfortunately I lost all I possess except my sword and a change of underclothing and my blankets. All my camp kit and clothes went, and I suppose I lost about £80 worth of kit, &c., one way and another, and little was recovered the next day but what was quite ruined by the water. I am afraid as I am not in the Egyptian Army I shall get no compensation for my losses.

"The battle on the 2nd was very exciting; my ship protected the right side of the zariba, and we fired shell after shell into dense masses of Dervishes, and must have done fearful execution. I myself saw hundreds fall. The Dervishes came

on with the most wonderful bravery, but could not possibly live in the face of the fire that was brought to bear on them from the zariba. The Sirdar at once pushed on into Omdurman and we went about a hundred miles up the White Nile to see if we could see any of the enemy running away, but we saw no one. Frank[1] has been seedy and so was on a gunboat during the action, but he is now quite well again. This is a magnificent climate and one can't help being well if you don't get out into the sun too much. I have heard no details of our losses, but I don't think they were very heavy in comparison with the numbers engaged. The Dervishes must have lost several thousands and a number of Emirs. I heard a report when I left on the night of the 2nd that the Khalifa had been captured. I hope it may be true. I have no more news to give you, and no doubt shall be starting home again soon. One gets dreadfully tired of the Nile day after day."

A letter to his friend Dwane, a little later, goes more into detail about the fight. He says:—

"I have been to Khartum and back, and have seen one of the most terrific slaughters, I believe I am correct in saying, in history. Roughly, during 3 hours of actual fighting the loss to the Dervishes was over 10,000 killed and, I believe, 15,000 wounded. The average works out at over 55 men killed per minute, or almost one a second. . . ."

[1] H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck.

As regards actual numbers killed, there have been, if history is trustworthy, many more deadly battles, for the old hand-to-hand fights were far more sanguinary than those of to-day.[1] But for awful rapidity of carnage his estimate probably holds good, and his humane heart was evidently, as will appear from some of his subsequent letters, very gravely impressed with the terrible nature of modern war.

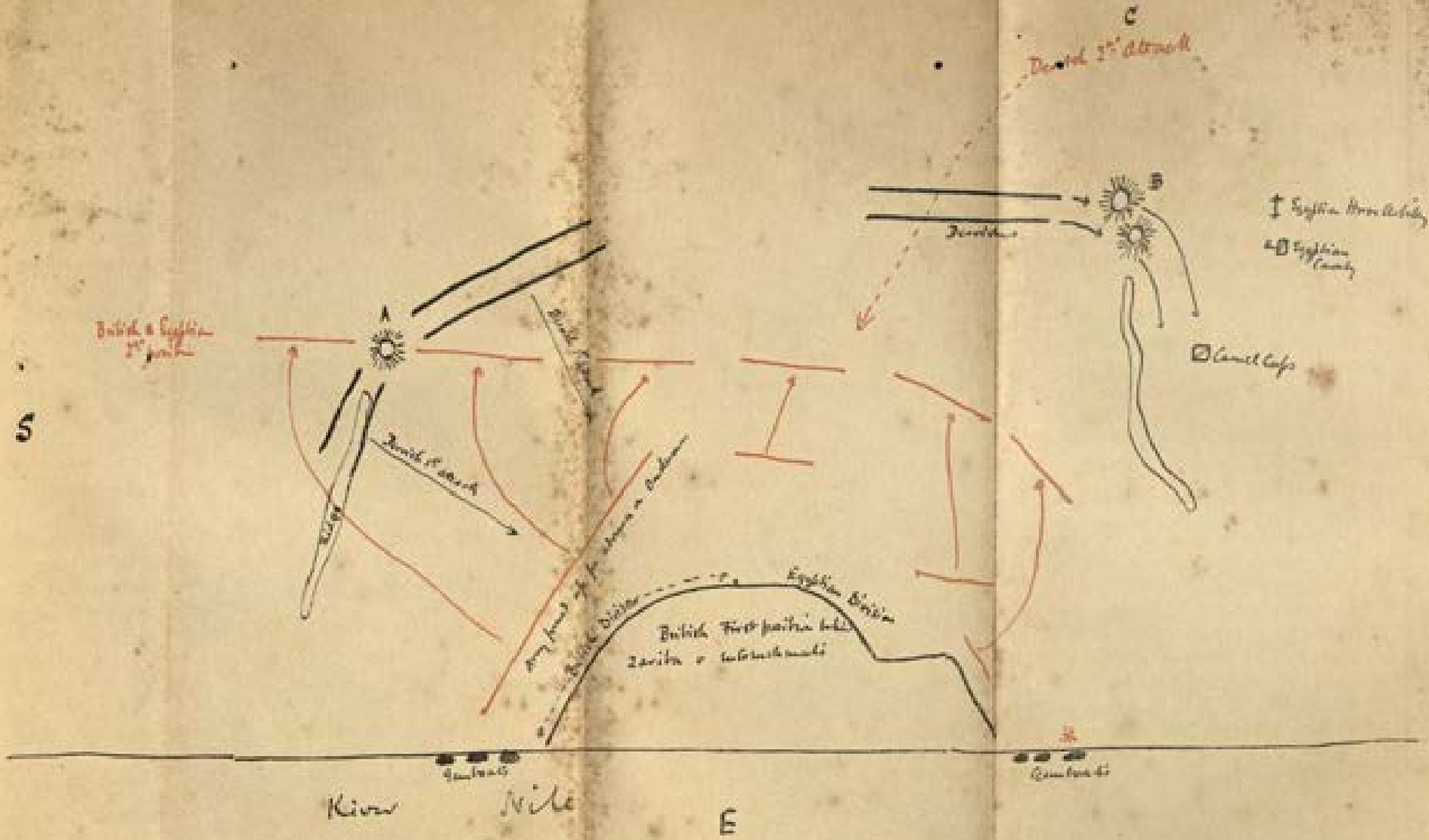
Yet we can well believe him when he goes on to say in the same letter:—

"It was the grandest sight I have ever witnessed to see these fellows come on. They were wonderfully well drilled and came on in two thick lines, one line about 200 yards in front of the other, and with supports and reserves again behind. . . .

"On the first sight of the advance we had up all the ammunition mules, and the boxes of ammunition were placed open behind each company and section in the firing line. To give you an idea of the ammunition used, the XIth Sudanese fired 64,000, Cameron Highrs., 39,000, Seaforths, 25,000; on these three battalions the brunt of the attack came. The Lee-Metford kept the Dervishes at about 700 yds., while the Martinis allowed them to get to about 300 yards.

"Of course we had Maxims and also about 6

[1] "Of the 76,000 Romans who had taken their places in line of battle, 70,000 covered the field" (Dr. Mommsen's account of the battle of Cannæ).



BATTLE OF OMDURMAN

Sketch Map showing First and Second Positions and Attack

To face p. 174

batteries all going for all they were worth, but it was the volley firing which did the damage."

Some months later, after his return home, he gave the following rather "telegraphic" account of his own part in the affair to his friend Mr. E. N. Bennett, of Hertford College, Oxford, who was writing a book on the war:—

"BALMORAL CASTLE, *October* 10, 1898.

"DEAR BENNETT,—I have been unable to answer your letter of September 26 before as I have been busily engaged deer-stalking, and this must be my excuse. I will try to give you the information you require, and am just jotting down the facts in diary form.

"First, with regard to our sinking on board the *Zaphir*.

"Started at 4 P.M. *August* 23.—Party consisted of General Rundle, Lieutenant Micklem, R.E., Keppel, R.N.; self and Major Dodd, R.A.M.C. Details of Native Regiments in Ghyassas.[1] All went well for two nights beyond severe storm night of 23rd.

"4.45 P.M., *August* 25.—Party sitting on deck taking tea. Mr. Poole, engineer of *Zaphir*, asks Keppel to come below at once; Keppel does so. I walk bow, notice ship low in water, water coming over bow, walk back to Rundle. Keppel comes up, says ship may go down any moment. We go side, and ship lurches over heavily to starboard;

[1] Native boats towed by the steamers.

all natives, servants, &c., jump and swim for shore. Dodd, Micklem, and Rundle jump on Ghyassas; ship rights herself and begins to settle down; I jump Ghyassas and then as ship sinks Keppel jumps. Ghyassas cut adrift and we get to shore. Keppel, on noticing water coming in, orders ship to go for shore full speed; we get within 30 yards of shore; fires go out; attempt made to get rope on shore, ship however sinks. We bivouac on shore that night, having saved sufficient stores for a meal. Next morning men get to work and get out several boxes of clothes, &c., mostly belonging to Rundle and Keppel. I lose everything except my bedding; recover my Khaki jacket morning of 26th, till then only in trousers and shirt. All land with helmets on, luckily; at noon 26th picked up by Major Drage, D.S.O., A.S.C., on *El Tahra* and we then join force at Jebel Royan. Keppel transfers flag to *Sultan;* I and Dodd go with him.

"*August* 31.—*Sultan, Melik, Fatteh,* go up and shell camp at Kerreri; great confusion; enemy's tents struck, and we kill about twelve men, mostly cavalry galloping over plain: see Mahdi's Tomb.

"*September* 1.—Leave camp 5.30; steam Right Bank; meet Wortley and levies; arrange to go up in advance and shell villages and ports on Right Bank; he will co-operate at 9.30; engage a fort on Right Bank, south of Halfiya village; fort destroyed; shell fire from fort, but boats not hit; then shell Halfiya and Dervish cavalry who come out into plain, and another village south of Halfiya also shelled, and knock over about 40 or 50 men

and horses. Wortley comes up and clears Halfiya and other villages, netting about 300; enemy entirely cleared off Right Bank at 11.30. Wortley comes on board, and we take on our ships, *Sultan*, *Sheik*, *Melik*, *Fatteh*, and *Nasr*, about 500 or 600 levies in addition to an infantry detachment of all regiments, Guards, Riflemen, Highlanders, &c., 175 in all distributed among the ships.

"Howitzer battery landed on Right Bank, and at 1.30 commences to shell Mahdi's Tomb. We start at 2 P.M. to shell forts of Omdurman. We steam in following order: *Sultan*, *Nasr*, *Fatteh*, *Melik*, *Sheik*. We steam up past Omdurman under heavy shell fire and a slight rifle fire, engaging forts on each bank and silence every fort; our fire extremely accurate, bunging up embrasures; enemy's shells bursting all round, but no damage done, our quick-firers and maxims prevent them taking proper aim. Kill number of Dervishes running about on banks; steam round by Khartum and demolish forts at Khartum, two in number, who fire at us; return by back of Tutti and go back to camp.

"During battle boats each side of square shelling Dervishes during advance, doing considerable damage; ships go in to Omdurman with Sirdar, and considerable rifle fire at ships. Ships clear several streets with maxim fire, being able to see over wall; then at night go up White Nile about a hundred miles; return on September 5, having seen no Dervishes.

"Original intention on September 1 to march Cairo levies under Wortley on Tutti, but aban-

doned owing to close proximity of Omdurman forts."

The book for which this furnished material was shortly afterwards published.[1] Mr. Bennett acknowledges his debt to the Prince in the preface. In particular he has told me since that the plan of Omdurman and Khartoum, to illustrate the operations of the gunboats and Friendlies, which is attached to the chapter called "Gunboats and Gaalin," was based on a sketch lent by the Prince.

"*September* 6. — Went on shore with Colin; walked through Omdurman to Sirdar's camp; breakfasted and lunched. Left with half battalion Seaforths and Frank for Atbara at 6 P.M."

He now returned rapidly to Cairo, where he stayed a few days with Sir Francis Grenfell; then, leaving Cairo on the morning of the 16th, and Alexandria the same afternoon, reached Marseilles on the 21st, and was back in London on September 22.

His father being away, he went for a few days to the house of Sir Francis and Lady Jeune at Newbury, where his mother was staying, then visited old friends, Colonel and Mrs. Wilson at Aldershot, and a little later went to Balmoral, arriving there on September 28.

[1] "The Downfall of the Dervishes, being a sketch of the final Sudan Campaign of 1898." (Methuen & Co. London, 1898.)

Sir Francis Grenfell had written meanwhile to H.R.H. Princess Christian:—

"CAIRO, *September* 11.

"The Prince is well and hearty and will be here in two days. I wish Kitchener had taken him to Fashoda, as it will be an interesting trip and politically of great importance. The Dervish steamer that was sent by the Khalifa to investigate was well peppered by the French, and returned and surrendered to Kitchener, with a good many wounded on board. It is quite possible that the French may do something about Fashoda. I should much like to see the interview between Kitchener and Marchand. The whole campaign has gone like clockwork, and never were greater results obtained with so small a loss. . . ."

The Prince himself wrote to the Queen as follows:—

"ARLINGTON MANOR, NEWBURY,
Sunday, September 25.

"I must thank you for your great kindness in sending me the cheque: it will be of the greatest assistance in replacing the things I lost. I lost my field-glasses, and my revolver and sword which I recovered are absolutely ruined. I must say that it was wonderful that we had no one drowned. I feel rather tired after all the excitement and bustle of the last few weeks, and the change from the heat of the Soudan to the colder temperature of this country is rather trying at first.

"I have a letter from Sir Francis Grenfell to give you, and also a communication to make from the Sirdar with reference to a technical school being started at Khartum in memory of Gordon, which I will explain fully when I see you. Slatin was very well when I left him. I don't know what he will do now. I have written to say that I shall arrive on Wednesday morning at Balmoral."

He remained at Balmoral about a fortnight, getting some good sport, and then returning home for one night, went on to report himself at his new quarters in Ireland on October 12. He arrived at Cork on the 13th, but did not stay there, coming back at once to Cumberland Lodge.

On October 27 he went to meet the Sirdar, now Lord Kitchener of Khartoum,[1] who had just reached England after Fashoda, at Victoria Station, amidst what he describes as "a fearful squash," and on November 4 dined with him at the Mansion House, and the next day ran down to his old school, to stay with Mr. Pollock, who had succeeded Mr. Wickham as Headmaster in 1893. From Wellington he went on to Sandringham, where he had four days of most successful shooting, and then home.

On the 15th of November he paid a visit to us at his old College at Oxford. The visit was to

[1] He had formed a very high opinion of Lord Kitchener when in Egypt. Writing to Dwane, he says: "Kitchener I like enormously. He is as straight as a die."

my wife and myself a most pleasant one. Sir John and Lady Mowbray and their daughter helped us to entertain the Prince, and Sir John was, as he told me, charmed with his good sense and his consideration. Among those who came to meet him were Professor and Mrs. Max Müller, and Professor Sir John and Lady Stainer. Professor Max Müller wrote to me soon afterwards, "I was very much pleased with the Prince, there is so much *bonhomie* about him, and he is evidently doing very well."

Mr. Philip Lyttelton-Gell, who met him at the same time, tells me of an amusing remark which the Prince made, alluding to the sinking of the *Zaphir* gunboat on the Nile, described a little way back. Mr. Lyttelton-Gell said to the Prince, "I saw, Sir, that you went into a new branch of the service. You were with the Navy on the Nile, were you not?" "Yes," said the Prince, "but I lost my ship, and I don't think they'll give me another."

It was with special gratification that I was able to tell him on his arrival that the University had just decided to grant him the degree of M.A. by Diploma. With this, as he told me, he was much pleased. It was exactly what he wished, as it gave him all the privileges of a full member of the University, to which he was much attached, and would enable him to take proper rank as a graduate in his own College if at any time, as he hoped not

seldom to do, he came back to visit it. For the D.C.L., the more honorific degree, usually bestowed on distinguished persons, he said he had no desire at present. In Oxford, as in the Army, he did not want to be artificially elevated above his contemporaries, though some day he hoped he might come back with other honours of his own and receive it in the natural course.

He called while at Oxford on the Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Anson, to pay his respects, and he also visited his old friend and the friend of his family, Sir Henry Acland. On both these occasions I had the privilege of accompanying him, and of noting his quiet brightness and unaffected courtesy. "I well recollect," writes Sir William Anson, "his visit to me and his pleasant manner; he seemed to have changed very little in that respect from his undergraduate days." The latter visit I myself recall especially vividly. Sir Henry Acland, who had been very ill, was much broken and depressed, so as to be hardly fit to receive any visitors, but the Prince seemed to have the art of at once cheering him up and choosing topics which enlisted his interest. He spoke in particular about the great improvement which he had seen within his own experience, in military medical arrangements, and said how good they had been in the recent Egyptian campaign. In a few minutes Sir Henry brightened

up, and gradually became full of conversation and reminiscence, and almost his old self.

He dined on the 16th with his friend Mr. Bennett, and enjoyed himself very much, but would not be persuaded to go out to a dance, saying, "No, I never dance, and should much prefer not going."

On November 18 he returned home to entertain the Sirdar, who was to be his father's guest at Cumberland Lodge. He remained a few days, and then went down to St. Germans, where again he was very successful with the birds, returning on December 2.

"*December* 9.—Rabbiting in the morning with Dermot; shooting on the pond in the afternoon. Dined at Windsor Castle and received the G.C.V.O."

Just before leaving home he wrote to me as follows:—

"CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR,
December 11, 1898.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—Could you kindly tell me whom I should thank for the Degree? I received the Diploma this morning. I must thank you once again for the charming visit you allowed me to pay you. I enjoyed myself so much, and it was a real pleasure to me to see the College again. I am leaving for Ireland to-morrow, where my address will be 'The Barracks, Cork.' Since I saw

you I have decided to go up for the Staff College next August, and I must confess that I don't look forward to the next few months' work, although, with the exception of Mathematics and a foreign language, all the other subjects are military ones. With many thanks again to yourself and Mrs. Warren,—Believe me, yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

On the 12th he left for Ireland, reaching Cork the next day, and proceeding to Fort Carlisle, which was to be his quarters, on the 14th.

He now settled down once more to the routine of an officer's life, route-marching, courts-martial, and the like, varied with a little occasional sport.

His first impressions of Ireland were not very favourable. He thought the people seemed lazy, and too tolerant of dirt. "The land," he writes, "is exceedingly good, but they won't exert themselves to get it into order, and are quite happy if they can make enough to get their daily bread." The weather, further, at this season was unpleasant, very windy and wet, and there was not enough to do. In a letter to his friend Mr. Bennett, written to thank him for a copy of his book, "The Downfall of the Dervishes," he says chaffingly that Fort Carlisle is "worse than being up the Nile." But as he became more at home his views altered. He made many friends, notably Mr.[1] and Mrs. Smith-Barry.

[1] Now Lord Barrymore.

He was constantly their guest at Fota Island, shooting, fishing, &c., and writes to his father of Mr. Smith-Barry as a "most interesting man, who enjoyed the distinction of having been boycotted for two whole years." A letter from South Africa to Mrs. Smith-Barry, as will be seen later, testifies that he cherished a most pleasant recollection of these days. And the appreciation was reciprocal. "When the Prince was quartered at Cork," says Mr. Smith-Barry, "we certainly did see a good deal of him, and, like all who ever came across him, were charmed by his kindly, affectionate manner, and struck by his shrewd common sense."

He wrote on Christmas Day to the Vice-Chancellor to acknowledge the receipt of the Diploma.[1]

"FORT CARLISLE, WHITEGATE, CO. CORK,
December 25, 1898.

"To the VICE-CHANCELLOR,
All Souls' College, Oxford.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM ANSON,—I am writing to thank you for the honour you have done and the pleasure you have caused me in giving me my M.A. by Diploma.

"Nothing could have given me more satisfaction than to feel myself really once more a member of the University where I spent two very happy years. I ought to have written sooner, but have been settling down here, so that must be my excuse.—

[1] The Diploma itself, composed by the Public Orator, Dr. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College, will be found in the Appendix.

Again with many thanks, believe me, yours sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

In a letter to Dwane at the beginning of the year (January 9) he says :—

"I am now, as you see, at Carlisle Fort commanding the Detachment. It is a dull place, but an independent command is not a bad thing at all for any person, and now I've got the place pretty shipshape. I had to 'hot up' some scamps at first, who thought they could play the fool, but cells and 21 days' C.B. soon settled them. . . . I am going up for the Staff College in August. I think it's the thing to do, as I have seen a fair amount of service in various parts of the world, and Staff Service would be acceptable as a change, though I shan't give up Regimental soldiering, and shall, if I pass, always come back for a few years to the Battalion. I don't hold with being always on the Staff. You forget what difficulties there are in a Battalion. . . .

"We are very lucky in Herbert for our Colonel. . . . I sent the Battalion out a cigar-box last winter. Have you seen it? I thought it rather nice, and hoped it would be a useful present. I am tremendously decorated now. I hear we get a British medal as well as the Khedive's, which I have already received; and since I have seen you I have got the Victorian Order, and am, I believe, to get the Osmanieh, or something like that. I have run into two rows now—quite a swell. How's Tyler, and the Band?"

A little later he writes to say that he is coming over to London to work with a tutor with a view to passing for the Staff College. This was the well-known Dr. Miller Maguire, whom he had interviewed before he went to Cork. He went to London on the 21st, and worked at Maguire's every morning for five days as arranged, returning to Ireland on the 30th. The weather continued very bad, and he had caught a bad cold on the journey, and remained for some days rather unwell.

On March 2 he went up to Dublin for the investiture of Lord Lucan, but this seems to have been his only dissipation for some time. He continued working hard for his examination, employing at times, says Mr. Blundell "a little schoolmaster in Cork" to assist him. He wrote to his friend Mr. Bennett about this time:—

"The Barracks, Cork.

"My dear Bennett,—I fear I shall be unable to come up to Oxford this term and play cricket. I am in for the Staff College Exam. in August, and am doing about eight hours' work a day, and I don't think I shall touch a bat till after the exam. I should have enjoyed coming up, but you see how impossible it is for me, as I want to pass this beastly 'Exam.' I have to do Mathematics and Geography and Military History besides the usual military subjects, and the first-mentioned subject I

have not looked at for fifteen years.—Yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

On April 13 he went home for his thirty-second birthday and stayed some time, going up to London again and working with Maguire. Writing to the Queen to thank her for a birthday gift, he says: "I am at present going every day to a crammer up here (in London) who is preparing me for my examination in August, but I doubt if I shall pass."

He continued working away till the 29th. The entries for that and the next day are as follows:—

"*April* 29.—Left Maguire's this morning. Went to the Royal Academy dinner."

"*April* 30.—Went with Papa to Vere Street Church; heard Page-Roberts preach. Luncheon with the Duncannons. Left for Ireland by the 8.45 train from Euston."

Work for his examination, occasional cricket, and the routine of barrack life continued till the Queen's birthday, when he went to Windsor. On the 27th of May, however, he ran down to Wellington to play cricket, and on the 29th went to Oxford again to see the match against the Australians, staying with Mr. H. M. Burge,[1] and dining with

[1] At that time Fellow and Tutor of University College and Treasurer of the O.U.C.C., afterwards Headmaster of Repton School, and now Headmaster of Winchester College.

Mr. Champain, the Captain of the Oxford Eleven, at his old club, the well-known "Vincent's," in the High Street.

From this date for about two months he went almost daily to Maguire's and worked very hard, generally remaining there all day. Just before the examination he went for a little change to stay with Colonel and Mrs. Wilson at Aldershot, July 29-31, the last visit, as it proved, he was to pay either to them or to the place.

Writing to Colonel Wilson on the 1st of August from town, he says:—

"I took an afternoon at Lord's after sharpening pencils in the morning, and went to see Tommy Maguire at tea-time, but did no work. I think with luck I may just get to the winning-post by a short head. Poor Sir Redvers Buller and Lady Audrey, I am so sorry about young Howard."[1]

At last the dreaded ordeal began. He writes:—

"*August* 2.—Exam. began. Topography in the morning and Organisation in the afternoon."

"*August* 3.—Exam. Fortification morning and afternoon."

"*August* 4.—Exam. Arithmetic and Algebra in the morning; Euclid in the afternoon."

"*August* 5.—Exam. Trigonometry in the morning; Law in the afternoon."

[1] Mr. Henry Greville Howard, a Lieutenant in the 60th, Lady Audrey Buller's eldest son, who had just died of typhoid fever in India.

He spent the Sunday at Sir Francis Jeune's at Richmond. Monday he was again at Maguire's.

"*Tuesday, August* 8.—Exam., Tactics all day; Wednesday Maguire's again."

"*Thursday, August* 10.—Exam.; last day. German in the afternoon. Went to the Oval afterwards. Dined with Lady Jeune in Harley Street."

As a matter of fact, he had found himself in the actual examination, as several notes to Colonel Wilson show, better prepared than he expected, and soon became pretty hopeful about the result.

On August 11 his well-earned holiday commenced, and he went to Osborne.

"Left London by the 11.15 from Waterloo. Met Mr. Balfour at Southampton; crossed over in the *Alberta* to Cowes. Arrived at 3.15. Had tea with Grandmama."

"*August* 15.—Left Osborne at 7.30 with Uncle Arthur; went up to the Oval to see Test match; England made 576, and Australia 220 for five."

"*August* 16.—Went to Test match again to-day. Match drawn. Left for Ireland at 8.45."

His examination over, he now allowed himself a little more diversion, and we find him playing cricket, going to races, and paying visits to Lord Bessborough, the Smith-Barrys, Vice-Admiral Lake, and other friends.

"*September* 15.—Went to Kilworth to-day. Heard that I had passed my exam. all right."

With this result he was, of course, much pleased, and might well look forward to years of prosperity and progress in his profession. But joy and sorrow are in this world strangely intermixed. Already the little cloud was on the horizon which preluded the gigantic storm. The next entry reads prosaically enough :—

"*September* 16.—Preparing to send off the draft to-day."

A letter to the Queen, however, shows its significance :—

"THE BARRACKS, CORK, *September* 15, 1899.

"I must thank you so many times for your kind telegram of congratulation which I received on my return here from a Field-day, otherwise I would have answered sooner. The white heather brought luck, as I was sure it would, and it is a great satisfaction to know that all this summer's work has not been in vain.

"We are much excited here about South Africa, but I cannot believe we shall have war. The Boers have all to lose and nothing to gain, and I feel strongly that a good, firm, and decided policy is our best chance to avert hostilities ; still, should it come, we are well prepared, and should give an excellent account of ourselves. I wonder if I shall

be employed—I half expect to be. . . . The weather here has broken up and we have wind and rain, but it always rains in Ireland."

Writing to his father he says: "I have only sent in my name to the Horse Guards in case we have war." He goes on to calculate the number of troops available, and ends by saying that he does not expect it will come to war, or at any rate not before February, as he expects the Conference to last some time.[1]

The Prince was, of course, as much in the dark as to both the power and the plans of the Boers as most people in England. A little later he writes to his mother from Fota Island, first of all to say that he hopes it will be all right about his going out—he was, it may be noted, very anxious to go, and had made use of all the influence he could get brought to bear—and then, to give his ideas and speculations.

"We don't know what is going on, and my idea is we shall do nothing till our Indian and home reinforcements arrive in about ten days or so, and then we are secure from attack, and even now I doubt if the Boers could do us much harm. The Orange Free State are playing into our hands, as we want to go through their country; it's flat and

[1] There was reason enough for this view. The Conference began on May 31, and negotiations were not finally broken off till October 9, the date of the Ultimatum.

excellent for cavalry. We shall use about 80,000 men in case of war. . . . I have been staying at Bessborough, and have been here (Fota Island) since Thursday. I go to Lord Bandon to-morrow for a few days, and later to the Inchiquins, and also to Portarlington to shoot. The Duchess of St. Albans is here; she is so very pleasant. The Smith-Barrys are charming, and so very kind."

A few days later he writes to his father from Castle Bernard, Bandon, much to the same effect, adding that he hopes the Boers will collect an army and fight, and not split up into small parties which are hard to follow up and will cause much loss, and adding that he has been, and is, enjoying his visit very much. "Thank Heaven," he ends up, "there are no Balls." These he did not love.

Lord Bandon writes of this visit:—

"We had the honour of a visit from Prince Christian Victor while he was quartered in Cork, and often had the pleasure of meeting him. We have most pleasant recollections of his visit. He was so charming and unaffected, and made all around him happy and at their ease. He was very fond of croquet, and while at Castle Bernard spent much of his time on the croquet ground. He spoke of returning for our woodcock shoot, but long before that came off had started for the front. The Prince was most popular in the county, and the sad news of his death cast a gloom over the whole county and city of Cork."

On September 28 he wrote to Colonel Eliot in reply to a letter congratulating him on passing for the Staff College.

"THE BARRACKS, CORK, *September* 28, '99.

"DEAR COLONEL ELIOT,—Many thanks for your letter of congratulations; it is a satisfactory termination to all my worries of the summer. The result has not been published yet, and I only heard privately. This Transvaal business looks bad, but I have a firm belief that there will be no fighting. I may possibly go, but I have heard nothing definite.

"I had a most enjoyable visit to Bessborough; since then I have paid several other visits: people are most hospitable in Ireland. I hope Mrs. Eliot is well.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

Of his visit to Bessborough, Lady Duncannon writes: "The Prince was here for an Agricultural Show which is held annually in this Park. He took the greatest interest in the exhibits, especially in the horse-jumping. He bought some honey as an encouragement to the local exhibitors, and was most kind, and liked by every one."

"*September* 29.—On a Court Martial to-day. Went to Clonmel at 3 o'clock. Heard at 4.30 that I was to go to South Africa on October 6."

A letter which he wrote on the day of this entry to his old friend at Oxford, Sir Henry Acland,

shows exactly and in striking and impressive language, what was his personal feeling about the whole matter.

"THE BARRACKS, CORK, *September* 29, 1899.

"DEAR SIR HENRY,—I feel obliged to write and tell you of my next movements since you have always taken such an interest in my welfare. I have to-day received instructions to hold myself in readiness to proceed to South Africa on October 6. I have seen so much of war that I am fully aware of the horrors of it all, and personally I have arrived at the age when the awful carnage which necessarily follows a modern battle leaves a painful impression on one: still one must look to the future, and as a soldier my duty is to my country, and if in any small way I can contribute useful help I consider it to be my duty to place my services at the disposal of the War Office. This I have done, with the result that they have been accepted. I still trust we may avoid war, and I am sure we shall gain our object best by a firm and decided policy, and by putting a large force in the country. I trust you are in good health, and with kindest remembrances, believe me, yours very sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

"If you should see the President of Magdalen, would you tell him of my movements."

He also wrote at once to his Colonel (Mends):—

"I have received orders to be prepared to embark for South Africa on October 6, but no doubt

I shall get something more definite before long. I should think we are certain to have a row out there now. I do hope we shall manage the thing properly this journey, and settle the South African question once and for all. I have qualified quite well for the Staff College I am glad to say, but that will have to stand over for the present. I am rather pushed for time, so please excuse any more. Perhaps if we embark at Southampton I may see you there."

A telegram which he sent on the 30th to Colonel Wilson is characteristic.

"Am ordered to be prepared embark Oct. 6. Have you received orders? I made ripping marks in Tactics. CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

"*October* 1 (*Sunday*). — Went to Communion this morning. Had luncheon with Mrs. Herbert.[1] Dermot came back very late and stayed and had a long talk with me."

On the Monday, October 2, he wrote twice, as it happened, to the Duchess of St. Albans. The reason of his writing the second time appears in the letter itself:—

"THE BARRACKS, CORK, *Monday, October* 2.

"MY DEAR DUCHESS,—My orders have come for me to embark for Cape Town on Friday next.

[1] Wife of his Colonel, Mr. E. Herbert.

I deferred my departure from here for a day so as to see Mr. Blundell, who is my greatest friend, and before going on an expedition of this sort, it does one so much good to have a long chat. I regret so much I could not come to Clonmel, and if I return safely, which God grant I may, I shall hope perhaps to be able to pay you a visit then. . . .

"Hoping to see you on my return, and with kind remembrances to Lady Alix—Believe me, yours sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

"THE BARRACKS, CORK, *Monday night, October 2.*

"MY DEAR DUCHESS,—Pray excuse my writing again to you so soon, but I have just heard from Mr. Legard that your son is going out with the 14th Hussars if they go.

"I am very glad for his sake that he is going, but at the same time, let me assure you, I feel deeply for you and Lady Alix, and can well imagine your feelings. I have been myself so often on service, and know what the parting from my own parents has been, that I can well picture to myself what your thoughts must be on this occasion. . . .

"God grant that he may be returned safe to you and yours, and that the campaign, if it should come as far as that, may be short, and soon ended. Pray excuse me for writing this and troubling you, but I am sure that you can imagine that although I am delighted to go, still I can feel for those who are left at home, and this has rather a depressing

effect on me at the present time.—Believe me, yours sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

Two days later comes the last entry in his English diary; the last diary entry, indeed, that is extant. A most detailed diary and account of affairs which he kept during the whole South African campaign and right up to the day that he was taken ill, was most unfortunately lost or stolen at Pretoria. As it contained much valuable information on military and other matters, as well as maps and drawings done by himself, and his own views on the campaign, the loss is irreparable.

"*October* 3.—Drove with Dermot in the morning; said good-bye to him at three o'clock, and left for London at 3.30 with Sheridan."

He reached Buckingham Palace next morning, where he was met by his father, mother, and sisters.

That night, the last night but one which he spent in England, they all went together to witness the performance of Shakespeare's "King John," then playing at Her Majesty's Theatre. The whole piece was appropriate to the hour of England's stress; and even more specially appropriate to her subsequent splendid isolation, and her rallying of her own forces, were the noble lines on which the curtain fell. Did they ever

recur, we may wonder, these thrice famous words of the great genius and voice of Queen Elizabeth's England, to the grandson of Queen Victoria?

> "This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,
> Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true!" [1]
>
> —SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, Act v. sc. 7.

[1] I had written and printed this as it stands. H.R.H. Princess Christian has since told me that her son was immensely impressed by these beautiful words, and spoke to her about them at the time.

CHAPTER X

1899–1900

SOUTH AFRICA

THE Prince started for South Africa on October 6. Just before he left Buckingham Palace, for the last time as it proved, he wrote to the Queen :—

"I must apologise for not having written and thanked you for your kind letter and enclosure before, but I have not had very much time as we have been packing and sorting out things hard all day. I start from here at 11.30 in a special train from Waterloo with some other officers. Major Martin is going to Southampton with me. . . . I am glad to say they have allowed me to take my soldier servant with me, to his great delight. . . . I fear I must end, as I must put in some of my last things. With best love to both yourself and Aunt Beatrice. . . ."

His soldier servant, of whom he speaks in this letter to the Queen, was Private George Wise. He had been in the Orderly room at Dover in

October 1894, when the Prince came there: in 1895 he accompanied the Prince to Shorncliffe, when he went there for garrison class. From Dover, Wise went with the regiment to Aldershot, and then in 1898 to Cork, where the Prince found him again on his return from Egypt. Now, in October 1899, Wise accompanied him to South Africa, and while there kept a brief diary, which enables us to follow exactly the Prince's movements from day to day.

T.R.H. Prince and Princess Christian went to see him off at Waterloo Station, but it was the first time he had allowed his mother to do so. Previously he had always insisted on going off without any leave-taking. He bid good-bye, says Miss Loch, who was at the station with the Princess, looking specially bright and cheery. Among the last to shake hands with him was his friend Colonel Mends.

His ship, the *Braemar Castle*, which carried the Staff, sailed from Southampton on October 6. Just as she was starting, he sent a line to his mother: "We got here all right; my cabin is beautiful, on deck; and I am alone and very comfortable." The voyage, which was without adventure, proved very agreeable. They touched at Las Palmas on the 11th, where he went on shore. Just before landing he had written again: "There are a very pleasant lot of people on board.

Colonel Gough,[1] Lord Wolseley's Private Secretary, is in command. He is such a nice man. Several of the officers are excellent musicians and one plays the flute extremely well; and we have a concert every night, which makes it very enjoyable. The warm weather has completely cured my cold, which was rather bad when I started." Colonel Gough apparently reciprocated the Prince's appreciation, for he wrote home: "Our Prince is very agreeable, and covered with medals."

On Sunday the 15th, in the middle of the voyage, at the suggestion of Colonel Gough and with the concurrence of the captain, the Prince read the Church Service. A little later on, when a young soldier died on board, Colonel Gough asked the Prince to read the Burial Service over him. This, says his friend Mr. Blundell, was a duty he was fond of performing. He always liked, adds the same witness, to have the prayers read, and if there was no chaplain present would read them himself; thus on several occasions during the war he read the Burial Service over those who had fallen.

The Boer Ultimatum, it will be remembered, dated October 9, had reached England on the morning of Tuesday, October 10, the fourth day

[1] Colonel the Hon. George H. Gough, afterwards killed in the war, brother of Viscount Gough, formerly commanding the 14th Hussars, had served in the Transvaal Campaign of 1881, as well as in Egypt and the Soudan, and had become Private Secretary to the Commander in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, in 1897.

after the Prince had started. It was only when the *Braemar Castle* arrived at Cape Town on the 25th that he learnt that the war had actually begun, a war far more serious, as even then was apparent, than any that his generation could remember.

He also soon learned his own immediate destination. The Boers, whom he and others at home had supposed to be hanging back, had rushed to the front. Their ultimatum, drafted a fortnight before, was presented by telegraph, and within three days of its presentation they had crossed the frontier, invaded, and in some cases professed to have annexed, the territory of Her Majesty. When the Prince arrived, the opening battles had already been fought. Talana Hill (October 20) and Elandslaagte (October 21) had registered their triumphs and their victims. It was clear that it was on this side the first stress of the struggle would fall. The Boers in Natal hoped, and not unnaturally, to reach the sea before they were stopped, and that the Redcoats, if they escaped at all, would escape under the guns and on to the decks of the English fleet at Durban.

On his arrival at Cape Town the Prince went up to Government House, and remained there as the guest of the Governor, Sir Alfred (now Lord) Milner until the 3rd of November. While there he saw Sir Redvers Buller and was told to join the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles, the bat-

talion to which he had originally belonged and of which the officer now in command was Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, the very same who had been Adjutant when the Prince originally joined. This battalion, which had lost heavily at Talana Hill and was now short of officers, had retired upon Ladysmith. On the 3rd of November, therefore, he embarked on H.M.S. *Terrible*, commanded by Captain Percy Scott,[1] whose invaluable services with the naval guns are now a matter of history, and went round by sea to Natal and thence to Pietermaritzburg, which he reached on the 6th. Arrived there, he found it impossible to proceed to Ladysmith, which was already invested by the Boers. He remained for some little time at Pietermaritzburg, and then, after an unsuccessful attempt to join General Hildyard at Mooi River, went on Captain Percy Scott's staff at Durban. Here again, as so often, the first thing he did was to visit the sick and wounded in the hospital ships. The stoppage, vexing as it must have been at the time, proved a blessing in disguise, since, had he got through, the Prince must have been one of the besieged garrison in Ladysmith. He would have seen little of the campaign, and the malady to which as it proved he was liable, might have found him earlier and no less fatally at Intombi Camp. This fate at any rate he was spared.

[1] Since then, C.B., C.V.O., &c.

He wrote from Government House on November 3 that Sir Redvers was sending him on to Natal, and that he was trying to get some billet. "As they have had such a lot of officers knocked over," he says, "I have no doubt I shall get one. Poor Major Myers,[1] it is very sad his getting killed, and also Pechell. My regiment has so far lost eight officers and twenty men killed, and had eight officers and one hundred and ninety men wounded: this includes both Battalions."

How well he had employed his time meanwhile, and how valuable he proved, is best told by Captain Percy Scott himself.

"H.M.S. 'TERRIBLE,' CHINA SQUADRON,
HONGKONG, *April* 11, 1902.

"MY DEAR MR. WARREN,—I am so very glad you have done me the honour of thinking that I would help you if I could. I am afraid, however, that I cannot give you very much information about H.H. Prince Christian.

"I was sent round in a hurry to put Durban in a state of defence, and Prince Christian took a passage in the *Terrible* in hopes of getting to his regiment, which was in Ladysmith. As the Boers were then south of Ladysmith the protection of Durban was a very serious question, and we discussed it *en route* round; in that discussion I found out what a very able officer H.H. was, and his suggestions to me were most valuable. He

[1] See above, p. 192, note, and also Col. Mend's Appendix iv.

was a wonderful reader of a map; on arrival at Durban we rode round the position and eventually the guns and defence party were placed in almost the identical position that he had suggested they should be put in before he had even seen the ground.

"When the defence was arranged he went to Maritzburg in hopes of getting on to the front, but new Generals constantly arrived and nothing was settled, so he had to remain in a state of inactivity at Government House; this did not suit him and he wrote to me about it. I mentioned to him how hard pressed I was in starting Martial Law and that I had no military man with me, and that I could give him lots of work; he came down to Durban for a short time and greatly assisted me in framing rules and in carrying out Martial Law.

"I wish now that I had kept his letters, *as he was one of the few that believed in heavy long-range guns before the Boers taught us their value.* He went to more than one General about heavy artillery, and wrote to me, 'They cannot see that Rail Head is practically our fighting position, and that we might bring up guns of any calibre we like.' Events afterwards showed how very true this was. At the final attack on Colenso we had one six-inch gun, at the first attack we might have had a dozen, which would very likely have changed it from defeat to victory.

"Prince Christian's strong point was to employ *heavy* artillery—'not a Fire Engine,' as he said to me—to attack men in an entrenched position. Events have demonstrated that he was quite correct.

"I am afraid that I have written you a very long yarn with practically nothing in it; I might have said it all by telling you that from what I saw of Prince Christian he was a very keen and very able soldier.

"On board this ship he was very popular, and we only regretted that our 'shipmatecy' was so short. —Believe me, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"PERCY SCOTT.

"I find one letter; please return it to me."

This letter, it will be seen, belongs to just this period.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NATAL, *November* 12, 1899.

"DEAR CAPTAIN SCOTT,—I have been meaning to write for the past few days to thank you for all you did for me and to say how much I appreciated your kindness during the two days I spent on board the *Terrible*.

"We were much relieved here at the arrival of the troops, and I must say this battalion of the West Yorks Regiment contains a splendid body of men. I hear we get 12 battalions of infantry, the Highland Brigade, Light Infantry Brigade, and the English Brigade, so that eventually we shall have 24 battalions of infantry here; we want guns, and I have impressed H.E. with the importance of the Naval Guns and I think he is quite of my opinion.

"We understand that on Tuesday last they attempted an attack on Ladysmith, and from all accounts were repulsed with heavy loss. I believe about 200 were killed; all accounts point to this

number. I take it that in about ten days' time we shall move forward to the relief of Ladysmith, but all depends on our artillery; we must have guns; I hope you will arrange with General Clery to bring up your guns.

"White wires the enemy have 22 guns of superior calibre to his, and it is urgent to relieve him as soon as possible. From what we can gather something has gone wrong in the Boer camp; they are very much depressed, but what it is we can't say; I don't believe the rumour of Joubert's death, and I don't know that it would be a good thing for us, as he is old now and is not a dasher.

"I think I shall be employed for a time with General Hildyard, he wants some one to help him with his work; it would suit me very well.—Yours very sincerely, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

He had written two days before, November 10, from Government House, Pietermaritzburg, describing Talana and Elandslaagte, and the capture of the German Corps, including Colonel Schiel. "There is a vast Dutch conspiracy," he says, "all over the country against the English, and we shall want any number more troops. I am now waiting for the relief troops and shall then go on. I shall have to see what Sir George White does for me. I rather hope I shall ride and not walk. We want more artillery. They have heavy siege guns, and our field guns cannot shoot as far as their big guns. Our troops have fought splendidly, especially the Infantry, but the Cavalry have also done very well and made some splendid charges.

THE PRINCE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Photograph by MRS. MARLING

[*To face page* 308

I send you some photos done by Mrs. Marling, who was Miss Beatty Beaumont and used to be with Aunt Malie."[1]

On November 17 he writes to say: "I am very fit and well, and have to-night to join General Hildyard at Estcourt. He has asked me to assist his Brigade-Major till we reach Ladysmith."

He wrote the next day, November 18, from the same place, to the Duchess of St. Albans:—

"I have taken the liberty of having ordered the *Cape Times* to be sent to you each week. You can then follow the various phases of the campaign better. We have not done well so far; we have, however, so few troops, and the Boers have been so obviously underestimated that the whole war has been very difficult. We fought two good fights and beat them at Talana Hill and at Elandslaagte, but we got into a mess on October 31st, at Ladysmith; since then Sir George White, with 12,000, has been locked up in Ladysmith by about 30,000 Boers. We are now forming a relief force of about 15,000 men, at Estcourt, and shall try and cooperate with Sir George and relieve them. We shall have a very stiff fight, and the Boers are awfully good at picking off the officers. . . .

"I know what this sort of game is, and it's by no means child's play; it's 'here to-day and gone to-morrow.' My regiment has had 9 officers killed,

[1] Princess Caroline Amelia of Schleswig-Holstein, sister of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

and 10 wounded. As far as I can gather we shall have about 24 battalions of Infantry, 4 regiments of Cavalry, and 10 batteries of Artillery this side, and in addition to 3000 Irregulars, mostly mounted men, or roughly 25,000 men—possibly more, but certainly not less. Sir Redvers, I suppose, will have more, but it is so hard to discover where every one is. We get no news, everything is censored by the Press Censor, and quite rightly, too, as this place teems with spies. I don't think there is a chance of any one being home before next June, as it is a far bigger business than was ever thought of. I trust I shall get through it all and have an opportunity of telling you all about it. These last three weeks since I have been here have been most anxious. We expected the Cape Colony to rise; so far they have not done so except in the North, but it may spread. We have lost about 1000 killed and wounded, and, I regret to say, 1500 prisoners. The Boers have had more killed and wounded—I should think quite 1500, but we have only some 500 prisoners. We are anxious to have a real go in at them with our whole force, and I have little doubt of the result. I hope Lady Alix is well."

Seven days later, November 25, he wrote again from Durban, much disappointed. He had tried to join General Hildyard, but the line got cut and he was still waiting. He found it very trying, sitting, as he says, in plain clothes stewing in the damp atmosphere of Durban with nothing to

do. "I am afraid this is a great grumble," he adds, "but you can imagine my disgust."

Next day, November 26, he writes again :—

"I see I have got my nomination for the Staff College, having been seconded from the 4th Brigade."

General Buller arrived at Durban on the 25th, and on the 27th the Prince went on to Estcourt and Frere Camp, where he joined next day, as Assistant Brigade-Major to the Second Brigade, the Second Division of the Natal Field Force under General Hildyard, usually called the English Brigade, and consisting of four regiments—the Queen's (or West Surrey), the Devons, the West Yorkshire, and the East Surrey.

His friend Mr. Dermot Blundell, to whose narration this and the following pages up to the Prince's death are much indebted, arrived himself in Africa on November 27, and getting up to Frere with the Fourth or Light Brigade, found the Prince there on December 6.

The Prince had been hoping to see him. Writing on December 1 to Colonel Wilson, he says :—

"I went out yesterday evening to get a look at the Boer camp at Colenso, through a strong Naval telescope. They have fortified every kopje, and have got regular tiers of fire, and I don't think a frontal attack would be possible, though the posi-

tion might be turned by the flank. . . . I am sorry to say Blundell has been left at Maritzburg. It's a pity, as he is such a useful signaller. . . ."

He writes again from Frere: "All is now right. General Hildyard, uncle of our Hildyard, applied for me and got me appointed Assistant Staff Officer to the Brigade. I assist the Brigade-Major and practically we divide the work." In the same letter he tells a story worthy of Rudyard Kipling. "One of the West Yorks Reservists, a small baker in London, was shot through the leg. He got a friend to turn him over and then fired 25 more shots till he was hit again; he is doing well in hospital. The climate," he concludes, "is magnificent, but the country very rocky and difficult to manœuvre in."

A week later, December 13, both Brigades moved together to Chieveley, where everything was preparing for the grand movement and attack upon Colenso. The next day, the 14th, the Prince watched the naval guns bombarding the centre of the Boer position. His Brigade, the Second, was entrusted with the central portion of the attack, and made their way for the big road-bridge crossing the Tugela, going, in fact, straight for Colenso village. In so doing they came under a very hot fire. The Prince, who was Staff-Officer to General Hildyard, was employed in carrying messages both for him and for General Clery. Some attempt had been made, without his knowledge, to keep

him from any special exposure, but as a matter of fact he was for a considerable time very much in the thick of the fight, but was never touched. His own account in one of his letters was as follows :—

"I was with Clery and Buller, and got into an awfully hot corner near the guns; most people were killed or hit, but somehow, although the bullets were ploughing the ground up all round, neither I nor my pony was touched; a bit of shell grazed my pony's neck and a bullet passed over my wallets, but these were the nearest. Their shells did not burst properly. One officer remarked to me that it was a 'confoundedly hot corner' and that 'pheasant-shooting was not in it.' . . . Tommy Atkins was splendid all day and did not mind the bullets one bit. Blundell was not under fire, but poor young Roberts was terribly shot and died the next day, and was buried on Sunday."

General Hildyard gives somewhat more officially the same story. After stating that he had appointed Prince Christian Victor as a second General Staff-Officer to the Second Brigade, a post which would give him a better status than that of an ordinary attached officer, and would afford much valuable experience in staff duties in the field, he says, "I may add that nothing can exceed his willingness and zeal in the performance of the duties allotted to him." Speaking of the battle of Colenso, "I had endeavoured," he said, "to avoid

placing him in any position of unnecessary exposure. But when next I saw the Prince he was right forward in an exposed position to which Clery had accompanied Buller, who had ridden forward to try and get the remnants of his batteries, which had moved right up into effective infantry fire, extricated. Happily he was not hit, and was only quite pleased at his experience."

The Prince was, says his servant Wise, quite done up when he came in, having in point of fact been out from 4.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

"The day after the battle, I found him," says his friend Blundell, "lying on his bed after breakfast. 'Well, what do you call yesterday,' I said; 'you wouldn't call it a defeat, would you?' The Prince paused and thought a moment, in his deliberate way. 'I don't know what you'd call it,' he said, 'but it was pretty hot.' He was one of those who on the Sunday attended the funeral of poor 'Freddy' Roberts, with whom, it will be remembered, he had been acquainted since Rawal Pindi days in 1891, when the latter first joined his own battalion."

After Colenso his Brigade remained for some weeks at Chieveley.

"I went over to see him," says Mr. Blundell, "on Christmas Day. He was then, as so often, running the mess, and was much interested in the arrival of the Christmas cheer, including the supplies

promised him from home. He frequently came over to see us when he could. He became a great favourite in camp at this time from his kindness and entire freedom from affectation, or what young Englishmen call 'side.' A junior officer in the Queen's, writing home to his mother, describes how her getting the letter is due entirely to the Prince sending it specially to catch the mail with his own."

His letters home show him to have been as cool and imperturbable as ever during this somewhat trying time. The chief fault he found was want of more men.'

Thus he writes to his sister, Princess Victoria, a few days after Christmas :—

"CHIEVELEY, *December* 29, 1899.

"Many thanks for your letters; we receive our letters pretty regularly; the last I have got were those of December 3, received on Xmas Day. We have had it very hot indeed, but a dry heat and cool nights.

"The troops are magnificent; I have never seen anything like them, and all the correspondents tell me they are the finest in the world. But there is one thing you must all remember—the country is as difficult as the North-West Frontier of India, and companies easily lose themselves in 'nullahs'; it's almost impossible not to do so; further, when one attacks, it's impossible with modern rifles to get out of your position again and go back, hence the number of prisoners. You see, every Boer is

mounted, and so can move about easily; and they are always entrenched, with high mountains on either flank, and it's impossible to get at them without enormous losses. I think, however, we shall soon make an improvement, as the Generals have learnt their lessons. Our Infantry can't move about as the Boer mounted men can, and we are always in what are called 'extension lines.' You can't hear those Mauser bullets except when they strike the ground; I don't think I heard any the other day except an occasional ricochet, and we had a regular hail for about twenty minutes; the shells are rather disconcerting, but you soon get used to them, and when one is coming in the air you can hear it, but can't tell where it will pitch till you hear it go over you. We had some near shaves the other day. Wise is very well; a shell pitched near him the other day. What one really wants is a good strong telescope, for our field-glasses won't see as far as we want, as the distances are so great.

"As far as I can see Sir George White has done awfully well in Ladysmith, and if he holds out till we reach him he deserves great credit. I think we shall have a tremendous business getting into Ladysmith, but when that is done I do think we shall have broken the back of the resistance. The Boers have had heavy losses, and when they get back to their own country the wives will find it out; the longer it lasts the better for us, and we shall go with a rush at the end. Losses and prisoners don't signify at all; our killed are really few in number, and the wounds, as a rule, are slight and heal easily.

"My clothes are giving out, and I shall have to write for more. I have got two ponies, one a very nice one, and one a shooting pony from Basutoland, and I have been lent two more for carrying baggage, so I am quite comfortable.

"I am running General Hildyard's mess and managed to get turkey and plum pudding for Xmas. I dined with eight other officers of the 60th who are in camp here, not with the 3rd Battalion, but they were some of the 2nd Battalion Mounted Infantry, and they had looted a sucking-pig which was cooked in an ant-heap. You can't get chicken but I managed to get two turkeys and am fattening them up on quaker oats; I am afraid one will have to be executed to-morrow. The meat is fearfully tough, but I have it minced, and with Worcester sauce it is not bad; I got hold of a case of 100 Taunus Wasser, which makes a good drink with lime-juice, we also have whiskey. We have a field canteen, so generally can get all we want.—With best love, I remain, your affectionate brother, CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

General Hildyard himself, writing home about this period to a relative, bears testimony to the real usefulness of the Prince in this not unimportant department. He says: "The difficulties of provisions and 'Messing' have been greatly minimised by the unceasing attention of the Prince, who has been invaluable."

In another he says: "After the terrible day of Spion Kop I felt half dead with fatigue, but on

my return I found the Prince all smiles with a splendid repast of 'sparkling waters' and tinned meat ready for us both."

Again, on another occasion after a very hard day, "when he was quite done up, the Prince suddenly produced from a saddle-bag the most welcome refreshments which his forethought had provided."

By-and-by the attempted flanking operation towards the west began. The friends were separated. The Light Brigade went off by a forced march to Spearman's Farm, while the Second, with which the Prince was, made its way first to Pretorius' Farm, and later under General Warren to Trichardt's Drift. In Warren's attack the Prince was on the left part of the line. The First Brigade also went by Trichardt's Drift and were engaged in the action leading up to the assault on Spion Kop. In this action a number of foreign mercenaries were killed, a fact which was, says his friend, very much to the Prince's satisfaction. In the attack on Spion Kop, in which the Light Brigade played what was an important and might have been a still more important part, capturing one of the side spurs and endeavouring to draw off some of the fire which fell with such awful severity on the main plateau, the Prince took no part, the force with which he was being held in reserve. After the abandonment of Spion Kop and the failure of

the flanking movement, the whole force withdrew once more to the south of the Tugela, the Prince's Brigade going to Spearman's Farm Camp, which they reached on January 29th.

Writing on January 12 from Camp Pretorius Farm, he says:—

"Something is in the air. What it is I don't know or where we shall go, but in two or three days we shall have another slap at the Boers. . . . We are in capital spirits and I think next time we shall do all right on this side, but the country is dreadfully difficult, unfordable rivers and high mountains. . . . I think this will do the army no end of good, and will be an excellent preparation if ever we have an European war. There seems to be alarm in England, but every one here is quite comfortable; the men play cricket and football, and after the fight at Colenso I saw a tremendous football match going on that same afternoon after they had had their tea. If you could get me a very powerful telescope it would be of great use."

He wrote from that place to his cousin, the Duke of York, now Prince of Wales:—

"SPEARMAN'S FARM, *January* 30, 1900.

". . . I was delighted to get your letter. . . . The country here is too difficult, like Switzerland —every mountain a fortress, and you can't get to a flank. My idea is that it will be almost impossible

for us to get through to relieve Ladysmith from this side and we shall try again in a day or two—but I think we have small chance of success.

"You have no idea how magnificent our infantry is. The Boers have been losing heavily lately and large numbers desert to us, six or seven a day now. I saw numbers of Kaffirs loading for the Boers in the trenches the other day. I saw one man with two loaders—but he got hit by a Navy 12-pounder.

"What we want are mounted men and Horse Artillery here to make turning movements and threaten the rear. We have 3000 mounted men here, but it is not enough. . . . The Navy do splendidly and give us great assistance. We have three 4·7 and ten 12-pounders, all Navy guns, here; 7 Battalions Field Artillery and a Howitzer battery, and the position here seems more favourable for Artillery than any I have seen so far. We had seven days' fighting last week . . . a good number of Boers were killed. On one hill they lost over 250 men; we buried 113 Boers in one place.

"I was not under fire much myself, but at Colenso had an awfully warm time; the bullets were so thick one instinctively put one's head on one side as if in a hail or snow storm. I got a bullet through my wallet and a shell grazed my horse.

"Our men say they don't mind the Boers a bit and are not afraid of them. I hope I shall pull through it all, and be able to tell you all about it when I return."

Writing home from the same place, Spearman's Camp, on the same day, January 30, he speaks again in the most emphatic terms of the admirable qualities of the troops.

"I must say we have a most wonderful lot of soldiers. We awfully nearly got through last Wednesday, 24th, but our men could not hold out on the top of the hill. They were swept off by shrapnel fire. Just fancy, Blundell had four bullets through his clothes without touching him.

"Papa asks why so many prisoners are taken; I think the reason lies in the country. You get separated in the dongas and the Boers swarm all round, and then they raise the white flag and come out of cover. You can't well shoot them, and then they run and capture our men, who are done up with the heat and with climbing about the rocks. We, also, take a good many prisoners. You can't have any idea of the country. It's really impossible, like Switzerland, and with all the mountains made into fortresses."

The next attempt was that which culminated in the attack on Vaalkrantz. In this the Prince's Brigade was told off to attack the Monger's Hill end of Zwartkop. They were unable to take the position owing to the Boer guns on Dornkloof, but on the night of Tuesday, February 6, they relieved the Light Brigade which had taken Vaalkrantz on Monday the 5th and held it since. They themselves remained there till the Wednesday

night (February 7) when Sir Redvers Buller gave up the Vaalkrantz attempt and once more ordered a retirement *viâ* Springfield to Chieveley.

On Vaalkrantz the Brigade had been under a shell fire from three sides. "Wednesday the 7th," says Wise's diary, "was a fearful day on Vaalkrantz, Boers shelling us from right, left, and front, and the top of the hill being swept with their fire."

The Prince's own account is less exciting. He wrote home: "We had a bad day at Vaalkrantz under a cross shell-fire for fourteen hours; some came very close."

The story of his being knocked over by the concussion of a 100-pound shell, which appeared in some of the London papers, belongs to the Vaalkrantz fight. There was an element of truth in it, but the Prince was very much amused when he saw how it was told in England.

"On February 13th," says Mr. Blundell, "we started from Chieveley. What the Prince's Brigade did I do not know (they had gone, it appears, to a crossing east of Colenso and gradually drove the enemy back on that side) but on the 15th and 17th they were with us again. They took Cingolo and Monte Cristo, the Prince being in both these affairs, enabling us to score on Sunday the 18th our first real success, the capture of the Middleburg laager. In all these operations the Prince's

Brigade came in for the toughest part of the business."

Affairs now began to move fast and successfully. Two days later Sir Charles Warren took Hlangwané, the hill which had given us so much trouble in the battle of Colenso, and on the 22nd, at two in the morning, Sir Redvers Buller threw his troops across the Tugela, the Prince's Brigade taking part in the operation. The enemy shelled them all night but did little damage.

"That night," says Mr. Blundell, "I was slightly wounded near the left eye with the splash of a bullet. The wound was so slight, and gave so little pain, that I did not think it worth reporting. The Prince, when he met me, told me he had heard I was killed. He recommended me to have myself reported wounded. I still demurred. He said, 'Your eye may go wrong, and if you're not reported you won't get your doctor's bill paid or any compensation,' advice which turned out afterwards to be very sound.

"A little later I experienced another instance of his coolness and practicality. We were sitting together for about two hours on the side of a hill watching the progress of certain operations. A shell from the enemy came what I considered unpleasantly near, and I suggested that we should move round the hill to a safer place. He said quietly, 'I think we'd better stop where we are.

They'll send three shells here, and then they'll turn their blessed old gun somewhere else,' which was exactly what happened.

"I saw him shortly after the affair of Pieter's, at which he was present, and which of course rejoiced him greatly. Then followed the relief of Ladysmith (February 28). The cavalry rode in first, we followed. The Prince did not take part in the general entry. He rode in privately to see the First Battalion, which he was to have joined before the investment. It so happened that the first train into Ladysmith was the Princess Christian's Hospital train. He at once went and visited it. On the day of the general entry he went down to Pietermaritzburg to stay with Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal."

Writing from Government House on March 6, he says:—

"I came down here on Sunday from Ladysmith to collect some stores and to get the fresh clothes I left here. Ladysmith is quite relieved. We had a most successful fight at Pieter's on the 27th, and beat the enemy badly; their flight was complete. I saw Sir George White, and he was extremely nice and kind to me. I have been lucky to be in all these big fights in Natal, Colenso, Venter's Spruit, Vaalkrantz, and Pieter's, quite enough for a bit, and we all want ten days' thorough rest. I could not have a bath for thirteen days, and did not take off so much as my boots for eight days. It took me three days to get

clean. The poor men are in a deplorable condition, perfectly filthy as you may imagine, but they have done well, and now are just as hard as nails and fit for anything. . . . I see a lot of nonsense talked in the English papers about our artillery. The artillery has done very well indeed and have a splendid shooting gun. The Boer guns are fortress guns and are difficult to move about. The medical and transport arrangements have been admirable. I see we have been supposed to have had to wait for our transport; far from that being the case, we have had too much, but it has been found impossible for the men to carry anything beyond their ammunition; they would never get up any mountain in this heat, and also the greatcoat and pack, the Boers say, make a splendid target to aim at; so we discarded all this and had to carry the men's coats in a waggon: they are allowed one blanket between two, a waterproof sheet each man, and no change of clothes beyond a shirt and one pair of socks; the mobilisation has been excellent. . . . I hear a probability of my going round to join Lord Roberts in the Free State, as I believe all the fighting is over in Natal. . . . It's not certain, but I have been asked if I would like to go. . . . I see the Queen is going to Ireland; it's a good thing. . . . We are all anxious to see how the foreign press will take our successes."

Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, writing to Lady Jeune about this time, says: "Prince Christian Victor has been here for a few days looking the picture of health, bronzed and strong. He has

returned to his General, who is at Sunday's River. I hear he has made himself very popular and has shown great courage."

In the proceedings connected with the armistice of Sunday, February 25, on the eve of the great Pieter's Hill fight, the Prince took a leading part. The Boers were specially interested in him as a grandson of Queen Victoria, for whom they had no little reverence and regard. They crowded round to catch a glimpse of him. One in particular, after gazing at him hard and long, said: "I hope you'll forgive my staring. I have never seen a Prince before."[1]

Leaving Maritzburg, the Prince rejoined his Brigade at Elandslaagte on March 11. He wrote home a few days later from that place:—

"ELANDSLAAGTE, *March* 15, 1900.

"We have been camped here for about a week. I returned here from Pietermaritzburg on Sunday. Sir George White asked me to go to East London or rather Stormberg with him, but I declined, as I preferred to see our business out this side.

"We are all much delighted with Lord Salisbury's answer to both the Presidents; it is excellent; it will all have a great effect in this Colony. As regards the Army proposals, I have not seen them on paper, but I feel sure that the only thing

[1] A very graphic account of the general situation and scene will be found in the deservedly popular "Words by an Eye-witness," by "Linesman" (Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1902), chapter vii.

will be to have a modified form of conscription for home defence either through the militia or regular army, and to have a slightly larger army than we at present have for foreign service.

"I have said how splendidly the soldiers and the company officers have done in this war; it is the redeeming feature of the fighting in Natal. I believe had we pushed it a bit here the Boers would have collapsed, and I am not sure now if we are not almost in view of the end.

"Young Blundell's eye is better, but a nerve is injured behind the eye, although there is no mark to be seen where he was hit; he never left the ranks and really did not want to be reported wounded. Everybody is in the best of health and spirits. The Ladysmith people are awfully thin and pinched; they fed on horses, mules, and donkeys for the last month, and had no green food or vegetables.

"How do foreigners take our successes I wonder? You can't get away from the fact that Cronjé was captured and Ladysmith relieved. We captured the whole of the Queen of Holland's ambulance; we sent the ambulance back. The German ambulance was at Ladysmith, and we also sent that back.

"Will you enquire if it is possible for me to bring home the pony I have ridden all the time? when all is over I should like to do so as a remembrance. The heat is nearly over now and I suppose in a few weeks we shall have frost.

"Lorry Gordon has turned up here but I have not seen him yet. I hear Lorry brought horses

from India, and is now attached to a battery somewhere in Natal. I have no more news."

General Hildyard wrote himself to H.R.H. Prince Christian about this time:—

"CAMP, ELANDSLAAGTE, *Monday, March* 19, 1900.

"SIR,—Your Royal Highness will have seen full accounts of our varied operations, though they have, I am afraid, been rather involved and difficult to follow, and Prince Christian Victor will have explained something of their secret history. Had his Highness been a worse correspondent, I should myself have kept you more fully informed of what we were doing.

"The Prince, I am pleased to say, has kept remarkably well throughout, notwithstanding the roughness of our life and fare, and he has had what we shall all look back upon as a very interesting and valuable experience. The fighting has been of a particularly difficult and harassing nature, and your Royal Highness may rest assured that the Prince has not been deprived of such share of exposure as has fallen legitimately to his lot in the performance of his duties. Perhaps our hottest time was when we were enfiladed with shell fire from both flanks on the Vaalkrantz, though I am glad to say the Prince did not come off quite so badly as represented in a communication to the *Morning Post*. I have been more than pleased with the behaviour of the regiments of this Brigade, all English ones; both the way they have worked in the face of the enemy and their spirit and endurance

under the many hardships and discouragements to which they have been exposed, have been past all praise. Happily our eventual success has, as I hope, had the effect of eliminating the feeling of disappointment regarding the operations in Natal, which was so strong previously at home as well as out here. The want of success was, I think, due to many reasons, the chief of which perhaps were our great want of mobility due to supply by ox-transport, and the inherent difficulties offered by the nature of the country, which favoured the enemy at every point.

"The Prince has just got up a new pony, hired from the remount depôt, preparatory to a fresh start; and it should I think do him well. So much depends in this country upon having suitable animals to ride. We have not much to do here, but the Prince has his 3rd Battalion close by, so his Highness is quite happy. I was pleased to hear from him that your Royal Highness has now quite recovered. I appreciated very much receiving the letter you were good enough to write and the kind message from Princess Christian. Please assure her Royal Highness that I shall not fail to wire at once if there should be anything of real interest about the Prince, who is, at least at the present time, in excellent health and spirits.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. HILDYARD."

A little later the Prince wrote to the Duke of York:—

"ELANDSLAAGTE, *March* 29, 1900.

"I have been meaning to write to you for some time past, but somehow I have never come to it.

We are having a heat-wave at present—in my tent it is now 99°, added to which the flies are awful. We have, I am sorry to say, a considerable amount of sickness, not of a very serious nature, but all the Hospitals are full right down to Durban, and of course the Ladysmith sick, some 2000, have added to the numbers.

"We had practically continuous fighting from February 14 to February 27. It is a mistake to think that the Boer forces on the Tugela and round Ladysmith were much weakened on the 27th. This is not so. I believe about 4000 Free Staters had gone, but I should be surprised to hear that there were less than 15,000 Boers opposing us! I have never seen such magnificent work as our Infantry did those ten days; nothing seemed to stop them, and when you add up our losses they were, I believe, in those ten days over 100 officers and 1800 men killed and wounded. When I tell you that I myself on the Staff only managed to get a wash and change once in the ten days—and the men did not get that—you will see that we had a roughish time. . . . The Boers' shooting is not so wonderful—they miss like anything. I am glad to say our shooting has been very good, but I have gone in for it for many years and felt sure we should be all right in that this time—but all theories of fire effect have been upset[1]—we have always stuck to volleys, and *here* we never think of using volleys except at distances between 2300 and 2800 yards,

[1] The best comment on this is the speech of the Commander-in-Chief (Lord Roberts) at the prize-giving after the Bisley competition, on July 27, 1902.

where we have done excellent work; 'independent' is the thing and 'aimed independent'; you get a very nasty and accurate fire at from 1800 to 1300 yards, and under 1000 you cannot advance in the open; again we entrench ourselves on every occasion, and the spade is quite as useful as the rifle. We shall have to get a new rifle; the barrel is all right but the magazine not good. We must take to the clip system for cartridges like all continental nations—also we want another powder, as the cordite wears out guns and rifles and is not so devoid of smoke as the Boers' powder. You cannot tell from what quarter bullets and shells are coming, and it's most unpleasant not to know who is shooting at you.

"On February 25 I went out with a flag of truce in answer to one the Boers sent out in order to have an armistice to bury the dead on each side who were lying between our two lines. I met the Middleburg Commando—the Field Cornet[1] was a very nice man, but the rest were a very mixed lot, and some were inclined to be argumentative and quarrelsome. I stayed and talked with them for an hour and then we parted the best of friends; we exchanged cigarettes and tobacco and they asked for some whisky, but I could not give that up as we had not enough to spare. Our men fraternised with them like anything, and one of the Boers—an Englishman—told me forty Boers wanted to desert to our lines.

[1] This was Pristorius, "lawyer, son of Anak, gallant golden-bearded fighting man, gentleman and dandy," as "Linesman" graphically describes him in a passage which is an excellent comment on this letter. See also below, p. 352.

"I don't know what we shall do, but I believe in going on in Natal. . . . I shall be glad when we get to work again; this sitting down is tedious. I was adding up the days we fought between January 13 and February 27. I myself was twenty-five days under fire and a pretty hot one at times. In one of your letters you say you think we ought to have more cavalry here. In Natal the cavalry can't work and I don't think we can make much use of them, but mounted Infantry are most useful, and these Irregular Colonial Corps especially so.

"In my Brigade of 4 Battalions in the actual fighting since the beginning of the war we have lost 49 officers out of 103 killed and wounded, and 947 men out of roughly 5000 killed and wounded. All this talk about our field-guns is nonsense; the gun is an excellent one and shoots well, and you see our shrapnel is fuzed to 4500 yards, and in Europe I doubt if you could see much further; out here, owing to the extraordinarily clear atmosphere, you can see 12,000 yards almost every day. This the Boers knew, and have their long-range guns; again their long-range guns are with few exceptions guns of position, and to ask a field-gun to compete with guns of position is like putting a pony in the Derby and expecting it to beat a race-horse! What we shall have to have in the Army are Batteries of heavy Ordnance shooting 10,000 yards; these will, of course, not be able to move rapidly; the Field Artillery will do this as at present, but these heavy guns will come up later with the Infantry; this is a point which this war has shown us to be necessary. The Boers tried some shrapnel at 6000 yards, but I

never saw it in the least effectual. I shall be able to tell you many curious points which have come out. . . . Twenty-five well-armed men and good shots well placed in entrenchments will stop 2000 men, and on one occasion I saw about ten Boers stop a Battalion for two hours, and the Battalion lost 50 men in that time; they were unable to locate these men, and we spotted them leaving a small kopje later on. No one knows the difficulties of the ground here in Natal. It is far easier in the Free State, and Roberts has made splendid use of his opportunities. . . . I have exhausted all my news, and I hope you will manage to wade through this long-winded letter. . . ."

Writing again from Elandslaagte, on April 3, he says: "To our great regret General Lyttelton has left our Division. Many of the officers think that Uncle Arthur should have come out here, especially after the way he commanded during those manœuvres." He remarks, as he had done before about the Irish and Highland regiments being specially praised: "They have done well, but the English have done every bit as well, and have borne the brunt of it."

On April 16, he once more asks for a very powerful telescope; no field glasses, he says, are good enough, and he is willing to pay a good bit for it, as the lives of the men may depend on his having a good glass. The latter part of the letter, dated April 18, is written from Ladysmith. He says, "We have just marched here. I think as far as our Division is concerned we have finished active operations. General Hildyard has left to

command Sir Charles Warren's Division fifteen miles from here, and I am left here. I am going over to lunch with my old Battalion to-day; I have seen them several times.'

Here at Elandslaagte the Prince spent his last birthday, his thirty-third, April 14, 1900. On April 19 Major-General Hildyard took over the Fifth Division from Sir Charles Warren, who was now going to the scene of his old triumphs, some fifteen hundred miles off, Griqualand, and the disturbed and rebellious region of the extreme West. The Prince acted for some time as D.A.A.G. to the Division. It was at this place, says Mr. Blundell, that he made a characteristic remark: "Things are done properly here. From this house they are in communication by telegraph and signal with all their guns."

On April 26 he writes again from Elandslaagte: "I am with General Hildyard again, as he now commands the Fifth Division. Of course I may get some other job later on, as I am only acting for a man who is sick. I hope the Irish visit[1] went off well. It appears to have done so, however. It will do a lot of good. Did you see the Bandons, and Smith-Barrys?"

Gradually the advance was pushed on. The Light Brigade went off to Helpmakaar and were joined at Waschbank by the rest of the Second

[1] Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland, made in the spring of this year.

Division. Then followed the march by Helpmakaar to Dundee, then that by Newcastle to Ingogo. General Hildyard meanwhile followed the railway by Wessel's Nek and Waschbank, repairing the line as he went. "I did not see the Prince again," continues Mr. Blundell, "till we were on Inkwelo Mountain opposite the historic Majuba, when he rode over with General Hildyard, who for the first time came to look at the position." He entered Transvaal territory first on the 28th at Buffalo River, spent a few days about Utrecht and Ingogo River, after that went back and was with Buller at the forcing of Botha's Pass, and with him marched round the Boer right to Allman's Nek. The capture of this position opened the gate into the Transvaal; Laing's Nek was secured, and the Fifth Division occupied Volksrust, being the first Division of the Natal Army to enter and occupy a Transvaal town.

"During all these operations," writes General Hildyard, "he set a bright example of punctuality in the performance of duty, being ever ready to undertake and cheerfully to carry out whatever functions were assigned to him. These were generally of the nature of what are termed the 'B' branch of the Staff, comprising the control of the Administrative Service, for which he was peculiarly fitted. The operations were of a nature to entail considerable hardship and discomfort upon

all ranks, and the Prince showed throughout a fine example of endurance and disregard of the privations that had to be endured."

He wrote again to the Duke of York a little later:—

"ELANDSLAAGTE, *May* 10, 1900.

"MY DEAR GEORGIE,—First let me congratulate you on a third son. I wonder whether you will have got my last letter. I have some doubts, as the mail steamer *Mexican* sank after leaving Cape Town, and I am not certain whether my letter went by that mail or not. We are doing nothing and I don't see that we could do anything till Roberts gets further up. Even so, I fear this Division with which I am now may remain behind. I went on here (5th Division) when General Hildyard was given command of it, to act as temporary D.A.A.G. in the absence of the officer who held the appointment on sick leave, but he is returning soon. Things are going well now on the other side, and I think we can see the end not very far off. The Boers are sick to death of the war and would join us but for Krüger; they have wrecked all or most of the houses in Natal, and I hope strong measures will be taken with rebel Colonists both here and in Cape Colony; if not we shall get our own people turning against us. . . . The climate here now is delightful but the days are getting very short, which makes the evenings very long. I fear I have no news to give you as we have done nothing since Ladysmith was relieved."

The Prince always thought that the Allman's Nek operation, with those of Helpmakaar and the Biggarsberg, were the most scientific pieces of work the Natal Army had accomplished, and he frequently expressed his admiration of the strategy and tactics there displayed of Buller and Hildyard.

The Second Division went on to Standerton and Blundell and the Prince were parted, the Fifth Division, with which he remained, going to Wakkerstroom. Here they were engaged in putting down a half-hearted resistance, stamping out the resurgent flames of disloyalty and rebellion on the part of men who had taken and broken the oath of allegiance. With such the Prince was for dealing promptly and peremptorily, thinking it both the justest and, in the long run, the kindest method too.

He wrote home on May 10:—

"ELANDSLAAGTE, *May* 10, 1900.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Your letter of April 13 has been received, but I rather fancy I have not got one of Papa's about two mails back, as he refers to it, and to things in it, which I don't understand. My clothes and the telescope arrived here on the 5th. The coats are exactly what I want. The telescope is excellent but I fear I shall have little chance of using it, as now I don't expect to see Pretoria, and I fancy I shall sit here till the end of the war.

"Papa asked about that German who was captured by the Royal Dragoons at Springfield in February. All I know is that he said he was a correspondent, but he had a map with all our guns and positions marked on it, and when Colonel Murdoch told him that it was William's regiment which had caught him he begged him not to tell William. Colonel Murdoch said he would take the earliest opportunity of informing the Emperor, and the man got into an awful funk."

May 10.—In the same letter he begins to talk of getting home, and writes suggesting that his uniform, &c., should be fetched home from Ireland. Writing from Glencoe on May 22, he says they are just going to march to Newcastle.

On May 30 he writes for the first time from Transvaal territory, the letter being headed "Utrecht, S.A. Republic."

On June 23 he writes home expressing his views about the Staff College, saying that he wants to go, but would be glad if his year in Africa could count as one year there.

Later he wrote again from Volksrust to the Duke of York:—

"VOLKSRUST, *June* 28, 1900.

"MY DEAR GEORGIE,— . . . Many thanks for your long letter and all the news it gave. We had a most successful fight at a place, or rather pass, called Allman's Nek; it was a turning movement to get behind Laing's Nek. It was admirably

conceived and carried out, and was due almost entirely to General Hildyard, who issued all orders, &c. . . . No one seems to have any idea what is going to happen out here. The whole business seemed as if on the point of finishing about ten days ago, but De Wet's successes have again altered the whole look of things and it may drag on for months. Most of the Boers have had enough of it and want to give in, but they are kept together by Krüger and other commandants.

"The weather is bitterly cold and it freezes about ten degrees every night. We have, however, commandeered a house, and so are really quite comfortable. Nearly all the Bluejackets have left us and have returned to their ships, as the Admiral wired he wanted them back if we could spare them. Their places have been taken by Garrison Artillery, but we have still a detachment from two ships."

A fortnight later he wrote from the same place to his friends in Ireland, the Smith-Barrys. The letter, a thoroughly characteristic one, must have been very pleasant to receive, but it is sad to read now, for it shows how uncertain and short-lived are a soldier's hopes. Meant for a preparation to his kind friends for their seeing him again, it became in the event a sort of farewell to Ireland and all the happy time he had spent there so shortly before :—

"VOLKSRUST, *July* 12, 1900.

"DEAR MRS. SMITH-BARRY,—So many thanks for your letter of April 20, which I have been

unable to answer before. A letter is always acceptable in these parts, as one is ignorant of the simplest things that go on in England. I have had a most interesting time and plenty of fighting and excitement. I was lucky to get through the six fights we have had here safely, and was also lucky to be well in, in all of them, as the Brigade I was with was hotly engaged at Colenso, Spion Kop, Vaalkranz, Monte Cristo, Pieter's Hill, and Allman's Nek. We had some shaves but got through all right. The back of this is broken now, but we shall have small engagements for a little time. I hope to get home by the end of October. I have left my Battalion at Cork, I am sorry to say. I enjoyed my time in Ireland so much and met with nothing but kindness from everybody. I shall come on to see the Battalion in the autumn and shall hope to find you at Fota then.

"The Queen's visit to Ireland seems to have been a huge success and I hope has done good. I have been here (at Volksrust) three weeks now, as we are all waiting for developments in the Free State. Then I suppose we shall go in the direction of Ermelo, and I hope after that the end will come. I have been out here nearly nine months, but the time has gone very quickly. I hope Mr. Smith-Barry is well. Please remember me to him. I hope I shall have another opportunity of talking on the Irish Land question with him. I am afraid this is a very dull letter, but we have so little to do beyond our work.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"CHRISTIAN VICTOR."

July 18. — Writing home on July 18 from Volksrust, he says he is very well. What he feels most is the want of books. Speaking of the sunstrokes at Aldershot, he says, "People will now understand what we often went through at Aldershot, only we were in better training than the militia and troops there now."

On August 2, writing from Zandspruit, he notes the death of the Duke of Coburg. "I am so sorry about Uncle Alfred, I did not know he was ill."

Once more there was a long pause. What followed is described in a long and interesting letter sent home on August 6. Writing once more from Volksrust, he speaks in great praise of Colonel Kitchener, the Sirdar's brother. "He is quite excellent. I am going down to-morrow," he says, "to Maritzburg to stay with Sir Walter for a week, as there is nothing going on up here now. . . ." Continuing the letter from Maritzburg, he says, "Imagine my surprise when I received on arrival a wire from Lord Roberts: 'If you have no suitable appointment, would you like to join me as extra A.D.C?'"

He goes on to say that he is much pleased with the offer. He was very tired of doing nothing, and liked the idea of seeing something of the other side; and he adds characteristically, "I am now an old hand at kopje fighting and might be some use." He says, however, that he does not want to throw over General Hildyard, and has wired to ask his opinion; and finally, before concluding the letter, says he has just heard that General Hildyard is strongly in favour of his accepting.

August 13.—A few days later he writes again: "Sir Walter and Lady Hely-Hutchinson have been most kind. I had intended to remain here for a few more days, but have given up that idea, as I thought I ought to get to Lord Roberts as soon as possible. I shall enjoy having more active work again, as these last weeks of inactivity have been very tiresome."

The following two letters home, one written, as it happens, by the Prince to his old friend the Rev. L. d'A. Hildyard, Minor Canon of Windsor, a cousin of the General, the other from General Hildyard himself to the Prince's father, show exactly what the situation was. The first expresses the Prince's own views in a very characteristic manner.

"MARITZBURG, *August* 11, 1900.

"MY DEAR HILDYARD,—Many thanks for your long letter full of news for me. I have had the papers regularly but you really don't gather very much from them. These big scores for constant drawn games are getting too much, something will have to be done. I think they should alter 'leg before' to any ball which would hit the wicket wherever it pitched; possibly also make an increase in the height of the wicket. I should have liked to have seen the 'Varsity, and Gents. *v.* Players; what performances both of them![1]

[1] The Oxford *v.* Cambridge match this year ended in a draw. Oxford made the huge score of 503 in the first innings; Cambridge 392. Oxford then made 219 and declared, and Cambridge played out time, scoring 186 for two wickets. The Oxford total

"I am leaving the General, I am sorry to say, after eight months with him. Roberts has offered me a billet with him, and as the General had nothing more for me to do with him he advised me to go. Our Division will not have any more active work as they are on the lines of communication, and the prospect of several months at Volksrust was not a pleasant one. I shall now see the final stages of the war and new scenes. I don't think it will last beyond October; you see as soon as the ploughing and planting and sowing begins, which it will do in September, all the Boers will want to return to their farms; otherwise we shall have a terrible famine, and as it is now they are pretty well all ruined. If De Wet were taken it might fizzle out at once, as Louis Botha knows it's absurd to go on, and the game is up and we ought to win by six wickets; they played up awfully well in the first innings and we had to do 'Scotton'[1] for a long time, but after that our game improved and much freer play was indulged in. The Boers have lost very heavily, much more so than one thinks; we have lost, too, very heavily and on several occasions unnecessarily, but it makes me angry to see all the twaddle talked by amateurs at home, who can have no idea of the varied conditions of the fighting out

503, R. E. Foster's first innings for Oxford, 171, his aggregate of 213, and the total aggregate of 1300 runs, were all records. In the Gentlemen *v.* Players, at Lord's, the Players made 136 and 502, the Gentlemen 297 and 339, R. E. Foster making 102 and 136, and C. B. Fry 68 and 72. For the Players, Abel made 98, Hayward 111, and Brown 163.

[1] *i.e.* Play a waiting game of the "barn door" or "stone wall" order, such as that for which Scotton, a Nottinghamshire professional, was famous.

here. There has been too much of the 'hands up' business to my liking, the reason being the vast extent of the country and the utter helplessness to support isolated detachments, and also the scarcity of water and exhaustion of the men.

"I have been very fit '*unberufen*' all through, but then the climate is magnificent and I am no novice at the game and so know how to look after myself, and also I have been so much abroad I am seasoned. There is nothing much going on and so I can tell you little; our news we get from the English papers three weeks after you see it. I hope your wife is well."

General Hildyard's to H.R.H. Prince Christian is as follows:—

"HEAD QUARTERS, 1ST DIVISION,
VOLKSRUST, TRANSVAAL, TUESDAY, *August* 21, 1900.

"SIR,—You will have heard from Prince Christain Victor that he has now joined Lord Roberts at Pretoria, and feel sure Your Royal Highness will approve of his having done so. For many reasons I am glad the Prince should have gone to the other side (geographically speaking), it was dull work for him remaining here, where our active work appears to be practically at an end; it cannot fail to be of good value for him to see the campaign from another point of view. I need hardly say how sorry I am personally to lose the Prince, nor how fully this feeling is endorsed by all the staff of this Division. But it is in connection with the 2nd Brigade I shall best like to call to recollection

my association with his Highness in South Africa. The willing and cheerful manner in which he shared the hardships and dangers of the Natal campaign was past all praise, and he was ever ready for any duty allotted him. It has been a source of great satisfaction to me that the Prince has enjoyed such uniformly good health during the many months we have been together, and I sincerely trust that before long he may be home again sound and well.—I am, Sir, your Royal Highness' obedient servant,

"H. HILDYARD."

He now passed through Volksrust once more, and thence, travelling by Standerton, reached Pretoria on August 17. Here he took up his quarters with the Duke of Westminster and the Hon. John Ward, brother of Lord Dudley, Captain (now Major) Oxley, an old friend, who arrived at Pretoria on the 18th, saw him there, that day, and thought him looking much thinner than when at Cork, but all the better for this and indeed extremely well. On the 24th he left Pretoria for Wonderfontein with the Headquarter Staff in pursuit of the main Boer army and President Krüger, who was gradually withdrawing along the railway line to Komati Poort and Delagoa Bay. Thence he went on next day to Belfast, where he came in for some heavy fighting. From Belfast he proceeded to Machadodorp on September 1, but had to return to Belfast and remain there ten days, when he

once more went forward to Machadodorp, and five days later, to Nelspruit. This marked the end and furthest point of his movements. He returned on September 21 to Pretoria, never to leave it again.

A number of letters home enable us to follow his movements and employments.

On Sunday, August 19, he writes from Pretoria describing his arrival there. His meeting with Lord and Lady Roberts was a trying moment for both him and them. "I had been, as they knew, with their son all day at Colenso, and helped to bury him next day. Lord Roberts was more than kind, and said he was very pleased to have got me to his Staff and other complimentary things about the fighting in Natal, of which they admit we had a very full share. I am sharing a room with Westminster, and he and I and Johnnie Ward are messing together. Frank,[1] I see very often; he is working very hard with the remounts and getting much praised. Pretoria is quite hot after Volksrust but very pleasant, and I have met hundreds of friends, and this change from the inactivity of the last few months is most welcome. I am doing extra A.D.C. work at present and have most of the cipher telegrams to do. It's interesting work, as you know really what is going on. I expect if he can he will give me some other appointment, but I am not going to ask for it. Colonel Ward is here, also Captain Wilson, Rifle Brigade. Lord Kitchener is away, and so I have not seen Jimmy

[1] H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck.

Watson.[1] I also saw Captain Oxley yesterday, he was looking very well. It is amusing to hear who has done well or badly."

In a postscript he adds: "I am dining to-night with Frank. I must say there are a charming lot of people here. Lord Roberts is really wonderful; he does it all himself. We start for Middleburg to-morrow, 29th."

Colonel Ward, who is mentioned in his letter (now Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office), was an old friend of Ashanti days. He tells me that the Prince when he first saw him at Pretoria seemed very well and keen.

"He often came," he says, "to talk to me about my work and showed himself very good and useful at his own, displaying in particular a high ideal of soldierly diligence and duty, and setting a very good example to young A.D.C.'s. He had a wonderful memory for everybody who had done anything, and gave us a most valuable and clear account of what had happened in Natal. It was arranged that he should assist in taking Lord Roberts over the Natal battle-fields and that they should return home that way, but this interesting programme was, alas! not destined to be carried out."

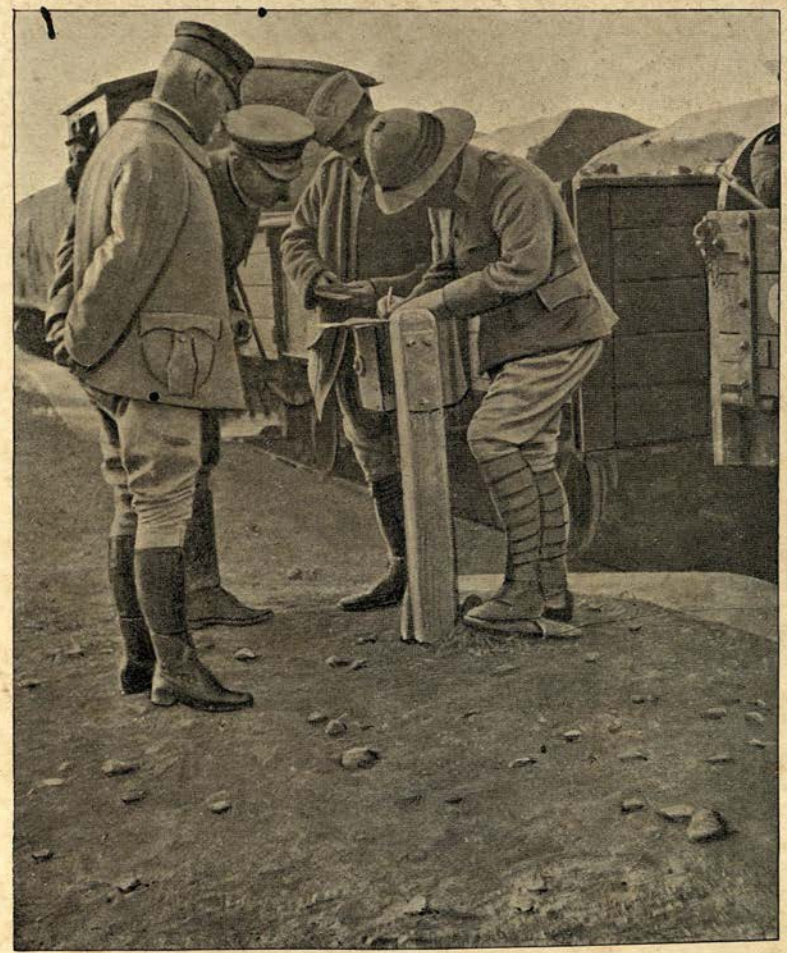
The Prince wrote from Belfast on the 5th of September suggesting that they would probably

[1] A.D.C. to Lord Kitchener. Cp. p. 266, with note.

start for home in October. "Lady Roberts," he says, "writes that she has just seen your hospital-train at Pretoria and says it is splendid, and she is quite delighted with it. I expect it will come up here soon."

He wrote next from Machadodorp on September 13 a most interesting and characteristic letter. How right he was, subsequent events have only brought out more clearly, a fact which enhances that pathetic irony of fate which we feel as we read of his hopes of speedy home-coming.

"*September* 13.—There will, of course, be guerilla bands about for some time, but we think Lord Roberts will get to England early in November, and I suppose I shall come with him. I do most of the cipher wires, and it's pretty hard work but very interesting, as you see the whole game going on. I have my own opinion of how things are, over this side. I must confess to a great admiration for Lord Kitchener, he absolutely subordinates his own personality and plays up most splendidly to Lord Roberts. I must also say Lord Roberts is most dashing and does push things splendidly, and in so doing has brought matters to a much better chance of ending soon than if he had gone slower. I don't think, however, he has enough troops to guard his lines of communication, and we really want 40,000 more from home. We can't keep our lines from being cut, and really we are not depending on the Cape line but on the Natal one, so you must not think these so-called 'regrettable



CIPHER WIRES

THE PRINCE, LORD ROBERTS, AND LORD KITCHENER

Snapshot by LADY EDWINA ROBERTS

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incidents' can be avoided. You must chance something, and I think the line Lord Roberts has taken the right one. As for the Natal campaign I have now formed my own opinions, and it rather bears out what I have written for months past, and my appreciation of the situation appears to have been correct.

"Grandmama wires that Dr. Hilliard is dead. I know nothing of it. I saw him four weeks ago, but no one here notices people's death. I think it is a blessing, as otherwise it would be unbearable. I am very sorry, he was such a nice man.

"Lord Kitchener has been more than kind to me. I think he is a splendid man and has done so well. Watson is as cheery as ever and Lord Roberts particularly nice to me; he tells me everything that goes on. Your train left here yesterday with sick and wounded. Lord Roberts has ordered it to keep on this line from here to Pretoria, as he says he must have the greatest comfort for the sick, and he is delighted with the train. It is now painted white and looks splendid."

With regard to his work on the "cipher wires" Sir Edward Ward says he was most useful. He was very quick at it, and was of course absolutely judicious and safe.

September 17.—Two days later, September 17, he wrote again from Machadodorp: "We are going on to Nelspruit to-morrow, and the war is virtually over, as we ought to be at Komati Poort

in three days' time, and we shall stop all the supplies coming in. I understand Lord Roberts hopes to be home by November 15. . . ."

On the same day, just after he had posted the above, the mail came in with letters from home, and he wrote again: "I knew I had a good mention in despatches after Ladysmith, but I did not know I had another for Allman's Nek. I hope I shall manage to get a brevet out of all this, as I now do nearly all the telegrams here and am given a lot to do. I think Lord Roberts will see me through, as he is always so nice to me. Mansel-Jones[1] is a very nice fellow and a great friend of mine; he was in Ashanti with me: it's horribly hot and feverish where we go to-morrow, but I hope we sha'nt stay long."

The close of this letter is ominous, but still for the time no sign appeared, at any rate he alludes to none, of his impending and fatal illness. He got back to Pretoria safely on September 21, and wrote thence in good spirits on the 23rd, his letter being full of the prospect of getting home and proposals of subsequent movements.

"I think, as I said last week, that the war is virtually at an end. Of course a few desperate irreconcilable men may still go on raiding about, and of course will give trouble, but I think that all organised opposition is over. Krüger having

[1] Captain Conwyn Mansel-Jones of the West Yorks. He obtained the V.C. for bravery at the assault of Terrace Hill, Tugela.

fled to Delagoa Bay, I cannot think it will last much longer. . . . I understand from hints given out that we may expect to sail for England on October 17 or October 24, and I am nearly certain that we shall be home by the 10th of November.

"The 3rd Battalion are to remain here and then go to India, and the 1st remain here for a year and then go home. As I have to be posted to a Battalion when I go to the Staff College I am going to try and get to the 1st Battalion, as if they don't come home they will go to Cairo for a year, which would be delightful, and I should have just a few months there after the Staff College, and one must go back to one's battalion for a year afterwards, and personally I don't want a Staff billet; I don't like them, and prefer to be with the Regiment. . . . I believe I am going down to Natal with Lord Roberts, and possibly we go at the end of the week, as he is going to see his son's grave and I hope also the battlefields. I have most of my things with Sir Walter at Maritzburg, and so shall fetch them up with me again. I fear the Conservatives will again get a huge majority, which has been the cause of their weakness. What they want is a majority of from 60 to 70."

To return to Mr. Blundell. "It was at Pretoria," he says, "that I met the Prince once more. It happened that I arrived in the town at midnight on Friday night, October 5. The next morning, on awaking, he found himself in much discomfort from a mosquito bite above the eye. It may be noticed that this was the first time he had ever been

bitten: indeed he had often remarked, says Captain Oxley, on his own immunity from their attacks in Egypt and Ashanti. He was to have played in a cricket match against Pretoria, but owing to the state of his eye said he would not play. As the morning proceeded he seemed to get better, and in the afternoon we drove round Pretoria together, and went to the cricket ground and watched the match. In the evening he was to dine with Lord Roberts. Feeling rather a headache just before dinner he was inclined to excuse himself, but I persuaded him that he would feel better after dinner and he went. After dinner he seemed quite 'fit' again, and deciphered a number of telegrams. Next morning I had to go back, and left him apparently very well. His eye had perfectly recovered and he seemed quite himself. My last sight of him alive was as he came just opposite Lord Roberts' house, on his way there from the house where he had been living himself with the Duke of Westminster and the Hon. John Ward, one of the Press Censors. I returned to Roodekop. On Monday, the 8th, he played in a cricket match—'Headquarter Staff, Pretoria, against the rest.' The Prince made a hundred runs between the two innings. By one of those chances which we call strange, but which are always happening, a Boer Commandant, a lawyer in Middleburg, Pristorius by name, who had fought against the Prince shortly before and surrendered, was umpiring in this match.[1] News came slow and scanty in South Africa, and I heard nothing more till the

[1] See above, p. 331.

29th, when I was shocked by receiving a telegram to say that the Prince was dead. I started at once for Pretoria. There was, however, an accident on the line and I was some time in getting through. I now heard that the arrangements had been made for the body to be sent home. This I knew would be entirely against the Prince's own wishes, for he had again and again told me he wished, if he died, to be buried where he died. I did not know what to do, and thought in desperation of telegraphing to the Queen, when I heard that the arrangements had been already cancelled and that he was to be buried in Pretoria."

What he told his mother each time before he went on active service was, "If anything happens to me please don't have me brought home, it is so unfair on the men if the officers are brought home, as they have to be left out," and he added, "What's good enough for the men is good enough for me."

"The hospital where he was lying was the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, established in the house of one Beckett, the man who had, it was said, imported guns in piano-cases. It was situated in an agreeable position on a hill on the outskirts of Pretoria, and was excellently suited for such a purpose. When he was told that he had enteric, all he said as I heard was, 'I suppose I must grin and bear it like the rest.' He had, I believe, never complained of pain, only of a feeling of intense weariness and exhaustion. His great desire was to be let alone. I had always noticed at Cumberland

Lodge, and elsewhere, that when he was at all unwell he showed it by silence and a desire to be let alone. He died on the twentieth day, the bad day, as we knew it too well to be, of enteric fever, Monday, October 29."

His last letters were written just as the illness began.

Writing on October 5, he still hopes to get home about the third week in November, and ends: "Pretoria is really a very nice place, and I have heaps of friends. I see Frank daily; he is working very hard."

Three days later, October 8, he began his last letter home, saying, "I had several friends of mine to dinner last night, all clever men, holding good appointments." Then, ending up on the 10th, "I played cricket two days ago, and made 31 and 69. Unfortunately, the unaccustomed exertion has given me fever; but it is not bad, only about 100°. But I have had it two days, which is a bore."

His servant Wise's diary traces very briefly the course of the illness.

"*October* 8.—Pretoria. Prince Christian played in a cricket match; came home feeling seedy."
"*October* 9.—Stayed in bed all day."
"*October* 10.—Seemed much better to-day."
"*October* 11.—About the same to-day."
"*October* 12.—Much about the same, but cannot eat anything."

"*October* 13.—Seems worse to-day; decided to go into hospital."

"*October* 14.—Much the same."

"*October* 15.—Went into hospital to-day."

"*October* 16.—Hospital; seems much worse."

There are no further entries until the 29th. "H.H. Prince Christian died to-day."

It was only on the 25th that his doctor had become really alarmed, and even after this he fluctuated so much that almost to the end his attendants kept up hope of his recovery. The last Sunday, the 28th, he had a peaceful sleep, and seemed so much better that it was thought he might still pull through.

On the Monday morning, however, he seemed much feebler. The Rev. George H. Colbeck, Army Chaplain, who ministered to him at the close, gave him, by his own desire, the Holy Communion just before he lost consciousness.

Present at the Celebration were Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief, Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Stanley, his doctors Surgeon-Major Kilkelly and Dr. Washbourn,[1] and his nurses. These had been —by day, Sister O'Connor, by night, Sister Sharpe; assisting them and with them constantly was Miss Katharine E. Nisbet,[1] in charge of the hospital.

[1] Dr. J. W. Washbourn, C.M.G., Assistant Physician to the London Poor Hospital, &c. returned to England and died on June 20, 1902.

[2] Now Mrs. J. K. Watson, wife of Captain Watson, mentioned above.

One more friend, who had risen from his own bed of sickness for the purpose, came in to see the Prince after the Last Sacrament had been administered, his comrade, Captain Oxley. The Prince looked at him, smiled, and with his eyes made a faint sign of recognition.

"This," says Mr. Blundell, "was his last expression of consciousness. When I arrived," he continues, "and was allowed to see my dear friend, he lay as if asleep, wearing a happy, smiling look, as if in a dream, and a pleasant dream."

Captain Oxley himself supplements this account as follows :—

"I had seen the Prince on the 1st of August at Pretoria, and thought him then looking thin but very well. When he returned at the beginning of October, I was myself in hospital, up and down with malaria and pleurisy. I heard that he was sick with fever, and being better myself went on the 12th, and again on the 13th, to see him at his house in Pretoria, where I found him in bed and sat with him some time. The next day I had myself to go back to bed. On the 15th he had to come into hospital himself. He came to my ward and sat on my bed for a few minutes, and then went to bed in the next bed to mine. A room, a very nice one, was then prepared for his own use, and he was moved to it in the afternoon of the same day. For the first few days I saw him

every day for a minute or two, and used to sit in a long chair on the verandah just outside his room. He did not seem very ill, but there was never a really good account of him, and he slept very badly and was in consequence a good deal depressed. On the 21st he was pronounced to have enteric, but very slightly. He at once sent and asked me to go and see him, which I did. He told me he had got enteric. He was very brave and good about it, and quite determined to fight it out. He asked me how long it was before the critical time, and together we reckoned up the days he had been ill and calculated when the crisis was to be expected. After this I was myself worse, and ordered back to bed; indeed I was at times very ill, with a temperature of not less than 103° for several days, and I only heard about him, and perhaps did not take in all I heard quite exactly. But I understood that he became very ill, and that the doctors thought very badly of his condition from the 25th onwards.

"My diary has the following entry for October 29: 'A sad and impressive day. In the early morning I heard there was practically no hope for the Prince.' At about 10.30 A.M. the last Sacrament was administered to him. I could hear the Service from my bed. Prince Francis of Teck and Lord Roberts were present; afterwards, when they were gone, the Chaplain came and fetched me to see him. He recognised me at once and tried to nod his head, and indeed made a sign of dissatisfaction when one of the nurses seemed to doubt if he knew me. He looked quite bright though

much changed since I had seen him last, and the old slow smile I knew so well crept over all his face, so that I was struck with the perfectly happy expression of his features. I went in again to see him after the end had come, before they moved him from the room. The same happy expression and bright smile were there, but brighter still.

"I was too ill to attend the funeral, and could only watch the procession start from my window. The Cemetery, in the north-west corner of which he lies, is a beautiful place. Many English had already been buried there, and alas, far more have followed since."

"The Prince," says Surgeon-Major, now Colonel, Kilkelly, "appeared to be of a strong and healthy constitution, and bore his illness with great patience and fortitude. It was a typical attack of enteric fever, uncomplicated except to some extent by previous attacks of malaria."

Miss Nisbet, mentioned above as matron of the hospital, sent to H.R.H. Princess Christian some further and touching particulars of the illness and last days of the Prince, "whose sad death in our midst," she said, "has cast such a gloom upon us all."

"When he first came in," she writes, "for malaria, which he ascribed to getting over-heated at cricket, he was somewhat restless and nervous, but when he was told it was enteric, he became at once a very good and quiet patient. He suffered

no pain from first to last, though a high temperature and some sleepless nights caused him discomfort. Within a few hours of the end he said he was not at all in pain, only very tired.

"He talked much of Your Royal Highness and his two sisters, and on the last morning asked Miss O'Connor to get out his latest mail's letters from his trunk where she had placed them at his request, and choosing from among them those of Your Royal Highness and his sister the Princess Victoria, asked her to read them to him. When she had done so he wished them placed close to him on the table at his bedside, and they remained there till all was over. This was his last conscious act. As the end approached I asked him if I should send you his love and tell you about him. He assented with his head quite strongly and smiled brightly several times. The end came quietly and gradually without any struggle. The Last Sacrament was administered between 9.30 and 10 A.M., while he was still conscious and able to take part in the Service. Prince Francis of Teck was a constant visitor and was present at the last. . . .

"We made our chapel-tent look as nice as we possibly could with flowers and hangings, and though very simple it was a restful place for him to repose in. We draped our altar-screens with black and had a red-cross flag in the centre. The brightness of the red cross and the Union Jack relieved the sadness, while the flowers, nearly all white, made the whole chapel sweet.

"Your Royal Highness' wreath, palm branches and white gardenias, was very beautiful. . . .

"We are glad to have been able to do anything for Prince Christian Victor, for his own sake, but especially for the sake of his Mother, who has done so much for us."

"I came back again," says Mr. Colbeck, the chaplain, "to the sick chamber at 11.30, and at 12.45 the Prince was still breathing, but unconscious and evidently passing away; I remained until about one o'clock and then went to visit two or three other patients. As I was returning about half-an-hour later I met at the door Prince Francis of Teck, who said to me, 'He has just gone in perfect peace.'"

It was expected at this time that the remains would be conveyed to England for burial, and it was settled to hold a short service in the tent-chapel the next day. When the next day came, however, it was found that the Prince was to be buried at Pretoria on the Thursday, and an arrangement was made by Mr. Watson, Mr. Jones, and Major Maude, with the aid of other officers and men, for watching the body.

The tent-chapel spoken of just above was a small *marquee* at the door of the hospital which had been used for this purpose. In this tabernacle, a fitting receptacle to be the last resting-place for a soldier on the march, the body was laid and reposed. The clergy and sisters arranged a little altar and dressed it with flowers; a watch was kept

throughout the nights of Tuesday and Wednesday, while upon the morning of Thursday, the day of the funeral, All Saints' Day, the Prince's favourite Festival, says Mr. Blundell, the Holy Communion was celebrated at 6.45 and at 8.

And now the hour had arrived of the closing scene. The flags of all nations were flying at half-mast throughout the city. Outside the tent-chapel the Coldstream Guards, two companies of which were to form the firing party, were drawn up under Captain Sterling and Captain Studd, old military and cricketing friends. When the time came, they brought out the coffin and lifted it reverently on to the gun-carriage which was to convey it to the Cathedral and grave. Upon the coffin were the wreaths of the Queen and Princess Christian. The pall-bearers were eight generals: Kelly, Brabazon, Wood, Marshall, Maxwell, Inigo-Jones, Baden-Powell, and Surgeon-General Wilson. Lord Kitchener, in accordance with the wish of Lord Roberts, had ordered that Colonel Campbell and the officers of the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles should head the mourners, and these, preceded by the Prince's charger[1] led by his groom, followed

[1] The animal, a Basuto pony, is now at Cumberland Lodge, having been brought home at the Queen's command to Windsor. When it arrived Her Majesty gave it to Princess Christian. Prince Christian Victor had bought it himself after reaching South Africa, and had ridden it all through. At Colenso, as he mentions in a letter, it was grazed by a bullet in the neck.

immediately after the coffin. • At starting they were only two, Martin and Blundell, but just outside the church, Wake, A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, joined them, and a moment later Lord Roberts himself with his Staff fell into the procession. The other chief mourners were H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck, and Lord Kitchener. The Coldstreams preceded the coffin, and after the mourners followed other officers and their troops. Two bands played Chopin's Funeral March, that classical music which the Prince so dearly loved, as the procession moved down the hill, and all the time minute guns were firing. The streets were lined by regular and irregular cavalry, who "stood to their arms reversed" as the coffin passed them.

The behaviour of the Boers throughout the whole of the route was very noticeable. All showed the greatest respect, and nothing was anywhere done or said to which the smallest exception could have been taken. Some surprise was felt among them, as indeed amongst our own people, that a Royal Prince, the Queen's grandson, should be thus buried in South Africa. The Prince Imperial of France, heir of England's greatest foe, also breathed his last in Africa; but rests, it may be remembered, in England. A Boer lady, however, made a striking comment. "You forget," she said, "that they are burying their Prince in British soil. The English intend to remain in this land."

The little Cathedral rapidly filled; among the congregation in particular were many nurses. The short service was soon over. The hymns sung were the well-known "Now the labourer's task is o'er," written by Bishop Walsham-How, who had known the Prince as a child and had confirmed his youngest sister, and "How bright those glorious spirits shine," and it was so arranged that besides the English clergy, chaplains from Canada, Australia, and Scotland, should each in turn take some part.

As the procession once more left the Cathedral, it met at the corner of the street one hundred riflemen of the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Rifles, each of whom had served under the Prince in his own battalion when he was a subaltern, under command of Colonel Campbell. With him were Major Pakenham, Captain and Adjutant Blore, Captain Cumberland, Captain Lord Robert Manners, and Lieutenant Kennedy. They had just come from Middleburg, having experienced considerable difficulty in getting through in time. The 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifles were less fortunate, for, being even then on the trek, they could not send any representatives.

The officers of this body joined their comrades after the charger, while the Riflemen, by Lord Roberts' own arrangement, fell in behind himself and his Staff. In this order the sad procession made

its way through the main square of Pretoria, past President Krüger's house, and on to the Cemetery. The march occupied two hours; the route, throughout its entire length, two miles, being lined with troops who fell in as the procession passed them; and during the whole time minute guns were fired with sad and impressive effect. The rest of the service followed: the coffin was lowered into the grave by the men of the Coldstreams, and the firing party of the same regiment went through the customary ceremonial drill with beautiful precision and impressive effect. "The contrast," says Mr. Blundell, "was striking between these smart, fine, well-set-up fellows obeying exactly their officers' orders, and the little Riflemen just from the field and the fight, workmanlike, and covered with the dust of battle and march, acting for themselves, and evidently moved by spontaneous feeling for the loss of a friend and comrade, and one of their own body."

And now Lord Roberts went back to his duties, the Coldstreams filed off, and the concourse melted away, leaving round the grave only the officers and riflemen of the regiment, and Yarde-Buller,[1] who, as the representative of the Rifle Brigade, remained with them until they too had at length to depart and take their reluctant farewell.

The feeling of sorrow in the Army was, say many witnesses, universal; especially was it so

[1] Major the Hon. Henry Yarde-Buller, D.S.O., of the Rifle Brigade.

among the men, with whom he was extraordinarily popular. The waves of feeling which it stirred overflowed the barriers of language and race, and even the more stubborn and sundering obstacles of national jealousy were broken down.

A very graphic and interesting notice of the Prince's death, and of the funeral, is given by Miss Violet Brooke Hunt, in her book "A Woman's Memories of the War." It is significant, however, that one of the most touching accounts was that written in German by the war-correspondent of the Austrian *Neue Freie Presse.* He had met the Prince and made his acquaintance a few weeks before at the Headquarters at Belfast.[1] The Prince addressed him in German.

"In my delight," he says, "at finding an English officer with a perfect command of German, his illustrious name escaped my attention and I only discovered his high extraction after dining in his company and chatting with him the whole evening. I had at once received the impression from his conversation of an intelligence out of the common, but his naturally sociable and popular manner and address prevented my guessing his royal birth, concealed as it was by the high nobility of his spirit. With the death of his Royal Highness mankind loses a noble member of the human community; the race of Princes, a rare Prince; the English Army, a most promising Staff-Officer of rich mili-

[1] See p. 345 *supra.*

tary experience, which he had won by participation in six of England's warlike expeditions since 1891."

He thus describes the funeral:—

"The English understand," he says, "how to give a worthy expression to all that they take in hand. The lining of the route with troops, their guns with their muzzles on the ground, the men's arms crossed and propped on the butt-ends, their bodies bent forward, their heads sunk down; this with the reversed muskets of the cortège, their muzzles turned backwards, all made a picture which vividly heightened the demonstration of grief. Specially significant was the choice of the funeral car. The coffin rested on the carriage of a field-gun drawn by its usual team. On either side were the officers carrying wreaths. The Prince of Teck and Lord Roberts followed the coffin, and then the massed body of officers and the remainder of the troops. Amid the clangour of funeral marches and the boom of cannon the procession traversed the long road from the house of mourning to the church and thence to the Cemetery. Here the officers alone were allowed to enter. I therefore made my own visit to the grave in the afternoon, drawn too by the force of habit on the 'Eve of All Souls' to the Cemetery. It was quite deserted, and showed no trace of the beautiful Catholic custom. The Prince's grave could easily be recognised by the wreaths that lay upon it; for the rest it differed in no way from the

other soldiers' graves, for its stone-vaulting could not be seen under its mound of earth.

"The soldier's life confounds more often than not the distinctions of rank and birth. Prince, peasant, and millionaire stand in one battle-line; they have a common foe, and face one and the self-same peril. In war death has a rich choice of weapons; to-day he hurls his shot, to-morrow he mows with the poisoned scythe of disease. Here falls the peasant, there the prince, and even as both succumb to a like fate, so are they ranged in their last place of rest, peasant, artisan, prince, laid low in one death, that of the soldier and the brave man.

"Sunk in such thoughts I was standing alone by the grave when two officers drew near. In the tall, distinguished form of one I recognised the Prince of Teck. He laid flowers on the grave, asked me for a knife and cut a memento from another wreath. Both officers then saluted before the grave and withdrew."

LIFE AND DEATH FOR ENGLAND

OCTOBER 29, 1900

I

"I HAVE given a son for England,"
In her cottage a peasant said,
"The sweetest, best, of my children
In England's war lies dead."

"I have given a son for England,"
In her palace a Princess said,
"For her my fearless first-born
By the treacherous fever is sped."

"My only son for England,"
Her veteran Captain said,
"I gave; I have fought, I have conquered,
But the light of my line is fled."

For a loved life given for England
The Queen's own tears are shed,
"A dear, a gallant grandson,
I have lost," the good Queen said.

II

Welcome, you willing champions!
Your cities welcome you home:
Welcome! but ah for your brothers,
Who come not, nor shall come!

Welcome to those returning!—
But we knew not all it meant,
When forth on that winter morning,
So brave, so blithe, you went.

We knew that some would suffer,
We knew that some must fall,
But we saw not surely among them
Our own, our dearest of all.

They sleep in that distant country,
The grey seas surge between,
They lie where they died for England;
For England and her Queen.

III

Homes that have given for England,
Your sons, what more could ye give?
The highest as the lowest,
They died that we might live.

Deaths that were died for England,
You do but weight our shame,
Unless the lives ye guarded
Grow worthier of her name!

Be truth and justice surer,
Hearts keener to succour need,
Love and ambition purer.
More reverent speech and deed!

O England ours, God helping,
Be this our chiefest thought,
To lift the life of England,
With such a ransom bought!

CHAPTER XI

RECEPTION OF THE NEWS—LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE—MEMORIALS

THE last sad moment came in the hospital at Pretoria, and Prince Christian Victor passed to his rest, about 1.30 P.M., on Monday, October 29. The Queen was then at Balmoral, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was with her. The melancholy news, which had arrived at the Castle a little before, was broken first to Princess Victoria about three o'clock, and then to the Queen. To the last Her Majesty had been optimistic, and the actual terrible fact came with very crushing effect. But her first thought was for others, for her granddaughter at her side, for his parents and family, and for her people. London was at the moment all *en fête*. It was the day of the return of the City Imperial Volunteers. They were to have reached the metropolis, as will be remembered, and every preparation had been made for their reception, on the Saturday previous, but their ship had been detained. Not to mar the joy of their home-coming and welcome, the Queen kept back the mournful news until the evening, when, in a

message to the Lord Mayor congratulating the city and its brave sons on their return and speaking of those who had fallen, Her Majesty announced to them her own bereavement, in the words: "*I, alas, myself have to grieve for the loss of a dear and most gallant grandson, who like so many of your companions has served and died for his Queen and country.*" On the following day the announcement was in all the papers, and throughout the Empire, knit together more closely than ever by the war, the regret was universal and acute.

On the day of the funeral at Pretoria, Thursday, November 1, memorial services were held at Westminster Abbey and St. James' Chapel Royal in London, and at St. George's, Windsor; in Scotland at Crathie Church; in Ireland at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, and also at Cork. The Queen herself attended the service at Crathie. At Oxford the Magdalen bell was tolled at noon, in the evening the "Dead March" was played in the chapel, and at night a muffled peal was rung. On Sunday, November 4, in St. Mary's Church, preaching before the University, the Bishop of Winchester spoke with personal feeling of the "lengthening bede-roll" of those whom the University had lost in the war, to which had just been added, he said, "the name of that manly, straightforward, simple young Oxonian, the grandson of the Queen."

There were, of course, many other references in many other churches that Sunday. At Canterbury Cathedral Canon Page-Roberts spoke of his high example: "Better give gallant young lives thus for country than squander them in useless or prodigal lounging at home." At Gosport, to which the depôt of the Riflemen had been transferred from Winchester, the church-parade took the form of a memorial service, and the chaplain, Mr. G. B. Vivian Evans, spoke with special feeling of the loss to his own regiment.[1]

It is no secret that the Prince's death caused very poignant sorrow to Queen Victoria. She had always been very fond of him. His letters—and we have seen how constantly and freely he wrote—were a great interest to her. His own varied experience of all sorts and conditions of lives and characters in the Army and elsewhere, reported to her in his natural, intimate way, gave Her Majesty an insight of a new and additional kind, and aided her to accomplish what was ever among her first and most eager desires, thoroughly and exhaustively to understand her people. The Prince was typical, too, of a new generation, that of the future. When he went out to the South African war, it comforted her to think that she was herself sharing the anxieties and sacrifices of the nation and Empire. Through him she felt

[1] An extract from the sermon of the Headmaster at Wellington College is given in the Appendix.

that she was represented and was in touch with the front and the fighting line. The message to the Lord Mayor quoted above, simply and calmly as it was expressed, meant a whole world of mingled pride and grief. Coming as a crown of losses and sorrows, it was heavier than even her brave and great heart could well bear. More perhaps should not be said in a region so sacred; even less can we attempt to gauge or tell what was the loss to those nearer still in relationship and love.

Of condolence and of sympathy, spontaneous, sincere, little availing, yet all that affection and regard can and must offer, now as of old, to the parents who have lost a chivalrous son in war:

"Solatia luctus
Exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri."

"A slender solace for a boundless grief,
Yet due to sorrowing sires,"

as the Roman poet, himself familiar with the bereavements of an Imperial house, sang over the young soldier who is one of the most engaging of his creations[1]—of this it does not need to be said that there was an overflowing measure welling from many hearts toward the Prince and Princess, and toward the Queen.

The letters came from high and humble, from near and far, from relatives, from friends, from

[1] Verg., *Aen.* xi. vv. 63–4.

officials, from seniors and contemporaries, from old companions of school and College, from comrades in arms, from the physician and the nurse, from the private in the ranks, from the man in the street, all testifying, and with wonderful consent and unanimity of language, to the same feeling, the strong and keen sense of loss and impoverishment, by the disappearance of a character and personality, publicly valuable and exemplary, privately beloved.

Space forbids the attempt to give more than a few specimens.

The Duke of Connaught wrote from Dublin, at once as a brother and uncle, and as a soldier and member of the same force:—

"Being both in the Army, and both Riflemen, we had so many feelings in common, and I was so fond of Christie, whom it was such a pleasure to have under my command at Aldershot. In him the Regiment and the Army lose an excellent soldier and a keen, intelligent officer, who will long be remembered in the Rifles. What you lose I feel only too much, for he was everything to you all and was so dependable. God bless you and help you to bear up under this heavy blow."

The Duke of Cambridge gave expression to a similar strain of mingled personal and professional regret:—

". . . I most deeply sympathise with you in this dreadful and unexpected blow that has befallen you

by the death from illness of your gallant and excellent son, such a fine fellow and good soldier, respected and beloved in his Regiment and by all who knew him, and by no nobody more than *myself*, who knew and thoroughly appreciated his excellent qualities, not only as a soldier, but also as an affectionate son to you, a devoted servant to the Queen, and a right good fellow in all respects. It is really a most deplorable loss and I feel it deeply myself, a sentiment which is entertained by the whole Army. May you have God's blessing to support you in these painfully trying moments . . .

From Balmoral came a letter from Lord George Hamilton, who was there in attendance upon the Queen when the sad news arrived:—

"In the earlier stages of the war, we were on the point of losing one of our sons, and I can appreciate what the full cup of sorrow is, which only touched my lips. Still I hope that when the first bitterness is less, it may be some consolation to you to know that your dear son will ever be regarded and held in recollection as the *beau idéal* of a prince and a soldier."

The Duke of Grafton, who had entered the 60th Rifles in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, wrote "to condole on the loss of a son so beloved, and so universally respected and admired for his zealous work, wherever, in his military capacity, he was engaged."

Lord Dalkeith, an old Oxford and cricketing friend, wrote from Scotland:—

". . . It must be some consolation to know how the nation sympathises with the Queen and with you in the great blow that has been inflicted upon you, and how the gallantry, hard work, and patriotism of Prince Christian Victor have been recognised and appreciated. I am sure that no one has the right to be prouder than Your Royal Highness of what your son has done, though perhaps this makes the sorrow even harder to bear in private life. Though he had many friends he never made an enemy. I think you will not mind my saying that he has not lived in vain, but he has given his life in the service of his Sovereign and country, and forged another link in the long chain that binds the love of the nation to Her Majesty and the Royal Family, who have never spared themselves, but on the contrary have always gone out of their way to share the dangers, trials, and sorrows of their people."

Lord Cadogan, the Irish Viceroy, wrote:—

"I can testify to the high consideration in which His Highness was held in Ireland, and the impression which was made upon all by his noble and manly character and his devotion to his duties as a soldier. My wife and I always regarded his visits to us with the pleasure which his kindness and friendly bearing everywhere inspired, and I can

truly say that nowhere will he be more regretted than in our family circle."

Lord Lansdowne, the Minister of War, and Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, wrote from the War Office. Both had known the Prince well; in both letters can be felt the note of personal sorrow.

Lord Lansdowne's letter was as follows :—

"War Office, *October* 28, 1900.

"Madam,—I can find no words in which to express the regret with which I learned on my return to London that Prince Christian Victor's illness had ended fatally.

"I had received Your Royal Highness's kind letter at Bowood, and I admired the courage and the calm with which it was written: this morning's telegram, too, raised better hopes. They have, alas! been rudely dispelled.

"I wish I could think that anything which I can say would help Your Royal Highness to bear this calamity. You will find perhaps some consolation in the knowledge that you have the sympathy of all the Queen's subjects and, I am sure, the special sympathy of the Army. For although I am not a soldier, I have lived a great deal among soldiers in this country and in India, and I may say unhesitatingly that I have never heard an unkind thing said about your son by those who have had to do with him, whether seniors or juniors. His whole heart was, I believe, in his profession. Others will

speak with an authority to which I cannot pretend of his career and prospects as a soldier, but of this I feel sure, that no young officer was better liked or more respected.—I have the honour to remain, Madam, Your Royal Highness's faithful servant,

"LANSDOWNE."

Lord Wolseley wrote as Commander-in-Chief:—

"WAR OFFICE, *December 3*, 1900.

"MADAM,—I thank Your Royal Highness most sincerely for your kind words to me at this moment. But what can I say or do that would bring comfort to the wounded heart of a Mother for the loss of a son who died for the Queen and country he had always served so well? He was a gallant soldier, a devoted patriot, and, to Your Royal Highness, I know he had always been a loving son. It has been the will of God that his stay on earth should be short, but it must be a great consolation to his parents, and to all who knew him and admired his fine manly qualities, that as long as he was spared to them and to England, he threw his whole heart and soul into the career he had adopted. He had a brilliant future before him when he was taken, but his example will long remain and be remembered by his comrades, and by all the soldiers who were privileged to know him and to admire his fine qualities. Therefore he has not died in vain, and poor as all my words must sound in his Mother's ears, the example he set of devotion to public duty was not buried with him.

"He died like a brave man, and a good Englishman, and of the comrades he left at home many envy his noble lot."

General Hildyard wrote from Natal:—

"NEWCASTLE, NATAL, *October* 30, 1900.

"SIR,—I cannot express to Your Royal Highness the sorrow with which I received the most sad news from Pretoria. At such a time I should not intrude on your grief, were it not that I feel it may be some comfort to the Princess and yourself to hear from me: for in the many months we were together I came to appreciate fully the kindly and lovable character of Prince Christian Victor, and to be in some degree in his confidence. It was a source both of pride and of pleasure to be associated with His Highness—for I was proud of the noble example set by him, in making light of the many dangers and hardships incident to the campaign; and it was a pleasure because of his constant thoughtfulness and simple, affectionate nature, ever ready to do a kindly action or speak a cheerful word to all with whom he was brought in contact, whatever their station; and I can assure Your Royal Highness that neither officers nor men are forgetful of it, and it is with sincere sorrow they have heard the sad news. They will always bear a very kind remembrance for their companion in the field, who shared all their dangers and privations as a brave and noble comrade.

"It seems perhaps unnecessary for me to mention further the constant thought and deep affection

evinced by the Prince for Your Royal Highness, for Princess Christian, and for Princess Victoria, but my motive in doing so will not be misunderstood. The home mail was always most anxiously looked for, and it was a constant pleasure to me to see the Prince's joy in receiving good news of you all at home. Many is the time he has come into my tent with the letters in his hand to tell me some piece of news he knew would interest me, and I got early to learn how deep was his affection for his parents and sister, and to infer how fully his affection was returned. Consequently my first thought was grief for the anxiety that would be felt, though confidently hoping it might only be of short duration, and my feeling now is one of deepest and most sincere sympathy in the overwhelming sorrow that has fallen on you.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. HILDYARD."

Among those friends who had known the Prince longest and best was Colonel Gordon, who had seen him grow up from childhood, the companion and playmate of his own boys, and who now wrote, in terms which speak for themselves:—

". . . I almost felt as if I had lost one of my dear sons, for I had known Prince Christian Victor ever since his birth, and had taken the same interest in his welfare as I had done in that of my own children. His uprightness of character endeared him to all, and the love he had for his profession made him a bright example to others entering the English army.

"From his earliest childhood, Prince Christian Victor showed a great appreciation of all that was manly and truthful. Not only will his loss be ever felt at home, but in his regiment his name will remain for ever, as one who had proved himself a great credit to such a splendid corps, and who was looked up to as a gallant soldier and one who, if God had in His will and good pleasure spared him, would have had a very distinguished career."

The following letter, sent to Colonel Eliot, shows what was the feeling of a young Australian lieutenant, and may be taken as a typical Colonial appreciation :—

"SIR,—I trust I shall be excused for sending you the following extract from a letter from Pretoria, which shows how universally Prince Christian Victor was mourned. The writer, Lieutenant Norton, is in the Victorian Mounted Rifles. He says :—

"'To-morrow we go to the funeral of Prince Christian Victor. Every one in Pretoria is very sad at the death of the poor young Prince. I hope they will let him rest in peace in Pretoria, and not eventually take him to England. *His grave in this country will mean much for England and the Empire.*'

"My nephew was encamped with Colonials from all the colonies, and had performed the scouting for the Guards from Bloemfontein to Komati Poort, and was able to form a proper estimate of the feeling entertained.

"I trust I may be allowed to express my sincere sympathy with their Royal Highnesses, Prince and Princess Christian, on the death of their gallant and much loved son. It will be some consolation to them to feel that his grave in Pretoria will add to the greatness of England and the Empire.—Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE ROSE NORTON."

Different again, but of scientific value as an opinion, both independent and expert, is the testimony of Sir Charles Dilke. He wrote:—

"I owe to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught a day spent with His Highness the Prince Christian Victor at Aldershot, followed by some subsequent conversation in London on the Army, leading to the very confident belief that in Major Prince Christian Victor the country has lost an officer of the most unusual combination of high qualities. Both courage and courtesy are commonly to be found in British officers, but the will and power to work, the professional ability and tact, and the insight into the military problems of the future which the Prince possessed made him one in whom all might have hope and many how high hope. The remembrance of such anticipations may deepen immediate regret, but may also help to bear it by strengthening the noblest side of memory."

Mr. Croome, his old companion of school and College, wrote from Radley a letter too intimate

to be quoted entire, speaking of the great help which the memory of the Prince's friendship and example had been to him in influencing his own pupils.

"In my profession," he said, "one is bound to analyse one's own school life, and I have during the last few years been realising what I, and, I am sure, many another old Wellingtonian, owe to Prince Christian Victor. For two years at school I spent part of almost every day in his society. It was just the same at Oxford, and neither there nor at school was his influence due to his birth and position so much as to his character. I try to put before my boys an ideal of a Public School career, and again and again I find I have been drawing for them a picture of the Prince's life at Wellington. I did this unconsciously at first, but three years ago it came over me—as I was talking —the thought, 'This is the Prince.'"

A London cabman sent to Princess Christian the following letter:—

"The Cabmen's Shelter, Waterloo Station,
30. x. 1900.

"Madam,—On behalf of a large number of London cabmen and myself I beg to offer you and your husband our sincere and heartfelt sympathy at the loss you have sustained, by the passing away of your beloved and gallant son, His late Royal

Highness Prince Christian Victor. What a significant name—

'PRINCE'
'CHRISTIAN'
'VICTOR.'

A Prince of the people; a Christian of a Christian family; a Victor through Jesus Christ.

"May the Prince of Peace, the Man of Sorrows, the God of Love and Mercy give you His peace, as you believe that Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!—I am, Madam, sincerely and obediently yours, THOMAS RYAN."[1]

The next year a very similar message came from the same source.

The next two letters, pieces of indirect testimony, are from Army Chaplains; the first from an old Magdalen man, a friend of Canon Hildyard, for some time Chaplain at Knightsbridge—the Rev. Robert Armitage:[2]—

"BARBERTON, *November* 11, 1900.

"MY DEAR HILDYARD,—I am sure you are as sorry as we are for the death of Prince Christian Victor. I had luncheon with the Prince at Nelspruit only a few weeks ago, and he was in great spirits, and we talked of Magdalen and you, and of the old Aldershot days, when he and I were in the same Brigade. It is hard to realise that he is gone; one more victim of this horrid war.

"Do you think it would be any gratification to Princess Christian to know that here at Barberton,

[1] A well-known temperance worker in South London.
[2] Since then given the D.S.O.

at the parade service of the 18th Brigade, we all stood up while the 'Dead March' was played for him, and I made a little mention of him to the men? If so, will you tell her? The Princess Christian Hospital train was in here last week. It is the admiration of all beholders, and a great boon to the sick and wounded."

The last letter to be quoted here is from the Rev. A. L. Gedge, Chaplain to the Forces:—

"May I be allowed to write and say how grieved I was to hear of the death of Prince Christian Victor? When in Natal on General Buller's Staff (from which place I was invalided home with enteric fever) I saw a good deal of your son, as the 2nd Brigade was my special care for some time. He was always most kind in helping me in any way he could, and took great interest in the Chaplain's work. Whenever duty permitted he always set an example by being present at Holy Communion. But what struck me most was his thoughtfulness for others, and consideration of their feelings. One illustration of that may at this time interest you.

"On Sunday, February 25, I had to go forward to bury a number of poor fellows on what was called 'Green Hill,' and about 6 P.M. I met on my way back Prince Christian and asked him to let General Hildyard know I had performed the sad duty. The Prince said he would do it, but would I come with him to three or four graves over which no service had been read, to consecrate them

and read the Service over those buried there, for the sake of their friends at home?

"He and I together performed this duty. I was much struck and touched by this thoughtfulness for others. He was always thus, and there was no one but had a good word for 'The Prince.'"

Nor did the young Prince, "dead in his prime," want the "meed of melodious tears." The touching poem which his old friend and tutor Mr. Bourdillon sent to his father and mother, and which appeared in the *Spectator*, has been given at the beginning of this volume. From the pen of the Bishop of Ripon, an old and tried friend, who has so often employed his sympathetic genius in this sadly kind office, came the following not less feeling and very beautiful stanzas:—

I

Alas! too soon, too early gone!
Our wounded hearts of hope bereaved,
Mourn for the days too swiftly flown:
Mourn for their promise unachieved.

Though Love through love can veil her loss
And smile on days which bring her pain,
Yea, wreathe red roses on her cross,
If thus her dear one meet some gain;

Yet twice embittered is the woe,
Which mourns a life cut off in prime,
Before the fruit or flower could grow,
Before the gold of harvest-time.

II

For Love has dreams for those she loves:
She bids Hope build up tier by tier
A Home of fountains and of doves,
Of voices sweet and waters clear.

With other lives Love blends her heart,
Her vision sees them grow complete,
Uplifted like a work of art,
A glory to the busy street.

Her vision sees the column rise
With sculptured splendour ever higher,
And on its crest before men's eyes
Fame's mystic brazier bright with fire.

Vain dreams! when Love must live to see
The sculptured shaft unfinished left,
The ruin of what was to be,
Of its fair coronal bereft!

Yet Love may upward lift her eye
To that dear Hand which dries each tear,
And there Life's beauty may descry,
Whose crowning-stone is seldom here.

God works His work all perfectly:
For those who duty's way have trod
The broken shaft of Life may be
A pillar in the House of God.

We measure not Life's tale by time,
Nor by our joys nor by our tears:
We measure in another clime
And by the everlasting years.

III

'Mid the hot glare of desert sand
And bullet hail which swept the Nile,
He held him ready to command,
Faced death and duty with a smile.

O'er swamp, on veldt, with steel or gun,
Whate'er his part he played it well,
Till in the hour when all was won
The fever smote him and he fell.

And though he rests 'neath other skies
And leagues of ocean intervene,
The victor's city where he lies,
He names anew and for his Queen.[1]

And we shall miss him when the tide
Of triumph roars along the street,
When the grave conqueror will ride
'Mid joyous shouts and eager feet.

But all is well, for Love has taught,
He conquers who doth bear his part:
Christian, in service bravely wrought,
Victor, in singleness of heart.

Shorter and more simple, but ringing true, and also worthy of quotation, are some lines sent by a clergyman who signed himself "E. W. B."

[1] It was proposed at the time to name Pretoria, Victoria, after the late Queen.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR

"Nothing is here for tears"—the tears which they
Whose sorrow knows no consolation shed,
When the chilled heart can feel no cheering ray,
And shattered hopes lie buried with the dead.

He lived and died a soldier: lived and died
As he had wished: sleeps as he wished to sleep,
A comrade true his comrades true beside;
Therefore no tears of bitterness we weep;

For it is well with him; and we who mourn
Learn from his life of duty bravely done,
That from the highest to the lowliest born,
From prince to peasant, all true hearts are one.

. . . . . .

Soldier of Queen and Country, well hast thou
Quitted thyself, beloved by all and blessed;
Soldier of Christ, well hast thou fought, and now,
Life's battle won, Christ bids the warrior rest.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" [1]

Messages and addresses of condolence were sent from many public bodies. The University of Oxford in particular, which not two years before had conferred on the Prince the degree of Master of Arts in a special manner, now addressed letters to Her Majesty and to Prince and Princess Christian. They were drawn up by the same

[1] See also p. 392 *infra*.

skilled and sympathetic hand which had on the previous occasion penned the Latin Diploma, that of the Public Orator, Dr. Merry, who had had a son at College with the Prince, and who as a frequent onlooker at the cricket in the Parks had often watched the Prince's fortunes there in his undergraduate days.[1]

A year later the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Dr. Fowler, President of Corpus Christi College, in making the customary Latin speech at the end of his term of office, and recounting the events of the year, spoke tersely but touchingly of his death as that of one of Oxford's own sons, concluding, "*Erat eximia spe adolescens, sodalibus et in ludo litterario et in Academia gratus et carus, postea in rebus militaribus bene versatus, qui multa stipendia magna cum laude fecisset.*"[2]

His grave in the beautiful cemetery at Pretoria, the first grave of a member of the Royal House of England on the vast continent of Africa, is still simple but no longer undistinguished. Over it has been raised, by his parents' loving care, a cross in the early Irish style, worked of granite from the Balmoral estate, and surrounded by a railing made from old cannon of the year 1837, the first year of Queen Victoria's reign. A plate

[1] See the Appendix at the end of the volume.

[2] "He was a youth of distinguished promise, acceptable and dear to his comrades both at school and in the University, afterwards an experienced soldier who had served with much credit in many campaigns."

of gun-metal let into the front side of the base of the cross bears the following inscription :—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

CHRISTIAN VICTOR

PRINCE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN,

CAPTAIN AND BREVET-MAJOR KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS,
ELDEST SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN
OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN AND GRANDSON OF
VICTORIA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
EMPRESS OF INDIA.

BORN AT WINDSOR CASTLE, APRIL 14TH, 1867.
DIED AT PRETORIA, OCTOBER 29TH, 1900.

Upon the cross itself are the Sacred Monogram and the words: "In Thy light shall we see light," "They go from strength to strength."

On the other three sides of the base are the several texts: "I have fought a good fight," "I have kept the faith," "I have finished my course," and underneath the record of his six campaigns: Hazara and Miranzai, 1891; Isanzai, 1892; Ashanti, 1895; Soudan, 1898; Natal, 1899; Transvaal, 1900. and cut on the kerb in raised letters, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou

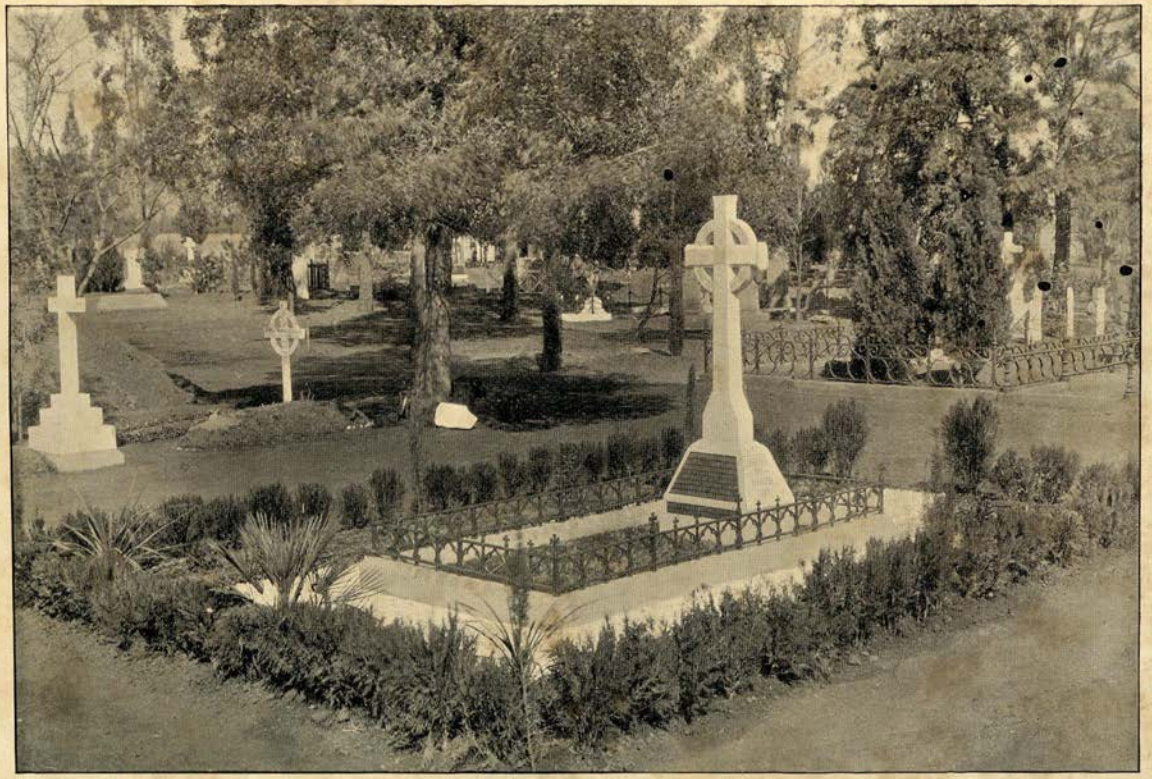
into the joy of thy Lord," "He giveth his beloved sleep," "I sleep, but my heart waketh."

Kind hands have kept his grave continually dressed with fresh flowers, and on the anniversary of his death a memorial service was held in the Cathedral at Pretoria.

Many monuments and memorials of other kinds have been and are still to be erected. Foremost in point of time and interest is that of Queen Victoria in St. George's, Windsor. The site is the Bray Chapel, where already stands the statue of that other Prince who laid down his life in the same distant region, in England's war, the Prince Imperial of France. The monument, designed by Mr. Emil Fuchs, shows a sarcophagus watched by an angel[1] in white marble, with outstretched wings, the hands crossed upon a sword, of which the hilt carries a tiny genius of Peace, and the blade is wreathed with laurels. The inscription begins: "To the memory of Christian Victor, Prince of Schleswig-Holstein . . . who died for his Queen and Country in South Africa," and ends, "Erected by his devoted Grandmother, Victoria R.I."

At Windsor Castle, where he was born, a statue of him, modelled by Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A.,

[1] The angel is supposed to be waiting — resting after "warfare accomplished—for the resurrection morn." On the base below the angel are the concluding lines of the poem by E. W. B. quoted on page 389.



PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR'S GRAVE AT PRETORIA

To face p. 392

will stand in a place chosen by the King near the top of the Hundred Steps, a monument erected by personal friends in Windsor, Berkshire, and Oxford. In the chapel at Wellington and in the antechapel at Magdalen he will share with his comrades, as he would have wished to do, the general memorials to the members of those Colleges who gave their lives for their country in the war. At Magdalen too, his portrait, presented by his College friends, will hang in the Junior Common Room, where he spent with them so many pleasant hours. On the Hoe at Plymouth, that notable spot whence England has so often hailed her friends and sometimes her foes, watching it may be the Armada growing or the *Northumberland* fading on the horizon, there is rising a pillar, the gift of a west-countryman, to the memory of Prince Christian Victor, and of those sons of the West country, Devons, Gloucesters, and Somersets, who, fighting with him through the earlier and darker days of the Natal Campaign or in the Transvaal, like him fell and lie, far from home but not forgotten.[1]

[1] The monument is erected by Mr. Alfred Moseley, who also established a hospital at Princetown Bridge in Natal called, by Her Royal Highness's permission, the Princess Christian Hospital. It is an obelisk of grey, green, and red granite with four panels, one with an allegorical relief by Mr. Emil Fuchs commemorating Prince Christian Victor, another the Devons charging at Waggon Hill, a third the Gloucesters and Somersets, and the fourth bearing a common inscription.

Prominent in his character was the quick interest he always showed in the sick and suffering, particularly when they were soldiers. His constant thought was for the soldier, and anything that could further his well-being, moral and physical. Therefore no more fitting memorial to him could have been initiated than the fund for the Regimental Cottage Homes for Disabled and Discharged Soldiers, which has been raised by subscriptions entirely from the Army. These Homes are in connection with the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, of which the Prince's mother is President, and which in its present shape was suggested to her by him.

Meanwhile the love and regret of the friends to whom he was dearest rather grows than wanes. In writing this memoir it was impossible not to be struck with the spontaneity and warmth of the responses which came from every quarter to which I wrote for information, and by the way in which in so many different places he was vividly remembered, and his letters, his words, and his memory affectionately cherished.

Two letters coming later than the rest, written when nearly a year had elapsed from his death, may show how abiding was the feeling about him in the hearts of his friends. The first is by Lieut.-

Col. E. J. Montagu Stuart Wortley,[1] who had served with him both in the Sudan and in South Africa. He met H.R.H. Princess Christian in Germany.

"*August* 18, 1901.

"MADAM,—When I had the honour of seeing Your Royal Highness to-day, I could not express to you all I should have liked. As I said, I had served with him so much under varying conditions, and so had every opportunity of realising what he was. What I admired more than anything in him was his humility as regards his position, never pushing himself forward in any way, and ever ready to share the hardships of a campaign in the same manner as his brother officers. I remember so well being with him at the time he received Lord Roberts' offer for him to join his Staff, and his hesitation about accepting the offer, lest it might be thought he had sought easier and more confidential employment. And as regards his regiment: the interests of it were so dear to him: and he was beloved of every officer and man in it. I am sure that nowhere is his loss more deeply mourned than among the Non-commissioned officers and men of the 4th Battalion.

"I had not the heart to say all this to you to-day: so I must ask your pardon for writing it, but it comes from my heart, and is prompted by the most sincere and respectful sympathy with Your Royal Highness for the loss of one of the best soldiers and kindest friends I have ever met

[1] C.M.G., D.S.O., now Military Attaché at Paris.

since I have been in the army.—Believe me, with all due respect, yours most obediently and faithfully, EDWARD STUART WORTLEY."

The other letter is from Colonel Herbert to the Prince's sister, H.H. Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein.

"ORLETON, WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE,
September 3, 1901.

"MADAM,—I cannot tell you how interesting it is to me to have been presented to Your Highness. All the time we were talking there was a something — manner, voice, an occasional expression that brought back so vividly to my mind the memory of one whom, in my humble way, I loved and admired so much. As his Colonel, I had many opportunities to read his character and appreciate the beauty of his nature, and what always struck me most was, that before everything else he was the best type of an English gentleman, full of tact, and kind thoughts for others.

"Placed as he was in the dual position of Prince and Company Commander, he ever did the right thing, and never did I know or hear of any act of his that might have made his position uncomfortable to others. I know what his loss must be to you, but I am sure it must be a comforting thought to feel that a life spent as his was, fitted him at any moment to obey his 'Maker's' summons, and although he cannot return to you, he now

rests in peace awaiting until it pleases God to reunite you all again.

"What a good soldier he was and how he adored his regiment, and how certain it was if he had lived that he would have risen to the very highest place amongst us! But it was ordered otherwise, and even in this ordering there is much that is beautiful and what he would have wished. He died in the captured capital of our enemy's country and in the midst of that army he loved so well.

"We cannot presume to miss him as you do, but for those who would call him friend, no man ever had a better. May God bless and comfort you always, is the earnest prayer of your humble and devoted servant, EDWARD HERBERT."

CHAPTER XII

CHARACTERISTICS

"Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun
The world which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been."
—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, c. lxxv.

THESE touching lines, true in different degrees of so many who have died before their work was well begun, are partly if only partly, true, of Prince Christian Victor. He had seen much, he had done not a little, in the time granted him, but both what he had seen and what he had done, seemed likely to have their greatest value as a prelude and basis to much more that was to come. This is the pathos of his story.

His service had indeed been active service. Its brief dozen years had been filled to overflowing with movement and experience. He had been learning, to use the forcible American phrase, "all the time," at school and college, in camp and on the field, in the palace and the tent, or beneath sun and stars, amid the snows of India, in the steaming swamps of the Gold Coast, and on the

arid southern veldt; and though he entered the Army a little late, had taken part, by the age of thirty-three, in six campaigns.

As a matter of actual achievement, then, for his age and standing he had attained very marked distinction as a soldier. He had acquitted himself also very well in the examination for the Staff College, but the South African War and his consequent leaving England for active service prevented this being recognised as fully as it would otherwise have been.

In that war itself he completed one campaign, that in Natal, but was cut off by illness soon after he had joined the Transvaal Army. How he acquitted himself in both portions of the great struggle has been seen. The *Gazette* of April 19, 1901, and with the date of November 29, 1900 (the South African Honours *Gazette*) contains the following formal but significant memorandum:—

"The death of Captain and Brevet-Major His Highness Prince Christian Victor Albert Ludwig Ernst Anton of Schleswig-Holstein, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., King's Royal Rifle Corps, occurred before the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa had forwarded the recommendations for the Distinguished Service Order, which, had he survived, would have been awarded to him by His Majesty in recognition of his services during the campaign in South Africa, 1899–1900."

He had also been, as will be remembered, mentioned in despatches for his part in the operations in Natal. If further evidence of his position and promise in his profession were needed it would be easy to accumulate testimony from many quarters.

Lord Wolseley's opinion has already been given in his own words in the preceding chapter. Lord Roberts, his successor in the office of Commander-in-Chief, has kindly found time to write specially for this memoir the following lines:—

"I first became acquainted with H.H. Prince Christian Victor when I was Commander-in-Chief in India, and he was a Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. I was specially attracted to him by the interest he displayed in the Musketry training of his men, and by his kind care of the women and children of his battalion.

"During the year 1891–2 I appointed him to my Staff as Extra A.D.C., for I was anxious he should be with me at the Northern India Rifle Association Meeting at Meerut, where his strong desire to see the shooting of the Army improved, and his knowledge of Musketry, were most useful to me. I was often associated with him later when he was serving in the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps with my late son, and I always had a great admiration for his simple, manly, and straightforward character and his unswerving devotion to duty.

"When the operations in Natal admitted of his services on the Staff of that Army being dispensed

with, I offered him the post of Extra A.D.C. on my personal Staff, and he joined me at Pretoria on the 17th August 1900. He was with me during the operations to the east of Pretoria and at the battle of Belfast, and remained with me until he contracted the enteric fever which resulted in his lamentable death.

"During the whole time I knew Prince Christian Victor, his sincere interest for the welfare of his men, his zeal for the good of the Service generally, and his unfailing kindness and courtesy endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. His early death was a heavy loss to the Service, and a personal grief to myself and to all who knew him.

"ROBERTS, F.M.

"*August* 1, 1902."

Lord Kitchener writes as follows:—

"Having known Prince Christian Victor for many years, I hasten to comply with your request to write a few lines for the volume that you are about to publish, and I avail myself of this opportunity to express how much I feel what a deep loss the Army sustained by his premature death.

"Prince Christian Victor volunteered for service under me in the Soudan, having then only lately returned from the Ashantee expedition. He had previously served with distinction in India, and on both these services his constitution had suffered from attacks of fever, which doubtless contributed in a great measure to the fatal issue of his last illness.

"While serving under me he showed himself on all occasions a true soldier, willing and anxious to

take his part and share any hardships which might fall to his lot when on duty.

"Amongst the incidents of his services in the Soudan, I may recall one in which he distinguished himself. When the steamer on which he was patrolling and convoying troops up the Nile, ran on a rock and suddenly foundered, he displayed the greatest coolness, energy, and resource, thereby helping to save the lives of those on board, and thus minimising what would otherwise have been a serious disaster.

"In South Africa he went through the severe fighting in Natal, and was universally recognised by all his comrades as one of the most promising officers of the day. When General Buller joined Lord Roberts in the Eastern Transvaal I again met Prince Christian Victor, who was at that time serving on the Staff, and to all those who then saw the cheery manner and able way he was carrying out his duties it was a great shock to learn that he was unable to rally from what was thought to be not a severe attack of enteric fever.

"By his own wish he lies buried at Pretoria with his comrades, who like himself lost their lives for their country, regretted by all, and most deeply by those who knew him best. KITCHENER."

General Sir Evelyn Wood, now commanding the Second Army Corps, speaks more briefly but in very similar terms:—

"Some years ago I was brought a good deal into contact with His Highness Prince Christian Victor,

and liked, I believe, all others who had the honour of his acquaintance, I formed a high opinion, not only of his ability but of the keen spirit which he brought into his everyday work as a Company Officer. He was in every respect of the best type of the British Officer, manly, straight, and keen about his work. I never had the good fortune to serve with him in war time, but I regarded him as a very good soldier in the highest sense of the term."

When he died, he was, it must be remembered, little more than thirty-three. All who knew him and were best qualified to judge, are agreed that had he lived he would have risen steadily and risen high, probably very high indeed, in his profession. It was his ambition to rise, perhaps to rise high, certainly to rise steadily and by *merit*. He was always very keen that good work and service, that of others first, but his own also, should be recognised, but he had no notion of being pushed on or up by favour. "*Royal he deemed to do royally well*," as his first tutor and friend, Mr. Bourdillon, wrote of him in the poem prefixed to this Memoir. He told a comrade that he thought, which indeed was true, that his position hindered as well as helped him, since people did not like to put him forward.

But after all it matters less what we do than what we are. It is best to ask first what he was, which moreover is the surest earnest of what he

would have been likely to do. What then can we certainly say he was?

First and foremost he was a thorough Englishman, a characteristic specimen of the type which a Public School, the University, and the Army produce. At the same time he had, both by inheritance and by home bringing up, the advantage of some foreign elements, and in particular of an acquaintance with German methods and ideas, and was, partly in virtue of these, more of a scientific and professional soldier than young Englishmen often are.

He was singularly consistent and straight, the same all through, simple, unaffected, easy to deal with. You always knew, as the saying is, "where to have him." He was a "fine character," says a brother officer who knew him well. "He was absolutely dependable; once a friend, always a friend," says another. He took after his grandmother, Queen Victoria, the most truthful person, as John Bright, with Quaker bluntness, reported, that he had ever met. He was often slow to speak, cautious and canny, and would never "give himself away," but he was very observant, formed an opinion of his own, of everything and everybody he met, and when sure of his auditor, would at times express it in very terse and uncompromising, though never unkind language. A very good judge of men, he took their measure for himself impartially, making the most of his unique oppor-

tunities of mixing with all ranks. He had, too, much common sense, and much humour, and was very amusing at times; and nothing was more delightful than to see the slow, full smile, which his friends knew so well, steal over his whole face when he thoroughly enjoyed some situation, remark, or story.

He was also very quick at reading what was in men's minds and detecting their real determining motive, insomuch that his friend Blundell said to him once, "You're a regular Sherlock Holmes."

Two things helped him much, his memory and his method. The first was "royal." It has been seen how it showed itself when he was quite a small boy at Westgate. He always remembered, says a writer in the *Wellingtonian*, the name of any one who had been at school with him, and made a point of looking up any one whom he came across. He retained it to the last. "One day in Natal," says Mr. Blundell, "he came into a tent in which were a number of privates who had just arrived from India. He heard one of them cough. "Hullo," he said, "I hope your headache's better." There was a general laugh round the tent. The man was known for a habitual humbug, always pleading a headache to get off parade. The Prince had not seen him for years, but knew his cough in an instant."

As he was riding into Ladysmith he saw a

private in the 1st Battalion of the 60th, who had joined the battalion the same day that he did himself, and who had served with him in India, but whom he had not seen for six years. He at once got off his pony and shook hands with him, to the man's intense delight.

On another occasion, Mr. Blundell relates, when they rode together into Modderspruit camp, he called up a man to take the Prince's horse into the lines. The Prince at once recognised the man, though he had not seen him for four or five years.

As to his method, "when I had the sad duty," says the same friend, Mr. Blundell, "of going through his effects, I was struck with the care and system with which he kept everything. All was in order, nothing lying loose about. Bills were all paid, everything settled and arranged. This method had been characteristic of him through life. Without being in the smallest degree a fop, he was always exceedingly neat in his clothes and turn-out. Even when campaigning and hard put to it, as after Vaal Krantz, and just before the relief of Ladysmith, he managed somehow always to turn out quite spruce and almost smart. He was very particular at quieter times about uniform, and careful that it should be correct."

His handwriting, from quite early days, was regular, firm, and particularly legible. He kept a most exact record of his income and expenses,

and he was especially fond of making lists and inventories of his belongings. Beside his diaries, he kept the shooting-book, and the cricketing-book, of which, as well as of his music, separate mention has been made. It may be added that he was generally very fond of accounts, and very careful of two things, time and money, making no secret of his liking to see the latter go as far as possible.

He was a most diligent and punctual letter-writer. I was, as I have said already, astonished to find what a mass of letters he had written, many of them long and full, and it will be seen, I think, from the specimens quoted that he possessed considerable power of adapting himself to his correspondent, whether it was Her Majesty the Queen or a Non-commissioned officer or "ground-man."

He was a thorough soldier, devoted to his profession and anxious to rise in it. What he was looking forward to as the next thing, was commanding a Battalion, for he wanted to rise by natural steps. "What do you think you'll get out of this show?" said his friend Blundell to him one day in South Africa. "Nothing," he replied. What he desired was not medals or decorations, but professional promotion.

He set himself assiduously to learn the whole business of a soldier; Drill, Musketry, Military Law, Military Sketching, he took up each branch

in turn. We have seen how, taking considerable trouble, he followed the "Meat Course" at Smithfield. He was equally diligent in other lines, for if he attempted a thing he liked to go through with it. He also attended sketching classes and, as has been noted, gave a course of lectures and instruction in sketching, to the Non-commissioned Officers of his regiment. From quite early days he had excelled in Military Geography and Sketching, and it will be remembered how Captain Percy Scott speaks of his power of map-reading.

But indeed he took every pains to perfect himself all round. For the Staff College examination he read, as we have seen, with Dr. Miller Maguire. No instructor probably has had greater experience of military pupils than Dr. Miller Maguire, few have a shrewder idea of what English military education might be and what, as a rule, it is. He has kindly supplied me with the following professional "appreciation" of the Prince, as he appeared to him when a pupil in his class:—

"Prince Christian Victor was undoubtedly a most intelligent and enthusiastic student of military subjects. He was very regular and diligent, coming up daily from Windsor to work from 9.30 A.M. till 7 P.M., and when on duty in Ireland carrying on study by correspondence. The class which he joined in 1899 was a splendid one, including a number of distinguished officers of all

arms, some of whom had seen much service. Among his fellow-pupils were 'Freddy' Roberts, the Hon. Raymond de Montmorency, and a dozen others who, like himself, have fallen in the war. I had many a talk with him on Military History and strategical situations. Already in July 1899 he was much impressed with the gravity of the situation as regards the Boers, and was most anxious to get all information about South Africa. But even more meritorious than his attention to Military History, was his determination to master the Mathematics necessary for the examination."

"There is a trait," adds Dr. Maguire, "in his character, to which I should like to bear special and grateful testimony, for it was of much benefit to my classes. He respected knowledge wherever found, and his courtesy and consideration to all his teachers were really *optimi exempli*. Indeed he raised the whole demeanour of our students towards their instructors, who consequently held him in the highest regard. Moreover he was cordial and kind in a remarkable degree to the young students for cadetships whom he met daily, encouraging and sympathising with them with rare tact, so that they would have done anything for him. In his dealings here with all our folk he seemed to me to realise Chaucer's picture of the Knight—

> 'He never yet no vileinye ne sayde
> In all his lyf unto no maner wight,
> He was a verray parfit gentil knight.'"

Dr. Maguire's assistants bear out their chief's testimony. "The Prince was," says Col. W. H. Daniel,

Instructor in Military Topography and Law, "a most attentive pupil; what is more, I was very much struck with a conversation I had with him, when in his usual courteous manner he came to say good-bye to us before sailing for Africa. He evidently had appreciated *in a right way* what he had learned, and wished to see how it might be turned to proper account in the campaign." Herr J. Bürde, Instructor in Tactics, says "he had a natural gift for dealing with complicated military situations," while Herr J. A. Joerg, with whom he worked at German mainly by correspondence, speaks of him as "painstaking and unpretending, grateful for anything you did for him; in short, a model pupil whom it was a pleasure to instruct;" and Mr. R. R. Corkling, the Instructor in Mathematics, adds: "I cannot help thinking the way in which Prince Christian Victor qualified in Mathematics was most praiseworthy. He put his heart into all he undertook."[1]

As a shot, he was both born and made, for if he excelled naturally as a boy he also took constant pains all through his career to improve, paying special attention to the merits and capabilities of different weapons. He was one of the sixty best shots in the "Army" at Bisley. He had been,

[1] A packet of letters written just before and during the examination to his friend Colonel H. H. Wilson, and put by him into my hands after the earlier chapters of this book were written, show what elaborate pains he took to make each subject "safe." As a matter of fact he acquitted himself very well.

as we know, from childhood very fond of sport. As a game-shot later on he was far above the average, and held his own in any company. Further, he was no fair-weather marksman, but liked a real rough sporting shoot, and also cared quite as much for simpler unpremeditated forms of sport as for anything elaborate. When at Cumberland Lodge he would, any day and every day in winter, go ferreting or take a turn at the wild-fowl on the lake. When in Scotland he was keen on deer-stalking, and almost always did well at Balmoral, where he was a great favourite with the stalkers. As a boy he was fond of fox-hunting, but in later years cared less for it. For horse-racing he had little taste, though in Persimmon's year he was excited about his winning. He did not like "horsey" talk, and hated, as he said himself, "spavins for breakfast, lunch, and dinner." He was a pretty fair player at billiards and liked card games such as Patience and Bézique, but preferred talking. It need hardly be said again that cricket and shooting were his favourite recreations. We have seen how he took systematic lessons in photography, in which he acquired a very fair degree of skill.

He was specially fond of running the Mess, for he had a great love of "economy" both in the wider and the narrower sense, keen on good arrangement, and hating extravagance or waste.

"He made," says Major Oxley, "a capital Mess President." And he was in particular a very good manager and almost always had something "up his sleeve" in an emergency, as General Hildyard's letters, already quoted, testify.

With the Regimental Music he took an infinity of pains. It may be remembered how he prepared himself for this at Oxford and worked at it when quite a young officer in India. Along with Captain Myers he drew up a book of Music for the Battalion, which they had printed. The Title-page and Index, which will show what it contained, are as follows:—

MUSIC.

CATALOGUE OF BAND MUSIC.

1ST BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.
1894.

Band Committee.
CAPTAIN W. J. MYERS.
PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Bandmaster.
MR. F. TYLER.

INDEX.

Ballet Music—Dance—Gavottes—Intermezzos: Marches, Funeral, Quick, Slow: Miscellaneous, Operatic Extracts—Overtures—Paraphrases—Polka Mazurkas—Polonaises—Potpourris—Reminiscences: Sacred Music—Selections—Classical—National—Operatic—Popular—Solos—Songs—Spanish Music—Unclassified.

After the printed catalogue follow a number of pieces added in the Prince's own handwriting. Colonel Mends further says that he also copied out with his own hand a new catalogue of all the music for his regiment.

He asked H.R.H. Princess Christian always to look out when in Germany for anything new and suitable for his band, and when he went there himself he did the same. He was further always endeavouring to raise the taste and tone of military music. His own preference was distinctly for what was classical. "Sometimes, however," says Mr. Blundell, "when he was going away for a few days he would indulge us and arrange that the Band should give us something a little less severe." When poor "Reggie Cathcart,"[1] since, alas, killed in South Africa, was leaving the Battalion to go to Malta as gymnastic instructor, the Prince as a parting gift gave him a little cigarette-holder and said, "That'll make up for all the pain I've caused you by my Wagnerian music."

He told a friend that while he was campaigning in Natal he felt quite "starved" for want of good classical music, and that when at last, after nine months of it, he got back to civilisation and a piano, at Government House, Pietermaritzburg, he was afraid he had kept the Marchioness of Tullibardine,

[1] The Hon. Reginald Cathcart, Captain in the 4th Battalion K.R.R. He fell in action at Pieter's Hill.

whom he met there, playing to him all day. Lady Tullibardine has most kindly given me her own account of the matter. She writes:—

"It is quite true that I was staying at Government House, Natal, when Prince Christian Victor came there in August 1900, and that I used to play to him a great deal. He was so genuinely fond of the works of the great composers, that it was a great pleasure to me to play to him, and he appeared to enjoy it all the more because he had heard no music for such a long time. He spoke of the deprivation which it had been to him to hear nothing in the way of good music whilst soldiering out in Africa. I am sorry that I cannot supply you with any more notes from my own experience, though I have a vivid and most pleasant recollection of those days at Maritzburg. Prince Christian Victor struck me as being a man of very high principles, and most delightfully unassuming."

The name of Sir Walter Parratt[1] has been mentioned already in this Memoir. A neighbour and friend ever since he became Organist at Windsor, he was frequently at Cumberland Lodge, and had many opportunities of knowing what Prince Christian Victor's taste and power in music were. He writes:—

"What mainly struck me about the Prince's musical taste was its breadth and sanity. Many

[1] Organist of St. George's Chapel Royal and Master of the King's Musicke, &c. &c.

keen musical amateurs of these days are the victims of some craze. There is the Wagner maniac, and the Brahms devotee. Bach, Tschaikowsky, Gounod, each is cultivated too exclusively. No bias of this kind was observable in Prince Christian Victor. He could appreciate the English Church Music which he heard in such perfection at Magdalen.[1] Afterwards when the Regimental Band came under his control he took great pains that music of all schools should be properly represented. I had no opportunity of acquainting myself with his powers as a performer, but people who know have assured me that he was a very capable violinist. His arduous duties in many lands stood in the way of the regular practice which is necessary for great proficiency, and this alone prevented his taking a high place as an executant."

We have said that he was a loyal Wellingtonian throughout life. He was equally attached to Oxford, and in particular to his own College, Magdalen. He was at all times much interested in 'Varsity doings, and always went to see the Boat-race and the Cricket-match, if he was within reach. In the same way, he was always loyal to his Company, his Battalion, his Brigade, and was indeed in every way very public-spirited and patriotic.

[1] And also of course, though Sir Walter does not say it, at St. George's, Windsor, where, as we have seen, the Prince went whenever he was at home.

"To his brother officers," writes Colonel Mends, who knew him specially well, "he was a real good friend, kind, considerate, and ever ready to help with that sound advice he knew so well how to give. Possessing a good deal of quiet humour and the gift of being an excellent judge of character, together with the courage of speaking his mind freely, he exercised, without hurting any one's feelings, great influence, particularly over those junior to him, an influence all the greater from the high example of his own good life."

He was, indeed, specially kind to younger officers. The same judicious consideration which he had exercised in the Wellington Eleven as a boy, was shown in his dealings with young men. Thus more than one of his friends testifies to the special value of his influence in the important position of Senior Subaltern.

Bad language, or discreditable stories, found a chill reception from him, and the usual result of his presence was that they quickly disappeared. He remarked once, with some surprise, that no lady had ever said anything *risqué* to him, such, as he had heard, was not uncommon in society. He was, says a School and College friend, both in life and talk, strikingly unsullied.

He did not much care about what is called "home soldiering," but he showed the greatest interest in any sport or game which his Battalion took up, and was always specially keen about the

shooting of his Company. He did not despise parade drill, but thought it useful in its place, as conducing to steady troops. For this reason he admired the German drill and its effects as seen in the German manœuvres, and thought that whatever was introduced into military training, drill ought not to be neglected. And he particularly disliked drill being hurried. But he considered, as may be remembered, being so far in advance of his time, shooting even more important.[1]

He was himself exceedingly cool, never becoming "fussed." Even on field-days he kept his *sang froid*, and would not move his men until it was necessary. It was just the same in actual campaigning. There he was always bright and cheery, not depressed by either hardship or danger, but hopeful himself and inspiring others. "What struck me particularly about the Prince," says 'Linesman,' whose book has already been quoted, and who saw a good deal of him in the Natal Campaign, "was his invariable placidity; no more imperturbable soldier was in the Army, nor amongst Staff officers a more affable and pleasant-mannered man."

The fact is he was always himself—he had no need to be anything else—simple, natural, un-

[1] He may be said to have very largely, alike in theory and practice, anticipated the striking Army Order on Musketry Training put out by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, in September last (1902). *Cp.* also p. 203, *supra.*

affected. There was about him a total absence of any conceit, pretence, or assumption of superiority and consequently a total absence of *mauvaise honte.* It was this that enabled him to move so easily and freely in all sorts of circles and societies, this that above all endeared him to persons in a less exalted position, the private soldier, the professional cricketer, the man in the street; or again to the young and inexperienced. He never stood on his dignity, still less did he arrogate to himself anything in virtue of his rank to which he was not otherwise entitled. On one occasion, for instance, when he found himself in the Committee Room at the "Oval" Cricket Ground with his friend Hildyard, after a short time he got up and said, "I say, I don't think I've any right here. It's hard on these fellows my sitting here all the afternoon. You stay; I'm going down into the crowd."

"I have seen him," says the same friend, "sitting in a third-class carriage, with a navvy on either side of him, going to a football match." It may be mentioned here perhaps that one of the very best and most characteristic portraits of him which appeared in the illustrated papers was a reproduction of a photograph showing him sitting in his shirt-sleeves in a Natal railway-carriage.

We have seen the impression he produced upon the Austrian War Correspondent, who was fascinated by him without knowing who he was.

He was on very good terms with the men, and they had special confidence in him. Perfectly natural himself and sure of his own position, he could enjoy a touch of nature and not mind even an occasional liberty, if not meant as such. He was fond of telling a story of how, when he was promoted to be Captain and Brevet-Major, a certain Colour-sergeant of G. Company said to him, "Well, sir, I suppose you'll think of getting married now?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you're old enough, and now you'll be able to afford it."

"One thing," says a brother officer, "is certain about him; he made himself more than popular with all who served with him, and the men would do anything for him."

The following extract from a letter written by a Corporal in his own regiment is interesting as unsolicited evidence of what was thought of him. It was addressed by the writer to his Parish clergyman, who describes him as "a straightforward, manly young fellow who was in my Bible-class," and it was written quite spontaneously without the least idea of it ever being published.

"AASVOGEL KRANTZ, MIDDLEBURG, 25.12.00.

"DEAR SIR,—'Christmas Day,' and I cannot celebrate it better than by devoting a portion of the day in answering your ever welcome letter. I

am more than pleased to know that my poor letters prove interesting, and I can assure you that all letters from dear old —— are very welcome and interesting to me. The past year has indeed been a sad one for us all, and I sincerely trust the New Year will bring forth brighter prospects. Rich and poor have suffered alike, and the Queen (God bless her!) has had her full share. The death of Prince Christian Victor has indeed been a sad blow to her, and indeed it was a sad blow to us, for as you probably know he belonged to my regiment, and a finer officer never wore the Queen's uniform; no stupid pride, no affectation, never happier than when talking and joking with the men, that is the true description of Prince Christian Victor, from all who had the pleasure of serving under him, and the entire Regiment from the Colonel to the youngest Bugler boy, all pay him the highest possible tribute by calling him a *real* gentleman, and above all a *real* soldier. I hope you won't think I am prejudiced in these remarks because he belonged to my regiment, although the motto *E'spirit de Corps* (*sic*) is naturally very prevalent amongst us, but I think we have a right to feel proud of our regiment, when it boasts of such men as Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., Lieutenant Roberts, V.C., the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian Victor, and several others."

Even more striking is a letter from Mr. Tyler, Bandmaster to the Prince's Battalion,

written as it is by one who knew him specially well.

"RIFLE DEPÔT, GOSPORT, 19.3.02.

"DEAR SIR,—I arrived in England on the 22nd of January, four or five days after the despatch of your letter to South Africa, and it has followed me about the country until a few days ago.

"It is a pity that by the wreck of the *Warren Hastings*[1] I lost so many of the Prince's letters, as he corresponded with me regularly for some years; the last from him fell into the hands of the Boers when we retired from Dundee. His Highness always took a great interest in the band and music. The String band when he joined the 1st Battalion was good, but the Military, bad, so with the assistance of the late Major Myers he set about improving it, by liberal pecuniary help and his influence with the officers; in a short time the band became the best in India—Lord Roberts heard it in Rawal Pindi, and writing from home in '94 he expressed his opinion that for *ensemble* playing it was better than any military band he had heard in England or on the Continent—but the solo playing was not so good. The Prince supplied the band with music from Germany and Austria, some pieces he obtained from his Uncle Ernest.

"He further interested himself a great deal in getting employment for time-expired men of the Battalion, and nothing seemed too much trouble for him if it would help the well-behaved; but the bad characters he left severely alone.

[1] See p. 241.

"On its arrival in India, the Battalion, consisting mostly of young soldiers, was nearly at the bottom of the roll for shooting, but under Colonel McCall the Prince's energy and tact were the means of bringing it to the proud position of one of the best if not the best. To interest the bandsmen in musketry, he would give the makers of the top scores his photograph, and others, money prizes; this caused great emulation, and naturally enough, every one was eager to get a photograph; if this caused some heart-burnings, it certainly improved the shooting of the bandsmen.

"On our way to the Black Mountains during the Isanzai expedition he got up a successful Grand Tattoo with torchlight procession at Abbottabad. Half-way up the mountain on which Fort Funk was perched, I was showing signs of distress after lifting about sick men. The Prince noticed it immediately and brought me some chocolate, saying, 'Eat this slowly, it will help you immensely.'

"When the siege of Ladysmith was raised, and he rode in to see us, his first question to those he met about the Klip River Camp was, 'Where is Mr. Tyler?' I was out with the men chosen as being fit to march five miles and fight, but we couldn't. Returning late in the afternoon with one of my stretcher-bearers, I met three horsemen by the Klip River. I was passing them quite unconcernedly when I heard a voice—a familiar voice, call me by name; it was the Prince calling me; a moment after he was shaking me heartily by the hand and congratulating me on having escaped all dangers. He then produced his cigarette-case, and said, 'I am

sorry there are but two left, I have given the others away; anyhow, take these, I will send you some more to-morrow'—he brought them himself. The stretcher-bearer who was with me eyed the two cigarettes longingly—after a struggle I stifled my selfishness and gave him one.

"His Highness had a marvellous memory for the numbers and names of Riflemen; he would question me about some man, but perhaps at the moment I could not bring him to mind; then would come, 'Oh, I mean 1742, Private Jones, C. Company.'

"His kindness to me and my children was that of a true friend. His was a kind disposition, and though we were poles apart socially, on one side the rough soldier and on the other the cultured Prince, he was the best friend I ever had. It is difficult for me with my limited command of language to explain properly the effect the news of his death had upon us of the old Battalion. Personally, I was stupefied, and some of the old hands, though feeling the shock keenly, condoled with me, knowing I had lost a true friend. Putting all selfish feeling aside, I can honestly say no other person's death could have affected me so much, and whatever the demand I would have given anything to save his life or recall it.

"After reading what I have written, it seems such a poor, bald account of a good life. His Highness did the same for the 4th Battalion Band as for the 1st, and this I knew at the time he was doing the work, by his letters to me. I hope you will find one or two things useful in my letter for your work.

"Wishing you success in your undertaking, I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"FRED. TYLER,
"Bandmaster 1st Bn. K.R.R."

An extract from a letter sent to the Princess by a Nurse Parry is very eloquent as to the terms which he was on with the men in South Africa, and the way in which he won their regard and confidence. Miss Parry writes:—

"Sergeant Keating of the Devons knew Prince Christian Victor *well*; he says, 'The Prince used to come down to our dressing station whenever he could be spared from his own duties; he knew we were hard worked with the wounded, and he was always ready to give a helping hand. One of the Rifles was badly injured, and after being dressed was being carried to the Hospital; when the poor man came to himself he found he had lost his precious chocolate box, his Queen's gift. The Prince hunted everywhere for it, as the man was so distressed.' Well, two days afterwards the Sergeant had to go to the Hospital with some other patients, and the Prince called to him, 'Tell —— that his box is all right; his Major has it and will bring it when he comes to see him, or if he prefers he will keep it safely for him.' The Sergeant said, 'You know, Sister, that little bit of love and care made me think all the world of the Prince, as did we all. I did not realise he was a Prince, because he worked with us like one of ourselves.'"

It would be easy to multiply instances of such testimony. His intimacy with Quartermaster (now Major) J. W. Dwane has been already dwelt on. Speaking of his letters, Major Dwane says feelingly, "They are all I have now left in memory of a great friend, a noble gentleman, and a gallant soldier." A Private in the 60th, who came to see H.R.H. Princess Christian and tell her about him, said that when they were tired on the march the Prince would often give them rides on his pony, or share his cigarettes with them. "Not many gentlemen," he added, "would do that."

But he detected flattery or sham attentions in a moment. On one occasion a culprit thought to get off by repeating, "Your 'Ighness, Your 'Ighness. I'm sure your 'Ighness is going to take a lenient view." The Prince said, "I'll tell you what 'Is 'Ighness is going to do. 'Is 'Ighness will send you before the Colonel, and you'll have fourteen days confined to barracks."

In the same way, though not given to repartee, and never eager to "score off" others, his sense of humour and quiet good temper enabled him to do this very effectively, if occasion required. There was a story, which was naturally very popular in his own College when he was an undergraduate, to the effect that when he was dining out in his first term a lady had said to him at dinner, "I hope, Sir, there are some nice men at Magdalen

now;" to which he replied, "Oh, we're all nice at Magdalen."

The story in this exact form is very possibly apocryphal, but he certainly, like a good cricketer, knew how to "keep his end up," for he had plenty of mother-wit and resource. "You'll excuse my using a homely Yorkshire phrase, Sir," said Dr. Roberts to him one day, "but the fact is you've got your head screwed on the right way," a judgment quaintly expressed, but one which the Prince often repeated as a very genuine compliment.

Like Queen Elizabeth's officers and sea-captains, he was always ready to take a hand or "pull and haul with the men," and indeed do anything that might become a soldier. In India on one occasion General Sir William Lockhart pointed him out to a native of a high rank, as he was marching dusty and travel-stained with his regiment up a steep hillside, saying, "Do you see that young man? That is the grandson of the Queen of England."

It was only when he was in a position in which he felt that his rank was not recognised and ought to be, that he insisted on it. Then he was inflexible. In the same way, while always kind and friendly to those under his command, he was, writes Colonel Mends, "a strict disciplinarian, standing no nonsense, and very soon putting any one in his place, who presumed to take a liberty or perhaps to think that the Prince, highly placed as he was,

would not pay the same attention to minor details as other officers."

He was very fond of, and got on particularly well with, old people, for he was never afraid of them. He even ventured to say of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, "She is very amusing company." He was also specially attached to the Duke of Cambridge and a favourite with him. He was, on the other hand, a great favourite with children. The little daughter of one of his Colonels with whom he formed a great friendship in Ireland, when he went to South Africa used to say every night in her prayers, "O Lord, keep the Prince safe in Africa," and when she heard he was dead, without any prompting prayed, "O Lord, keep him safe in Heaven."

In the same way he was very popular not only with the men in Barracks but with their families. He constantly looked in upon them, and was always ready to do them any kindness. Lord Roberts has touched upon this. Lady Roberts, who had perhaps even better opportunities of judging, adds her evidence and says how much she was impressed, when she saw the Prince first in India as quite a young officer, by his kindness to the wives and children of the married soldiers.[1]

It was the same with the natives as with his own

[1] It may be noted that the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, of which H.R.H. Princess Christian is President, is in its present organisation the outcome of his suggestion.

countrymen. He had his special friends among those of high station, such as Sir Pertab Singh, but got on well with all ranks. Thus he made great friends with his native servants. On one occasion, he told me, when he was in Kashmir one of these servants became ill. He had him put to bed and himself gave him some medicine and went from time to time to see how he was getting on. Some days afterwards, when he got up in the morning he found an old man standing at the door of his tent on one leg, like a stork. There he continued to stand. He could not speak any English, and the Prince did not know what to make of him. On his asking his other servants they said, "Oh, that's the old father of So-and-so. He heard how kind you had been to his son, and he's come all the way from their village to show his respectful gratitude to you, and this is his way of doing it."

Nor was it only in the Army that he thus made, and kept, real friends among those below him in social station. We have seen how he attached to himself the servants at Cumberland Lodge, his old nurse at Wellington, and his "scout" and others at Magdalen. Another friend in "the ranks," so to speak, with whom he always kept up was Mr. Thomas Hearne, who was chief professional and ground-man at Wellington while the Prince was there, and is now ground-man at Lord's Cricket

Ground. Mr. Hearne's "appreciation" may be best given as he gave it to me himself:—[1]

"I first made the acquaintance of the Prince when I came from Ealing to be Professional at Wellington in 1881. Mr. Davenport, if I remember right, introduced me to him. We had a great business just then in laying out the ground at Wellington; no easy matter, for you had to break up the 'pan' as it is called beneath the soil, and returf the whole for many yards. What struck me first about the Prince was his readiness to turn his hand to anything. Thus at this time he was very fond of turf-cutting, and greatly pleased if you gave him a knife and let him work away; quite ready, too, to wheel a barrow or what not. Later on he took a great interest in the laying out of grounds. We worked together at the match 'pitches' at Wellington, and afterwards he got me to help him about other grounds. I laid out a ground for the officers at Aldershot, and advised him about his own ground at Cumberland Lodge. He was very good-tempered and considerate with me, and the same with J. Relf, now of Reading, the other Professional, and was always very kind to children. One trait I remember in particular, was that if he had any fault to find he never did it in public, but always took you quietly aside and said what he wanted. 'Don't tell him now, tell him after the innings is over,' he said to a friend

[1] A happy and kindly article, by Mr. Thomas C. Collings, entitled, "Prince Christian Victor at School: A Chat about his School Days," drawn largely from Mr. Hearne's recollections, appeared in the *Boys' Own Paper* for January 19, 1901.

who wanted some one to be taken severely to task then and there on the ground, for some piece of stupid play. He had a great sense of fun and humour, and was very fond of a 'yarn' or of meeting any one who was anything of a character. He didn't care who he was. For instance, there was a very rough old boy who used to work for me, who had been a keeper or a poacher, or both, long before at Windsor, and had a number of stories of what went on in the old days. The Prince always took great delight in having him drawn out. Another very discontented fellow who used to talk against the Royal Family, he astonished and half converted by going up to him at the station one day when he came back to Wellington and asking him by name how he was getting on. 'I never thought he'd remember me, or speak to me if he did,' said the man to me. My little bat-shop at Wellington was a great meeting-place for a chat, and many are the talks I and others have had with him there. He was always particularly kind to me, and when the news of his death was suddenly shown me in an evening paper I went home and said to my wife, 'Well, we have lost about the best friend we ever had.' She was as devoted to him as I was, and so was my son. He came up a great deal whenever he could find time to Lord's, and would always look out for me, and again and again dropped in to see my wife at the Lodge. The last time I ever saw him was on our ground here in the summer before he went out to the war.

"He took great pains with his wicket-keeping, and made himself very good at it, but his hands

used to suffer. It is no joke wicket-keeping, and I often said to him, 'I wonder at you gentlemen taking it up, it knocks your hands to pieces so.'"

His affection for his dogs has been already alluded to; it was very characteristic. When he was quite a small boy he possessed a *dachshund* of his own—"Waldmann" by name—to which he was devoted, unhappy if it did not sleep in his bed; and he always kept one or more of its descendants. A particular favourite was "Schwartzchen," the dog he possessed when he first joined the Army. "Schwartzchen" went out with him to India and accompanied him everywhere, in one of the Black Mountain expeditions marching with the bugler, and wearing with obvious pride a khaki coat bound with red, made by the regimental tailor. This same dog also went with him to Kashmir. Another dog of the same breed, given him in India, was "Brownie," and another again, "Rex." These two are now at Cumberland Lodge. Poor "Schwartzchen" lived to be fourteen years of age, and might perhaps have lived longer, but when Prince Christian Victor went to South Africa he could not take his dogs, and had to leave him behind. The old *dachs* seemed to pine from the moment he left, and died just a fortnight before his master. How fond that master was of them all was shown by his leaving directions in his will as to what should

be done with them.[1] "His affection for his dogs, indeed," says Captain Oxley, "had been a recognised 'chaff' against him in the regiment." Of his Basuto pony we have spoken elsewhere.

He did not talk much about religion, nor would he have wished that much detail should be given about this side of his character. But of its reality to him, and the place which it filled in his life, evidence has appeared again and again in these pages. We have seen him at all times regular and reverent without affectation, neither professing nor concealing his feeling or his practice, the same in his College Chapel, on shipboard, or on the hillside in the thick of the campaign.

To the testimony already given the following extract from a letter by a clergyman—the Rev. Charles Swynnerton—who had been, as will be seen, an Army Chaplain, may be here added:—

"I was Chaplain with the Hazara Field Force for a short time in 1891, and I recall very vividly an occasion on which I celebrated Holy Communion in a little terrace field close to the Indus, under the shadow of the Black Mountain. The young barley had recently been cut, and the rough ground was damp and moist, and there on the wet earth Prince Christian with Sir William Elles, other members of the Staff, and many officers and soldiers, knelt to communicate, making ready for whatever might betide, for it was expected that

[1] *Cp.* his solicitude for his friend's dog, p. 212, *supra.*

Fort Baio would be taken by assault within a day or two.

"On another occasion the Prince did me the honour of riding with me back from the Indus to camp, after some skirmishing in the hills, and he told me much about his Oxford life, saying that his Magdalen days were among the very happiest of his life.

"He had a face which was 'good' in the true sense, and I remember, as I looked at him, thinking of those beautiful lines about 'the flower-like face of perfect innocence.'—Yours faithfully,

"CHARLES SWYNNERTON."

This may perhaps be the best place to mention that Prince Christian Victor was one of the first to move in the matter of the proposed Memorial Cathedral at Cape Town.

His boyish interest in the Wellington Mission may also be remembered. It was just the same with the Magdalen College Mission; when asked he at once gave his name as a member of the Executive Committee, expressing his hope that he might some time or other be able to lend a helping hand.

Mr. Swynnerton speaks of his having a "good" face, and this was certainly true. A word or two may perhaps be said about his personal appearance. He wanted height. Had he inherited one or two more of his father's inches, it would have helped his cricket and his appearance gener-

ally. But even without them he was distinctly good-looking. He had regular features, showing very decidedly in the nose and eyes particularly, and in the set of the head and general poise of figure, the characteristics of the English Royal Family. He was, too, well built and knit, active and firm at once. As a boy he was slim and almost thin, but directly he passed into manhood showed a tendency to become stout. After the hard campaigning in South Africa he became, as his friends noticed and the photographs done of him at this time show, fined down and thin again; but looked very well, and in good condition. A great German oculist, the last time he was in Germany, examined his eyes and told him that his vision was remarkably good, the two eyes — a rare thing — being exactly equal. Of his alert readiness of sight and hand, his skill with the bat, or behind the wickets, or with the rifle, is evidence enough. His unusually bright blue eyes which looked you full in the face, his clear and clean complexion, his keen observant glance, his undisguised smile when he was amused, all seemed the index of his open, hearty, honest disposition, conscious of no ill wish or mean thought, with absolutely nothing to conceal or dissemble; while his unaffected and easy carriage had a yet quiet dignity and distinction which were unmistakable.

To what has already been said about his willingness to turn his hand to anything, his desire to be treated like any one else, and his sense of duty, the following pieces of testimony may be added.

The first comes from an officer, himself of very high social position, who served with him both in Egypt and Natal. He says:—

"In the Sudan the Prince, in spite of his position, was always ready and willing to do work, and generally did it better than most of those for whom it was a necessity. He was always cheerful, whatever hardships he had to undergo. In South Africa he was very popular with all ranks of the Army, and the Colonials especially liked him on account of his unassuming manners. Once, during the Natal campaign, Prince Christian Victor was discovered by some officers having tea with four troopers of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, who had not the least idea who he was. The Prince had been unable to find his quarters, and having had no food for most of the day, had accepted an offer of tea from these troopers without disclosing his identity. They only knew that he was an officer, 'and a good sort,' as they expressed it.

"As is well known, Prince Christian Victor, when going up the Nile shortly before the battle of Omdurman with General Rundle and others, had the misfortune to be in a gunboat that sank. He arrived at the camp north of Shabluka Rapids, wet to the skin, and dressed in clothes very much too big for him, which had been lent to him.

Most of the shipwrecked passengers were very miserable at having lost all their possessions, and at their discomfort, but he took it most cheerfully.

"The fact is," concludes the same witness, "that Prince Christian Victor always wished to take his chance on equal terms with other men, and not to derive advantage from his position, and that the success he achieved in his profession was entirely due to his own merits."

The next is from Vice-Admiral Atwell Lake, who was commanding on the coast of Ireland while the Prince was quartered there.

"During the time the late Prince Christian Victor was quartered in Cork and at Fort Carlisle I had the privilege and pleasure of meeting him very frequently, and he struck me as an officer very keen on doing his work—which he seemed to carry out in a most conscientious manner—fond of all kinds of sport, and gifted with a cool and courageous spirit. As an example of the latter I may mention that on one occasion, when he had been staying with me, he was anxious to return to his duties at Fort Carlisle, where he was quartered at the time. The only way he could get back was by boat, and as it was blowing hard at the time, I was anxious that he should postpone his departure; but he was not to be persuaded, and so I gave him the use of my steam-launch to take him back. He was accompanied by my Flag-Lieutenant, H. L. Cochrane, who was in charge

of the boat. I watched her going across, and when she had got about half-way I saw that the sea was far rougher, and that it was blowing much harder than I had anticipated, and I very much regretted that I had let him go. The weather was so bad that the boat was unable to return again until that night. The Flag-Lieutenant told me afterwards that the Prince showed no sign of nervousness, although the boat was really in a somewhat critical position. It struck me as rather exceptional that an officer in his position should have insisted on returning to his duties under such adverse circumstances.

"He did me the honour of staying at Admiralty House on one or two occasions, and my wife and I found him a most charming and agreeable guest. He was most popular with all who knew him on account of his kindness and graciousness of manner, which made it a pleasure as well as an honour to have any personal communication with him."

The opinion of Colonel Edward Stuart Wortley has been already to some extent conveyed in the letter of condolence quoted in the last chapter, but a few more words of his may be added which describe very eloquently the Prince's essential disposition. He writes:—

"I admired Prince Christian Victor more than I can say, for he was the most conscientious and humble officer and soldier. Born in a position of which he might justly have taken advantage, in

all the years I served with him, in peace and war time, I never knew him unwilling to take his place with others of his military rank under any conditions that arose; and although he was as ambitious as any one else, he never pushed himself unduly. He was the most thorough English gentleman, devoted to his friends and loved by every one who came in contact with him. The interest which he took in the regiment to which he belonged was intense, and I never met any officer commanding a company who identified himself more with the N.C.O.'s and men who served under him, both in duty and in all games.

"I was with him at Maritzburg in July 1900 when he received a telegram from Lord Roberts inviting him to join his Staff at Pretoria, and I well remember his hesitation to accept the offer, because he thought it was his duty rather to remain with the marching troops than to accept a position of comparative comfort at Headquarters at Pretoria. I know of few officers who would have thus hesitated. His death was an irreparable loss to his regiment, as he had their interests entirely at heart; and to those who knew him intimately it was the loss of a friend in the most complete and true sense of the word."

This is a very true reading of the Prince's character. Much of it is what has been said over and over again by many witnesses, but there are one or two points which it brings out very forcibly. "Even in a palace, life may be led well," says

Matthew Arnold in a famous line, quoting Marcus Aurelius. Even by a Prince life may be lived simply, modestly, nay, to use his friend's striking phrase, humbly. This is the moral of Prince Christian Victor's story. "What is good enough for the men is good enough for me," he said, with regard to his being brought home to be buried, and it was his constant thought about many other things all through. Yet he was, it must be remembered, as his friend also writes, "as ambitious as any one else." In reality it was just this that was the secret of his life. His was a genuine ambition. He wanted *to earn* his success and his honours. "*Quæque dari voluit, voluit sibi posse negari.*"[1] He did not covet any merely artificial or courtesy distinction. He was indeed always afraid of being put out of the fair way of competition by receiving such preferment. He would have liked to come in time to high command, even to the very highest. It is perhaps not revealing too much to say that he hoped some day to reach such a position, and that not a few of his friends, more especially among the younger men, hoped it for him. But he would only have wished for it if he could work up to it and earn it, and it was difficult for him, in some ways more difficult than for others, to get the chance of earning it, so liable was he, as we have seen, not

[1] "What he wished men should give him, he wished they should be able to deny."—LUCAN.

through his own fault or that of any one else, but from the very nature of the case, to be "kept in cotton-wool," to be manœuvred out of danger and therefore out of work, to be treated as an ornamental soldier. This was one reason why cricket was so attractive to him. There, at least, he had a fair field and no favour. Again, his very self-effacement prevented his merits being recognised as fully and as rapidly as they might have been. Had his own valuation of himself been higher, had he advertised himself a little more, he could easily have made more noise in the world and attracted more attention. But that was not his character.

Last of all, just as he seemed to be overcoming all these obstacles, his career came to an end. It is not for us to question the manner or the moment of his removal from this scene. It is natural to think that it would have been happier and more heroic if he had died in the field, perhaps in the van of battle, rather than in hospital and by disease, and the wish has found expression that so it might have been; but, as even the heathen poets said, "The ordering of our fate is on the knees of the gods;" or again, "*Dis aliter visum.*" Such wishes must not be cherished, and in truth it may be doubted whether the opinion is just. Character is shown as truly in suffering as in action. He had faced swift death in the field a hundred times; his cool, unquestioning courage

had been long since and often demonstrated. In the quiet, patient endurance of illness, and calm acceptance of an anticipated end, bravery of another sort, and not less, perhaps more, of true faith and firmness were shown. And the solemn funeral of the Prince in the capital city, and in the early days of its occupation, watched and honoured by both friend and foe, was more memorable and momentous than would have been a warrior's unadorned burial, amid the hurry of fighting, and in some less central spot, appropriate in many ways as such an end would have been to the simple soldier which he also was.

But, humanly speaking, it may be said that he was taken just as he was emerging from the successful, well-approved, and popular young officer into the distinguished man, just when he was beginning to show what he had it in him shortly to become. For even if he had never risen to the highest, or anything like the highest place in the Army, still it seems probable that both in the Army and in English public life and society he might well have come to play a very considerable, a highly useful, perhaps an unique part. The peculiarity of his position was that he had and used the *entrée* to every society. He was a Prince, but a working Prince. He had put himself, so to speak, through the ranks. He had begun at the beginning, had thought no regular duty too small,

no honourable acquaintance too humble. Yet he could in a moment, and equally without assumption, as he often did, step to the other extreme of the scale, converse with the most exalted and experienced, and hear topics of the first importance intimately discussed in the most privileged circles. He knew equally what was likely to be the view of the "highest authority" and of the man in the street, the chance companion in the third-class carriage, or in the crowd at the Oval; of the Commander-in-Chief or the Sirdar, and the latest joined subaltern at Aldershot or the non-commissioned officer, British or native, at Fort Carlisle or Pindi.

This was a peculiar position, one which might well have made him a highly useful link and factor in the complex organisation and sum of modern affairs and administration. It was only possible to one who had his birth and also his training, and what is more, his temperament and character, which made him equally at home everywhere. His virtues would have adorned, his merits would have assisted, any station. In any rank he would have done his duty, faithfully, effectively, pleasantly, and would have been, what is better than being admired, esteemed and beloved. He had much of what the ancients deemed the crown of character and the end of education; the manliness, the seriousness, the healthy mind in the healthy body, which was the virtue of the Romans;

the active modesty, the ennobled discretion, the being, well-compacted, well-balanced physically and mentally, not "too bright or good, for human nature's daily food," not "striving to do better than well," but sound, efficient, harmonious, suitable, which was the ideal of the Greeks. Added to these were the scientific discipline, both in theory and practice, of the conscientious modern soldier; and underlying all, felt rather than seen, the pure aims, the considerate charity, and undemonstrative piety of the English Christian gentleman.

To do justice to such a character and figure is no facile matter. For setting down aught in malice there has been neither temptation nor opportunity, and there is nothing to extenuate. To impart to the solid and the sterling no borrowed hues or tricky glitter, but only detachment, clear outline, value, and effect, this has been the problem. To treat the experience of every day with freshness, to give the wholesome staple stuff of humanity its dignity, the simple story of work and duty its romance, happy, quiet goodness its due, is a task never easy, and perhaps not less but more difficult when the portrait to be painted is that of a Prince, for the charm of naturalness, like that of childhood, can gain little and may easily lose much by external adornments.

How far, then, these pages have succeeded in their effort to present a picture neither faint nor

overlaid, the actual proof alone can show. The attempt has been a labour of love. And in love the biographer must suspend his endeavour, commending the dear and honoured memory of Prince Christian Victor to the proud and tender regrets of his House; to the gratitude of his countrymen within and beyond the seas; and be they of what estate they may—for they will be found in all ranks—to the living affection of his many friends.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PRINCE AS A CRICKETER

It will have been apparent to the reader of the preceding pages what a large place, all through the life of the Prince, was filled by cricket. He took to the game, apparently almost instinctively, in his childhood. He played it whenever he had a chance, literally to the very last; when he was not playing, he went to see it, if he had the time and opportunity offered.

This devotion did not interfere with his duties, but next to his interests in his profession in all its several branches, and these we have seen were far keener, more scientific, and more varied than they often are in young English officers, cricket undoubtedly stood high in his thoughts. He found in it no small part of his education at school and a very large share of his recreation in manhood. It brought him, too, into contact with a variety of people, many of whom he would not otherwise have met. These included both amateurs and professionals, cricketers from the Army, from the Public Schools and Universities, and from the Counties, Australians, Canadians, Indians, men in

fact of all ranks and from every part of the Empire; indeed, as we have seen, even Boers were not wanting. He met them in an easy and natural way, in a common pursuit and pleasurable competition, and therefore on happy terms of perfect equality, a great advantage both to him and them. Whether it had any distinctly traceable influence upon his own character, is more difficult to decide. A shrewd while kindly observer at Oxford, the late Mr. Alfred Robinson of New College, used to say that he noticed that boating produced the more dependable characters, cricket the more amiable companions. The Prince did not want naturally for steadiness and solid qualities. Possibly some of his love of fair play, his cheery tolerance of all sorts and conditions of men, and good-tempered patience when luck went against him, may have been developed or enhanced by the discipline of his favourite game. He certainly, as we have seen, drew his own metaphors from it, as when he wrote from Natal, in the letter already quoted, "The Boers played up awfully well in the first innings, but since then our own game has been improving."

I have thought it therefore not out of place, in addition to what has been said incidentally already, to devote a short concluding chapter more especially to this portion of his pursuits. For the bulk of it I am indebted once more to Mr. A. C. M.

Croome: "I have also to thank Dr. W. G. Grace and Mr. C. I. Thornton for a page or two containing in their own words their recollections and impressions of the Prince as a cricketer.

Mr. Croome writes:—

"Prince Christian Victor was possessed during his school days by two ambitions: he looked forward to a distinguished career in the Army, and he meant to make himself into a good cricketer. One of the most notable traits in his character was the determination with which, when he had once made up his mind what he wanted, he concentrated his attention on the object to be gained, and seized every opportunity of improving his natural powers. Evidence from the proper sources has no doubt been forthcoming as to the conscientiousness with which he did his school work. His conversation out of school showed that on the study of languages and mathematics he was not keener than are most boys, although keen on getting into Sandhurst with credit. He also showed a great appreciation and wide knowledge of the traditions and records of various regiments in the Service. But when all is said and done, his main interest during his school career was in cricket.

"When he came to Wellington in 1881 it was rumoured, before the cricket began, that the Prince was a promising player. Consequently he was placed in a game rather higher than that in which new boys were generally put, which was, I believe,

the only advantage that he gained from his royal birth during the whole of his cricketing career. One incident occurs to my memory which shows how his rank was forgotten on the cricket field. Elsewhere it has been recorded how, in the pursuit of knowledge, he used to go and listen to the coaching at the professionals' nets, and would bowl there if asked to: one evening a member of the School Eleven, who did not wish to bat for the whole time allotted to him, asked the Prince if he would like a few balls. The Prince jumped at the chance, and when, after batting for some ten minutes without getting bowled out, he overheard the professional say, 'Rather a promising youngster that Mr. Prince,' he was probably the happiest small boy in the school.

"He found a place in the School team of 1883, and would have been first of the new choices had they been arranged in order of merit. But the first of the new choices of 1883 was destined to be captain of 1884, and he was considered too young for the responsibility. When he got his colours he must have been nearly a year younger than any one else on the side, and he was certainly the shortest by half a head. A photograph taken of the team shows that they were most of them tall, and many of them look remarkably old for schoolboys. Prince Christian Victor began the season well enough to make his place a certainty. In those days he was a useful bowler; in fact, as a small boy he had shown promise of attaining considerable distinction by his bowling, as he could keep a length and had a natural leg break. But

he bowled too much in practice, and gradually his bowling lost its sting.

"Almost every year an article appears in some paper or magazine bemoaning the decadence of amateur bowling, and asserting that the cause of the falling off is the unwillingness of amateurs to practise anything but batting. The Prince's experience seems to prove that the cause must be sought elsewhere. He was always practising bowling. In the summer he bowled a good deal in games, and put in at least an hour every day at a net. In the winter he was to be found at the asphalte wicket behind the pavilion on most days when the weather was anything like respectable, and often when it was most unpropitious. I well remember being persuaded by him to go and practise cricket the day before the ice was strong enough to allow us to skate. But in spite of all this keenness his bowling began to deteriorate about the middle of the season of 1883; although in the earlier part of the summer he had been the second best bowler on the side. At that time he bowled fastish medium round the wicket, kept a good length, and whipped quickly off the pitch. His best ball was one that went a bit with his arm,[1] but after the first few matches he could rarely bowl that ball, and gradually the whip off the pitch disappeared, and he was comparatively innocuous.

"As a batsman he possessed as good a style as any one on the side, and the batting of the side was distinctly strong. He had not yet grown to his full strength, and could not score

[1] "He slung them in with a stiff arm," says Tom Hearne.

freely in front of the wicket, but his cutting was quite remarkable for its excellence, and he also seldom failed to score off a leg-ball. In making the cut whether square or late, he went well across the wicket and got right over the ball; as one watched the stroke made, one gathered the impression that he moved both feet, and he seemed to jump at the ball as a quick-footed batsman jumps in to drive. Thus he got all his weight into the stroke, and the ball used to fly by point amazingly fast. He had the knack, too, of timing his cuts beautifully, and therefore he seldom found it necessary to leave alone anything which came along outside the off stump. By the end of the season he averaged between 18 and 19 for eleven innings, with 45 for his highest score, and it was the general opinion of the masters, among whom were such players as the Rev. E. Davenport, the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, and Messrs. A. E. and C. H. Allcock, that a more promising batsman had not been seen at Wellington since T. R. Hine-Haycock appeared. An even more severe critic was Tom Hearne, who had just come to Wellington as ground-man. All Wellingtonians will agree that the crowning joy of playing a long innings was to see Tom take his hands out of his pockets and applaud its close. I shall always remember a scene in the pavilion. Hearne had been praising the Prince's batting, and some of his audience—he could always command an audience—argued that there were one or two others in the team who could bat as well. 'Maybe they can now,' said Hearne, 'they are two or

three years older than he is, but he is going to be the best of them. It isn't that he is always getting runs, but he gets them well and he gets them when they are wanted. And then look at his bats! You won't find any notches on the inside edge, like there are on yours, Mr. So-and-so, where you get those fours to fine long leg from.' The quotation is fairly accurate.

"The season of 1884 was rather wet and the wickets generally favoured the bowlers. The school team was not intended by nature to be a strong one, but we did fairly well. We had in E. P. Simpson one of the best captains I ever played under. We unearthed a left-hand bowler, and we caught most of our catches. The batting on the whole was weak. Prince Christian Victor was easily the best bat on the side. He made a larger aggregate of runs and also averaged 5 runs per innings more than any one else. His average, 23, would in all probability have been much larger, but for the fact that we suffered that year from an epidemic of run-outs. The Prince had 12 innings, and on three occasions was run out after he had made over 40. All through the season he fielded at slip with conspicuous success. Twice he took four catches in an innings, and number after number of the *Wellingtonian* records that a feature of the day's cricket was the brilliant fielding of Prince Christian Victor at short slip.

"His captaincy of the School team in 1885 has already been dealt with, and it only remains now to analyse his performances with the bat and behind the stumps. I find from the *Wellingtonian*

that he batted eleven times in school matches, was twice not out, made 308 runs, so that his average was just over 34: further, he was only twice dismissed for single figures, and on one of these two occasions was run out. Such figures, perhaps, may not seem very extraordinary in these days of perfect wickets and enormous averages, but it must be remembered that in 1885 the Wellington ground was very sandy—Hearne had only had three years at it—and that E. W. Markham[1] was the only other good batsman on the side to keep up the wickets. I also find that in the course of the season the school bowlers took 96 wickets, of which the Prince caught or stumped 24. It was the general impression at Wellington that the Prince had quite fulfilled the promise which he had shown in the two previous years. According to his custom he got most of his runs by 'cutting,' but his 'driving' had also greatly improved, and he had acquired a good variety of strokes on the leg-side. There was good ground for hoping that he would get his 'Blue' at Oxford.

"Unfortunately the weather at Oxford in the earlier part of the season of 1886 was all against cricket. The temperature was extraordinarily low, and all the trial matches were played on bad wickets. Prince Christian Victor played well enough to show that he was worth considering as a candidate for a place in the 'Varsity team, but he struck a patch of bad luck, and several times got

[1] Markham, who was one of the Prince's chief friends, had, says Mr. Hearne, a real genius for the game. On leaving school he was played for Derbyshire and did very well, but his health gave way and he died shortly after, at a very early age.

out in an annoying way just as he seemed to be getting set. For instance in the Freshman's match I myself was credited with having caught him at the wicket, though he played nowhere near the ball. One of the slips appealed, probably on the ground that in such cold weather any means of shortening his time for fielding was justifiable. A man is terribly handicapped in the race for a 'Blue' if he gets a bad start. His opportunities of making up for it are limited, and the knowledge that he has failed to distinguish himself straight off is very likely to prevent him from playing his natural game later on. For Magdalen the Prince made a good many runs and kept wicket exceedingly well. He had some difficult bowling to take, for the College team contained at least two bowlers whose pace was more conspicuous than their accuracy of pitch. Towards the end of term his hands gave out, and ever afterwards they were liable to go if he tried to keep wicket six days a week.

"In 1887 the Prince was again far from lucky. The season was very like its predecessor. May was a wet month, and so cold that during a match between the University and the Gentlemen of England more than half the visiting team, having to go into the field half-an-hour before the drawing of stumps, turned out in long overcoats. In the Seniors match the Prince failed to get runs, but for the next Sixteen against the Eleven he made the top score in the second innings. The wicket was extremely difficult, and A. H. J. Cochrane, H. W. Forster, and C. Wreford-Brown got the Sixteen

out for under 80 runs. The Prince was in for nearly an hour, and showed defensive abilities of a high order. He followed up this performance by getting over 50 on a somewhat better wicket for the Etceteras against the Perambulators, and after that his name was mentioned as a probable player in the first match on the University card; but it was eventually decided to try another player first, and that player did well. The captain of a University team has to persevere with a man who does well, as one of his main objects is to get his team settled as soon as possible, so that the men may get to know one another's play. I imagine that there is not one of those who saw the Prince play in 1886 and 1887 who will not agree that he would certainly have got his Blue if he had stayed up his full time.

"From Oxford the Prince went to Sandhurst, where he headed the batting averages. For the Sandhurst Eleven he did the same sort of service as he had done at Wellington. He got runs nearly every time, and during the season in which he was captain he made his team work, and also saw that they enjoyed their cricket. In 1887 he made his first appearance in first-class cricket. He played at Scarborough for the I.Z. against the Gentlemen of England, and his performance was characteristic of him. When he went in his side was in a hole, wickets had been falling fast, and W. E. W. Collins and E. A. Nepean, two of the best amateur bowlers then playing, were bowling their best. It was obvious that, unless some one stuck, the I.Z. team would have to face a heavy

deficit. The Prince found a useful partner in H. F. de Paravicini and saved the game. The subjoined score is taken from a Cricket Diary which the Prince began to keep in the summer of this same year:—

GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

1st Innings.

Dr. W. G. Grace, c. Friend, b. Forster	73
C. I. Thornton, c. H. F. de Paravicini, b. Lacey	107
A. E. Stoddart, c. and b. Forster	117
G. F. Vernon, c. Garforth, b. Webbe	4
E. A. Nepean, c. Webbe, b. Lacey	9
E. Peake, c. Lyttelton, b. Forster	26
H. V. Page, b. Lacey	7
C. W. Burls, c. Prince Christian Victor, b. Webbe	11
J. H. J. Hornsby, b. Forster	8
W. E. W. Collins, st. Lyttelton, b. Webbe	1
J. A. Bush, not out	2
Extras	17
	381

I. ZINGARI.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Hon. A. Lyttelton, c. Peake, b. Collins	26	not out	23
A. J. Webbe, c. Stoddart, b. Peake	76	not out	29
Hon. M. B. Hawke, b. Collins	0		
J. G. Walker, c. Bush, b. Collins	25		
F. E. Lacey, c. Burls, b. Peake	20		
H. W. Forster, c. Hornsby, b. Nepean	37		
Capt. L. B. Friend, b. Collins	9		
P. J. de Paravicini, b. Collins	1		
Prince Christian Victor, st. Page, b. Nepean	35		
H. F. de Paravicini, not out	28		
W. H. Garford, c. Bush, b. Nepean	1		
Extras	26	Extras	4
	264		56

"The Diary is a most interesting book. It contains, cut out and pasted in, the scores of all matches in which the Prince played from June 1887 to September 1898 which appeared in the *Field* or other papers. To the printed score is appended in every case a short note in the Prince's handwriting. At the end of the accounts of the matches of each season a couple of pages are devoted to a summary of the season's work.

"Two things at once strike the reader who looks through the book. First, that it has been kept most carefully and neatly. That this should be the case is, however, only what would be expected by all who knew the Prince's habits of precision and thoroughness. Secondly, that the result of each match seemed to the writer of the notes a much more important thing than his own personal success or failure. He only mentions his own performances on nine or ten occasions. Once he says, 'Our big match of the year, so I was naturally very pleased with the result.' In that match he got 100. Twice he writes, 'One of the most enjoyable matches I ever played in.' In these matches he himself made 20 and 2, but his side won after a close finish. On another occasion he says, 'I think this was the best match I ever played in.' He then was playing for the Zingari against Worcestershire, and was 'Absent, hurt' first innings, and got 21 in the second, but his side won after following on. Once, and once only, in more than a hundred pages does he say, 'I was given out, stumped, though I was well behind the

line. On the other occasions when he mentions his own batting he records that he was lucky to get runs as he was missed early in his innings. He also records his regret at running out on one occasion his friend Maclachlan in making his own 100th run. On the other hand the pages are many on which he has written that So-and-so 'played an awfully good innings,' while the printed score shows that So-and-so went in to bat after Prince Christian Victor had made 50 or 60, and presumably had taken some of the sting out of the bowling.

"Turning from the notes to the scores of the matches, what is striking is the frequency with which the Prince got upwards of 30 in an innings, so much so as to give the impression that he exceeded this number more often than he fell short of it. His best year was 1893, when he was quartered in India. In that year he played twenty-four innings, was not out in four of them, made 1362 runs, and averaged 68·1. These are notable figures, especially when it is remembered that, as Major Poore and Captain Greig have recently shown by their performances in first-class cricket at home, the standard of the game in India is by no means low. It is evident that, besides keeping this scrap-book, the Prince must have made a note of all his scores, because at the close of each season he has added remarkably neat columns of statistics, first showing — it is noticeable that this always comes first—the number of matches in which he took part and the proportion of wins to losses and draws, and next giving details

of his season's work. His averages are worked out thus:—

Year.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Total.	Average.
1887	63	6	103	1506	26·42
1888	41	2	88	1104	28·31
1889	42	8	107	920	27·06
1890	31	2	101	960	33·1
1891	20	5	123	463	30·87
1893	24	4	205	1362	68·1
1894	30	3	79	746	27·63
1895	39	6	125	1151	34·88
1896	13	1	105	466	38·83
1897	21	6	101	744	49·6
1898	16	1	102	585	39·0
	340	44	205	10,007	33·81

"The book also records the compiling of fifteen centuries, including one innings of over 200, by the Prince. I know of nine others which he made before 1887, and probably the list could be extended.

"Incidentally occur the averages of the Sandhurst XI., the Regimental Cricket Club, and the Will-of-the-Wisps touring party. The Prince's name is at the top of the list in every case, and the names of not a few first-class players come lower down. These figures have their use, for they prove that the Prince was a very fine player, and suggest that, if he had had opportunities of taking part regularly in county cricket, and on really first-class wickets, he would have been well worth a place in most county teams. I have been led to quote statistics freely by the

feeling that there may be those who think that some of his reputation was due to his exalted rank, as there were some not acquainted with him who thought that his success in his military career was due to the same cause. I had the extreme pleasure of being present when one such ill-conditioned individual ventured in the presence of a subaltern in the K.R.R. to express his doubts of the genuineness of the Prince's excellence as a soldier. The subaltern possessed a quick temper, and a fine flow of language, and he finished a forcible harangue by telling his man, or what remained of him, that the Prince was the best Company Officer in the best regiment in the Service. I fear that I have not done equal justice to the Prince's merits as a cricketer, but I understand that the greatest of all cricketers will add something to this chapter, and need say no more."

Dr. W. G. Grace's contribution is as follows:—

"I had the pleasure of playing with His Highness Prince Christian Victor on very many occasions, and so had plenty of opportunities of judging of his abilities as a cricketer. I first met him, I remember, at the Oval, when he was looking on at one of the big matches with his good father. The next occasion was when he was at Oxford in 1886, when I was asked to meet him at breakfast at Oriel College by the Rev. A. G. Butler, Dean of Oriel. He came with the

President of Magdalen, to whose College he belonged. He was a fine bat and good safe field and wicket-keeper. I am sure he was unlucky not to get his 'Blue' when at Oxford University, but just then there were so many first-class men up, and they had a better wicket-keeper. I was greatly impressed with his batting; his defence was very strong, with a good back stroke which often made the bowling look easy. He usually made most of his runs on the off, having a good square cut, but he was not a 'one-stroke bat' by any means, as I have seen him score all round the wicket.

"One of the best innings I ever saw him play was at Scarborough in the cricket week 1887. He was playing for the I.Z. against the Gentlemen of England. The latter batted first and ran up the large total of 391. The I.Z. then went in and lost seven wickets for 180, when Prince Christian Victor and Harry Paravicini became partners, and the coolness and good play of the Prince saved the match for his side. On that occasion he not only made some beautiful cuts but he also made some fine on drives. During this match 'Buns' Thornton and myself had the honour of being photographed with the Prince. That photo and one I have of him in uniform, taken in 1895, I greatly value. We were always great friends; I never saw him at Lord's or the Oval—and I met him often at both places—without having a good chat with him; he was always the same nice, good fellow. It was at Lord's I saw him last, just before he went to the front. Little did I

think as we chatted that I should never see him again. W. G. GRACE."

This estimate of Prince Christian Victor's cricket is confirmed by Mr. C. I. Thornton himself, who writes:—

"The Prince used generally to play in Harry Paravicini's Ascot week and was a most useful man on the side. He got lots of runs, his cutting being the strong point of his game, but he also had a useful 'glide,' something of the 'Ranji' sort, off his legs. He played in a good many matches for me, and I was always glad to get him on my side, because he was such a good 'trier' and could take the wicket really well. Besides, his presence on a side did a lot to make a day's cricket pleasant. He was always most agreeable, and he had a strong sense of humour. He often sat next me at Lord's, and was a most capital companion. His criticisms on the game we were watching were always worth listening to, and we got a good deal of fun out of reminiscences of past matches, notably one played at Cumberland Lodge between his team and the Parsees.[1] It is very sad to think that those days are over."

Yet another well-known cricketer, Mr. A. J. Webbe, adds his evidence, as follows, in words

[1] See above, p. 99.

not written for publication, but all the more eloquent:—

"I am glad you are going to write a memoir of that dear Prince. I am afraid I cannot remember any particular anecdote about him: but a more delightful fellow to play cricket with I have never come across; always cheery and ready to go anywhere in the field or do anything that we asked him. It was a pleasure to have him on the side."

With these testimonies from cricketers of world-wide fame, it is interesting to compare the impressions of one who watched his pursuit of the game, from very early days, and in a somewhat different aspect. This was the Rev. W. Gilbert Evans already mentioned in this Memoir, now Rector of Haseley near Wallingford. He was for some years Minor Canon of Windsor, and was Honorary Secretary and a very active member of the Windsor Home Park Cricket Club.

"I used to see a good deal," he writes, "of the Prince at Cricket Matches at Cumberland Lodge, which Colonel Gordon used to get up for the two Princes and his own two boys, and later on in connection with the Home Park Club, to which he belonged. From quite early years he was a keen cricketer, the interest which his father, Prince Christian, took in the game adding, I think, not a little to his own natural love for it. I well remember what a cheery, manly way he always had

with him, and how both in the field and in the pavilion, wet or fine, he was ever for playing the game and not 'the fool.' His ease of manner and quiet force of character rendered it quite unnecessary for him to stand on his dignity, yet he was a steadying element in more senses than one. There was never any danger while he was there of the game falling below a high level, still less of its being dragged down by betting or the like. As Honorary Secretary I can certainly say we always felt a satisfaction when we had secured him for our side. A team which had him with them felt he was a moral support that could be relied on, and knew, too, that he would both keep up his own wicket and get that of others down if they gave him a chance. When it is remembered what a large share in the lives of most English boys athletics have, and of athletics, cricket in particular, and how much scope there is, therefore, for character in the intercourse of games, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for offering this testimony from one who had many opportunities of watching the effect of Prince Christian Victor's influence during both his childhood and younger manhood."

The Rev. E. L. Tuson, mentioned in Mr. Bourdillon's letter in the first chapter of this memoir, who was Chaplain of Windsor Park for some years from 1876 onward, and who played constantly with the Prince as a boy, speaks of him in almost identical terms.

A word or two should be said about his connection with the "Green Jackets" Club. This club, the cricket club of the Riflemen, contained naturally many of his oldest and best friends, such as Oxley, Maclachlan, Pechell, Blundell, and others, whose names appear pretty frequently in this memoir. He first made the acquaintance of the club by playing against it for the Zingari in 1888. Afterwards in playing for it, he had many a good match. In particular he always looked forward, if in England, to taking part in the Annual Meeting, held usually toward the end of July on the club ground, a very picturesque one, while also excellent from a cricketing point of view, at St. Cross, just outside Winchester. The first year he played at this meeting for the club, 1889, he made 33 and 31 not out, and a day or two later scored 107 for the 60th Royal Rifles against the Rifle Brigade. In 1895 he made for the Green Jackets, 74 against the Zingari, and 121 against the Free Foresters;[1] next year, 1896, 105 against the Zingari and 97 against the Free Foresters; and the year after that, 1897, 100 not out against Aldershot, and 101 not out for the 60th Royal Rifles against the Rifle Brigade; and in 1898, 83 against the Staff College. It will be seen from those figures, then, that he was a very

[1] This was a memorable day for the Green Jackets. Mr. Blundell, who was the Prince's partner, made 101. The innings was declared closed at 432, and they won by an innings and 134 runs.

consistent scorer and a valuable member of the side.

He was of course a member of M.C.C., and was fond of wearing their colours, and was a constant visitor at Lord's, but he was hardly less fond of or well known at the Oval, where, as the Secretary, Mr. C. W. Allcock, wrote, after his death, most grateful recollections were entertained by the Committee of his unfailing interest in Surrey cricket.

APPENDIX

I.—LETTER OF SYMPATHY

Addressed by the University of Oxford to their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian

To their Royal Highnesses
The Prince and Princess Christian.

Your Royal Highnesses,—We, the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford, desire to assure you of our sincere and respectful sympathy in your sad bereavement by the loss of your gallant son, His Highness Prince Christian Victor. The distinction he had already won in the field, in India, Ashanti, and Egypt, seemed to give promise of an exceptionally brilliant military career, which has now been cut short by his early death.

We would hope that your Royal Highnesses will suffer us to claim a special share in your sorrow as representing the University, of which your son was so honoured and esteemed a member.

Throughout his residence among us there was no one who was more deservedly loved for his frank and manly spirit, his modesty and straightforwardness in all the relations of College life. Nor of all her sons whom Oxford has lost in the South African Campaign, is there any one more tenderly regretted than His Highness Prince Christian Victor. That Almighty God may be pleased to support you in your deep affliction is our earnest prayer.

Given in our House of Convocation, under our Common Seal, this 13th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1900.

II.—DIPLOMA

CONFERRING DEGREE OF M.A. UPON PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR

The text of the Diploma by which the Degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the Prince was drawn up by the Public Orator, the Rev. W. Merry, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College, who followed the ancient form. It runs as follows:—

Cum non ingratum fuerit Academiæ illustres viros ac præsertim Regia stirpe ortos meritis honoribus decorare; cumque Princeps clarissimus Christianus Victor de Slesvico-Holstinia, Ordinis Balnei Eques, Reginæ nostræ nepos amantissimus, Collegii Sanctæ Mariæ Magdalenæ alumnus, ad militiam prius fuerit evocatus, quam gradum in hac Academia ambire licuerit, placuit Cancellario, Magistris ac Scholaribus Universitatis Oxoniensis eundum Principem vi præsentis Diplomatis ad gradum Magistri in facultate Artium admittere, Honoris causa.

Datum in domo nostra Convocationis die vicesimo nono mensis Novembris, Anno Salutis MDCCCXCVIII.

III.—EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. BERTRAM POLLOCK, HEADMASTER OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE, IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1900

Dwelling on the old Wellingtonians who had died in the war, the Headmaster said: "I may only now take one Old Wellingtonian of whom to speak, and yet in speaking of him I speak of all, for to my mind he was typical of all that an old boy could be wished to be. His simplicity, his modesty, his kindheartedness, his companionableness, his sympathy, his cheery ways captured the heart of all who came within reach of the magic of the charm of Prince Christian Victor. His indeed was a striking personality, and no one could fail to be struck by such a union of fine qualities as he possessed. Others here can tell you much more of his school days than I could, and you have read for yourselves

elsewhere the account of his professional services, and perhaps been surprised to note how much of active service he had seen in his short life. You have read too of that which some of us here were proud and delighted to observe in his lifetime, his eagerness for the good of his men, his interest in their sobriety, his anxiety for their welfare when they had left the service, but I am speaking now of him as an Old Boy, and of the manhood to which his boyhood led; of him as one who indeed went from strength to strength. The other day an old school-friend of his was talking to me about him, and specially spoke of this steady development of his character, the same friend spoke of him as he had been on his last visit here, and of the charming modesty that made him protest that he was being put in too high in the cricket match, and thank the captain of his side quite like a boy when he refused to put his name lower. He entered wisely and keenly into all our life, quickly seeing the point, and feeling the right thing to do in a difficulty, putting every one at ease with him, far too unselfish to have any petty sense of self-importance about him, seeing the humorous side of an event, listening still like a boy with a little running comment to a school lecture. It is not every one born in high rank, who would be so completely master of the situation in any company, but then he knew—like our beloved Sovereign Lady—that serving is the secret of reigning, sympathy the bond of hearts; that it is not authority, but love which commands the world, that gentleness is the greatest of all powers. Our hearts have gone out in respectful sympathy to his bereaved Father and Mother, those good, kind friends of our school; and to our beloved Queen and to all his family in this new sorrow of this sad year, but, we know that they have indeed the comfort given by our text as they look at his life now ended in this world, now begun in the other world, the pilgrimage over, the Zion reached, and already and for ever we all have the memory of his faithful life—for such a life abides in its example and its power, and our sorrow cannot silence our thanksgiving. *"They will go from strength to strength, and unto the God of Gods appeareth every one of them in Zion."*

IV.—SERVICES AND LOSSES OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES IN THE WAR

For the following brief account of the services of the King's Royal Rifles during the South African War, I am indebted to Colonel H. Mends, commanding the Depôt at Gosport:—

1st Battalion.

Quartered at the outbreak of the war near Dundee in Natal, it took a most conspicuous part in the Battle of Talana Hill, where the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Gunning, was killed at the head of his Battalion. Was in the retreat on Ladysmith and formed part of the garrison during the siege. Entered the Transvaal in May 1900 with Sir Redvers Buller's army and took part in the Battle of Amersfort, and was constantly engaged and moving about the Transvaal until the 16th October, when it was stationed at Middleburg until May 1901. Was then employed on various columns until 16th July, when it proceeded to De Aar and occupied blockhouses until the end of the war.

2nd Battalion.

Embarked at Calcutta 18th September 1899; landed at Durban 5th October; proceeded to Ladysmith 22nd October; and was engaged on the 24th and following actions preceding the siege, during which it formed part of the garrison. It took part in the subsequent operations under Sir Redvers Buller until the end of July 1900, when it proceeded to Ceylon in charge of prisoners of war.

3rd Battalion.

Went out from Ireland and joined Light Brigade under Major-General Lyttelton at Mooi River, 29th November 1899; taking part in all the battles and operations preceding the relief of Ladysmith. At Spion Kop it captured two of the peaks, after a severe action in which the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Buchanan-Riddell, was killed, and until the end of 1900

was continuously employed and engaged in the Transvaal. In 1901–2 it was employed in blockhouses, and in numerous columns.

4th Battalion.

Embarked at Cork 11th December 1901, and was stationed in blockhouses near Harrismith until the end of the war.

Provisional Rifle Battalion.

Was composed of about 540 N.C. Officers and Riflemen of the King's Royal Rifles and Rifle Brigade, chiefly Reservists on their way to join the Battalions in Ladysmith, and details left behind. Formed 9th January 1899, under command of Major Hon. E. Stuart-Wortley, and took part in all the fighting and operations for the relief of Ladysmith, when it was broken up.

Mounted Infantry.

All four Battalions furnished a considerable number of Riflemen for the Mounted Infantry.

The 1st Battalion had one Company, formed some years before the war, which took part in the Battle of Talana, and retirement on and defence of Ladysmith, afterwards becoming part of the 4th Division and serving throughout the war.

The 2nd Battalion Company formed part of Gough's Composite Regiment, and took part in all the actions south of the Tugela, ending in the relief of Ladysmith; accompanied Sir Redvers Buller in his advance into the Transvaal, and was employed in various columns until peace was declared.

The 3rd Battalion on arrival sent a section to the 4th Brigade Company, and after the relief of Ladysmith joined Gough's Mounted Infantry. In October 1900 another section was formed for the 2nd Division M.I. The first section afterwards joining the 2nd Battalion Company and the other the 25th M.I.

In May two Companies M.I. were sent out with different columns in the Eastern Transvaal.

The 4th Battalion also sent out 3 Officers and 60 Riflemen as part of the Rifle Company 1st M.I. which served under Lord Roberts in his advance into the Orange Free State, and until

Koomati Poort was occupied. Subsequently with various columns.

In October 1901, the 25th Mounted Infantry was formed from the 1st, 3rd, and 4th Battalion Companies under command of Captain Eustace, serving first with Colonel Benson's column, and afterwards with Colonel Mackenzie's, till the end of the war.

KING'S ROYAL RIFLES

List of Officers killed in action or died of wounds or disease in South Africa

(Thirty-eight Officers were wounded.)

Battalion.	Name and Rank.	Date.	Remarks.
1st	Lieutenant-Colonel R. Gunning	October 20, 1899	Battle of Talana Hill.
1st	Captain M. H. K. Pechell	,,	,, ,,
1st	Lieutenant Barnett	,,	,, ,,
1st	,, Taylor	,,	,, ,,
1st	,, Hambro	,,	,, ,,
7th (attd. to 1st)	Major W. J. Myers	October 30, 1899	Battle of Farquhar's Farm.
1st	Lieutenant H. S. Marsden	,,	,, ,, ,,
2nd	,, J. L. Foster	,,	,, ,, ,,
Staff	Captain C. A. K. Pechell	,,	Mafeking.
2nd	Major R. S. Bowen	January 6, 1900	Repulse of Boers at Ladysmith.
2nd	Second Lieutenant F. H. Raikes	,,	,, ,, ,,
Staff	Captain R. J. Vernon	December 26, 1899	Mafeking.
3rd	Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Buchanan-Riddell	January 24, 1900	Spion Kop.
3rd	Lieutenant R. J. Grant	,,	,,
3rd	Second-Lieutenant H. G. French-Brewster	,,	,,
Staff	Lieutenant Hon. F. H. S. Roberts	December 15, 1899	Colenso (died of wounds December 16, V.C.).
4th	Captain J. Dewar	February 20, 1900	Died of wounds received at Paardeberg on the 18th.
4th	Lieutenant E. Perceval	February 18, 1900	Paardeberg.
4th	Captain Hon. R. Cathcart	February 22, 1900	Pieter's Hill.
2nd	Major H. E. Buchanan-Riddell	March 16, 1900	Died of enteric at Pietermaritzburg.

	Lieutenant R. L. C. Hobson. .	January 6, 1900	Schipp Farm.
4th	Brevet-Major H.H. Prince Christian Victor. . . .	October 29, 1900	Pretoria (enteric).
1st	Lieutenant R. E. Reade . . .	February 4, 1901	Boschman Pan (of wounds received February 2).
3rd	,, A. R. W. Spicer. .	May 8, 1901	Germiston (enteric).
3rd	,, Sir Rose Price, Bart.	June 9, 1901	Near Villiersdorp.
3rd	,, G. H. Davenport .	June 23, 1901	Standerton (enteric).
3rd	Second-Lieutenant S. M. Macnaughton	June 26, 1901	Heidelberg (after amputation of arm, the result of an accident).
3rd	Captain A. R. Mildmay . . .	September 17, 1901	South of Utrecht.
	Major the Earl of Munster, 3rd Battalion Royal Scots (late King's Royal Rifles).	February 2, 1902	Died at Lace Mines.
9th	Major L. A. de V. Maunsell. .	January 24, 1900	Died at sea (ss. *Nile*).
9th	Captain E. W. C. Dillon . . .	February 7, 1900	Died at Wynberg (sunstroke).
Attd. 1st	Brevet-Major Mackworth (2nd Queen's)	January 6, 1900	Repulse of Boers at Ladysmith.
,, 2nd	Lieutenant M. M. Todd (1st Cameronians)	,,	,, ,, ,,

Non-commissioned Officers and Riflemen

Killed.	Wounded.	Died of Wounds and Disease.	Total Casualties.
165	604	391	1160
			71 officers
		Grand Total	1231

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